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MONTAIGNE

ESSAYS

In THREE BOOKS

WITH

NOTES and QUOTATIONS

And an ACCOUNT of

The AUTHOR's LIFE

With a ſhort Character of the Author and TRANSLATOR, by the late Marquiſs of *HALLIFAX*.

Tranſlated by *CHARLES COTTON*.

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4.

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To the Right Honourable

GEORGE

Marquiſs, Earl, and Viſcount *Hallifax*, Baron of *Eland*, Lord *Privy Seal*, and one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable *Privy Council*.

MY LORD,

IF I have ſet down the only Opportunity I ever had of kiſſing your Lordſhip's Hands amongſt the happy Encounters of my Life, and take this Occaſion, ſo many Years after, to tell you ſo, your Lordſhip will not, I hope, think yourſelf injured by ſuch a Declaration from a Man that honours You; nor condemn my Ambition, when I publiſh to the World, that I am not altogether unknown to You. Your Lordſhip, peradventure, may have forgot a Converſation ſo little worthy your Remembrance: But the Memory of your Lordſhip's obliging Faſhion to me all that Time, can never die with me; and though my Acknowledgment arrives thus late at you, I have never left it at home when I went abroad into the beſt Company. My Lord, I cannot, I would not flatter you, I do not think your Lordſhip capable of being flattered, neither am I inclined to

do it to thoſe that are: But I cannot forbear to ſay, that I then received ſuch an Impreſſion of your Virtue and noble Nature, as will ſtay with me for ever. This will either excuſe the Liberty I preſume to take in this Dedication, or, at leaſt, make it no Wonder; and I am ſo confident in your Lordſhip's Generoſity, that I aſſure myſelf you will not deny your Protection to a Man whoſe greateſt publick Crime is, that of an ill Writer. *A better* Book (*if there be a better of the* Kind) (*in the* Original *I mean*) *had been a Preſent more fitly ſuited to your Lordſhip's* Quality *and* Merit, *and to my* Devotion. *I could hardly wiſh it ſuch: But as it is, I lay it at your Lordſhip's Feet, together with,*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

Charles Cotton.

This for Charles Cotton, *Eſq; at his Houſe at* Berisford.

To be left at Aſhburne *in* Derbyſhire.

SIR,

I Have too long delayed my *Thanks* to you for giving me ſuch an obliging *Evidence* of your *Remembrance:* That alone would have been a welcome *Preſent*, but when joined with the Book in the World I am the beſt entertained with, it raiſeth a ſtrong Deſire in me to be better known, where I am ſure to be ſo much pleaſed. I have 'till now thought Wit could not be tranſlated, and do ſtill retain ſo much of that Opinion, that I believe it impoſſible, except by one whoſe Genius cometh up to that of the Author. You have the original Strength of his Thought, that it almoſt tempts a Man to believe the Tranſmigration of Souls, and that his being uſed to Hills, is come into the Moor-Lands, to reward us here in *England*, for doing him more Right than his Country will afford him. He hath by your Means, mended his firſt Edition. To tranſplant and make him ours, is not only a valuable Acquiſition to us, but a juſt Cenſure of the critical Impertinence of thoſe *French* Scribblers

lers who have taken Pains to make little Cavils and Exceptions to leſſen the Reputation of this great Man, whom Nature hath made too big to confine him to the Exactneſs of a ſtudied Stile. He let his Mind have it's full Flight, and ſheweth, by a generous Kind of Negligence, that he did not write for Praiſe, but to give the World a true Picture of himſelf and of Mankind. He ſcorned affected Periods, or to pleaſe the miſtaken Reader with an empty Chime of Words. He hath no Affection to ſet himſelf out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural Force of what is his own, and the excellent Application of what he borroweth.

You ſee, Sir, I have Kindneſs enough for *Monſieur de Montaigne* to be your Rival; but no-body can now pretend to be in equal Competition with you: I do willingly yield it is no ſmall Matter for a Man to do to a more proſperous Lover; and if you will repay this Piece of Juſtice with another, pray believe, that he who can tranſlate ſuch an Author without doing him wrong, muſt not only make me glad but proud of being his

Very humble Servant,

HALLIFAX.

THE

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

IT would perhaps be looked upon as a Piece of Raſhneſs in us, to attempt any thing in Commendation of *Montaigne* and his ingenious Tranſlator, after the Character given of them by ſo learned a Hand as the Marquiſs of *Hallifax:* Nothing material can be added to what he has ſaid on the Subject; but, nevertheleſs, a Word or two may not be altogether unneceſſary, in Regard to this new Impreſſion of a Book, the Original of which has been in Demand in *France* ever ſince the firſt Publication of it there 150 Years ago.

Mr. *Cotton* has, indeed, ſucceeded to a Miracle in his Tranſlation of ſo celebrated a Piece, and we are thoroughly perſuaded that very few *Frenchmen* now living, were they to undertake the Taſk, would find themſelves capable of turning *Montaigne's Eſſays* into modern *French* with the ſame Spirit and Juſtice to the Author; but ſtill our Tranſlator was not altogether infallible: He had certainly one of the moſt difficult Books in the World to ſtruggle with, and he complains of it himſelf in his Preface: It is no Wonder then that he fell into ſuch Miſtakes, which we ſhould not only have

have fallen into ourſelves, but probably have committed a great many more, had he not firſt trod the rugged Way before us. All we ventured to do has been only to mend the few Errors in him that obviouſly appeared to us to be ſuch, and to change his Language where fifty Years had rendered it any Way harſh or obſolete: This was the utmoſt of our View, and we can aſſure our Readers, that in purſuing it we have altered Mr. *Cotton*'s Proſe in above three thouſand Places; but as to his Poetry, we thought fit to let it remain as we found it, except upon one or two Occaſions. Whether the Alterations we have made are for the better or not, is what we muſt ſubmit to the Judgment of the Public, whom it has been our earneſt Endeavours to pleaſe by a new Edition of a Book ſo conſtantly called for, ſo univerſally uſeful, and ſo highly eſteemed by all Men of Learning and Taſte.

THE

The TRANSLATOR's PREFACE TO THE READER.

MY Deſign in attempting this Tranſlation, was to preſent my Country with a true Copy of a very brave Original. How far I have ſucceeded in that Deſign, is left to every one to judge; and I expect to be the more gently cenſured, for having myſelf ſo modeſt an Opinion of my own Performance, as to confeſs that the Author has ſuffered by me as well as the former Tranſlator; though I hope, and dare affirm, the Miſinterpretations I ſhall be found guilty of, are neither ſo numerous, nor ſo groſs. I cannot diſcern my own Errors; it were unpardonable in me if I could, and did not mend them; but I can ſee his (except when we are both miſtaken) and thoſe I have corrected; but I am not ſo ill-natur'd as to ſhow where. In Truth, both Mr. Florio and I are to be excuſed, where we miſs of the Senſe of the Author, whoſe Language is ſuch in many Places, as Grammar cannot reconcile, which renders it the hardeſt Book to make a juſtifiable Verſion of that I ever yet ſaw in that or any other Language I underſtand; inſomuch, that though I do think, and am pretty confident, I underſtand French as well as any Man, I have yet ſometimes been forced to grope at his Meaning. Peradventure, the greateſt Critick would, in ſome Places, have found my Author abſtruſe enough. Yet are not theſe Miſtakes I ſpeak of either ſo many, or of ſo great Importance, as to caſt any ſcandalous Blemiſh upon the Book, but ſuch as few Readers can diſcover, and they that do, will, I hope, eaſily excuſe.

The Errors of the Preſs I muſt in part take upon myſelf, living at ſo remote a Diſtance from it, and ſupplying it with a ſlubber'd Copy from an illiterate Amanuenſis, the laſt of which is provided againſt in the Quires that muſt ſucceed.

THE LIFE OF *Michael* Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

THE Race of *Michael Seigneur de Montaigne* in *Perigord*, was Noble, but Noble without any great Luſtre till his Time: As to Eſtate, he was ſeized of above 2000 Crowns of yearly Revenue. He was born to his Father, the Third, in order of Birth, of his Children, and by him delivered to Goſſips of the meaneſt Condition to be baptized, with a Deſign rather to oblige and link him to thoſe who were likely to ſtand in Need of him, than to ſuch as he might ſtand in Need of: He moreover ſent him from his Cradle, to be brought up in a poor Village of his, and there continued him all the while he was at Nurſe, and longer, forming him to the loweſt and moſt common Manner of Living: Wherein he certainly ſo well enured himſelf to Frugality and Auſterity, that they had much ado, during all the Time of his Infancy eſpecially, to correct the Refuſals he made of Things that Children of his Age are greedy of; as Sugars, Sweetmeats, Marchpanes, and the like.

No

No doubt the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues are a very fair, and a very great Advance; but, as he himſelf obſerves, they are now-a-days too dear bought. His Father made all diligent Inquiry that poſſibly could be, amongſt the learned Men, for an exquiſite Method of Education, was cautioned of the Inconvenience then in Uſe, and told, that the tedious Time that is employed in the Languages of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, which coſt them nothing, is the only Reaſon we cannot arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge that was in them. The Expedient that he found out for this, is that, whilſt he was at Nurſe, and before he began to ſpeak, he delivered him to the Care of a *German*, (who ſince died a famous Phyſician in *France*) totally ignorant of our Languages, and very well verſed in the *Latin* Tongue. This Man he had brought out of his own Country, and entertained with a very great Salary for this Purpoſe, had the Child continually in his Arms, to whom there were added two others more moderately learned, to attend him, and to relieve the firſt; which three entertained him with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the reſt of the Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither his Father, nor ſo much as his Mother, Man, or Maid, ſpoke any Word in his Hearing, but ſuch as every one had learned only to prattle with him. And it is not to be believed how all of them profited by this Method; his Father and Mother learned, by this Means, *Latin* enough to underſtand, and ſerve themſelves withal at Need, as all thoſe Servants did, who were moſt about his Perſon. To be ſhort, they did *Latin* it at ſuch a Rate, that it overflowed the neighbouring Villages, where, by Uſe, ſeveral Appellations of Artizans, and their Tools, have got footing, and there remain to this Day. For his Part, he was above ſix Years old before he underſtood any more of *French* or *Perigorden* than of

Arabick; and, without Art, Books, Grammar, or Precepts, without Whipping, and without Tears, he had learned to ſpeak as pure *Latin* as his Maſter, for he could neither alter it nor mix it. If, for Example, they gave him after the College Mode, they gave it to others in *French*, but they were forced to give it him in ill *Latin* to put it into good: And *Nicholas Gronchi*, who has writ a Book *De Comitiis Romanorum*; *Guillaume Guerente*, who has writ a Commentary upon *Ariſtotle*; *George Buchanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet; and *Mark Anthony de Mureta*, whom both *France* and *Italy* acknowledge for the beſt Orator of his Time, his domeſtic Tutors, have oft ſince told him, that he had that Language in his Childhood ſo ready, and at hand, they were afraid to accoſt him.

As to the *Greek*, his Father deſigned to have taught him by Art; but, by a new Method, and that by Way of Sport and Recreation, they toſt their Declenſions to and fro, after the manner of thoſe who, by certain Tricks upon the Cheſs-board, learn *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*: So, amongſt other Things, he had been adviſed to make him reliſh Learning and Duty, by an unforced Will, and his own Device, and to educate his Soul with all Sweetneſs and Liberty, without Auſterity or Compulſion. Which he alſo did to ſuch a Degree of Superſtition, that ſeeing ſome are of Opinion, that it troubles the Brains of Children to be ſuddenly rouſed in a Morning, and to be ſnatched away from Sleep, wherein they are much deeper plunged than Men, with Haſte and Violence; he always cauſed him to be waked by the Sound of ſome muſical Inſtrument, and was never unprovided of a Muſician for that Purpoſe.

But as they who are impatient to be cured, ſubmit to all Sorts of Remedies, and every one's Advice; the good Man, being extremely timorous of failing in a Thing he had ſo much ſet his Heart upon, ſuf-

fered

fered himſelf at laſt to be carried away by the common Opinion, which like Cranes always follow that which went before, and ſubmitted to cuſtom, having now no more thoſe Perſons about him, who had given him the firſt Inſtructions, that he had bought of *Italy*; and about the ſixth Year of his Age ſent him to the College of *Guyenne*, at that time very flouriſhing, and the beſt in *France*. And there it was not poſſible to add any Thing to the Care had in chooſing for him the beſt Chamber-Tutors, and in all other circumſtances of Education, wherein he reſerved ſeveral particular Forms, contrary to the College Uſance; but ſo it was, that it was a College ſtill, and this unuſual Method of Education was here of no other Advantage to him, than at his firſt coming to prefer him to one of the higher Claſſes; for at thirteen Years of Age he had run through his whole Courſe.

At the Age of three and thirty he married a Wife, tho', might he have been left free to his own Choice, he would have avoided marrying, even with *Wiſdom* herſelf, had ſhe been willing. But 'tis not much to the Purpoſe, ſays he, to reſiſt Cuſtom, for the common Uſance of Life will be ſo. Nevertheleſs, this Marriage of his was not ſpontaneous, he was put upon it, and led to it by odd Accidents. And as great a Libertine as he profeſſes himſelf to be, he more particularly obſerved his matrimonial Vow than he expected from, or had propoſed to, himſelf.

His Father had left him *Montaigne* in Partage, as the eldeſt of his Sons, propheſying that he would ruin it, conſidering his Humour; ſo little diſpoſed to live at home: But he was deceived, for he lived upon it as he entered into it, excepting that it was ſomething better, and yet without Office, or any other foreign Helps. As to the reſt, if *Fortune* never did him any violent or extraordinary Office, ſo ſhe never ſhewed him any ſignal Favour: Whatever

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A

VINDICATION

OF

Montaigne's ESSAYS.

THE Eſſays of *Michael de Montaigne* are juſtly ranked amongſt Miſcellaneous Books: For they are on various Subjects, without Order and Connexion; and the very Body of the Diſcourſes has ſtill a greater Variety. This Sort of Confuſion does not however hinder People of all Qualities to extol theſe Eſſays above all the Books that ever they read, and they make them their chief Study. They think that other Miſcellanies of ancient and modern Books are nothing but an unneceſſary Heap of Quotations, whereas we find in this Authorities to the Purpoſe, intermix'd with the Author's own Thoughts; which being bold and extraordinary, are very effectual to cure Men of their Weakneſs and Vanity, and induce them to ſeek Virtue and Felicity by lawful Means. But becauſe every Body is not of this Opinion, we muſt take Notice here of what is ſaid againſt, and in Favour of theſe Eſſays, to know what we ſhould believe of 'em; and this is the more neceſſary, becauſe one meets with frequent Opportunities to talk of this Author, his Book being almoſt in the Hands of all People.

The

The Enemies of *Montaigne* tell us, That his Book is ſo far from inſpiring his Readers with the Love of Virtue, that on the contrary, ſome of his Diſcourſes being ſtuff'd with free and licentious Words, they teach them ſome Vices of which they were ignorant, or elſe are the Occaſion that they take a Pleaſure in ſpeaking thereof, and at laſt induce them to fall into the ſame. That his Diſcourſes upon ſeveral Effects of Nature are rather fit to divert his Thoughts from true Religion, than to convince them of the Truth of it, and are altogether unbecoming a Chriſtian Philoſopher. That notwithſtanding his Propoſitions and Aſſertions are for the moſt Part weak and falſe, yet they are very dangerous for ſeveral Perſons who either want Learning, or have too great a Biaſs for Libertiniſm. That beſides an indifferent Knowledge of practical Morals and Hiſtory, which *Montaigne* had acquired in reading *Seneca* and *Plutarch*, having convers'd with few other Books, as he owns himſelf, he had hardly a Tincture of other Sciences and Arts, even not of the Theory of Moral Philoſophy. That he was as ignorant in other Parts of Philoſophy, as Phyſick, Metaphyſick, and Logick; which does ſufficiently appear by his wrong Inferences on ſeveral Things. That he underſtood very little what we call Humanity, or *Belles Lettres*, as one may ſee by his unpolite Stile, and the Confuſion of his Diſcourſes, which ſhew him a very ill Grammarian, and a bad Rhetorician; and as he talks poſitively, and boldly as the moſt learned Men, *Scaliger* was us'd to ſtile him *a bold Ignorant*. Theſe angry Gentlemen do likewiſe pretend, that what is moſt admir'd in *Montaigne* is ſtolen from ſome ancient Authors, and that if thoſe Quotations and the little Stories he tells us about his Temper and Inclinations were taken out of his Book, the reſt would be very little or nothing at all.

This is the Subſtance of the moſt material Objections made againſt *Montaigne*; not to mention here ſeveral Authors, who have purpoſely written againſt his Opinions, as Mr. *De Silhon* in his Book of the Immortality of the Soul, wherein he confutes what *Montaigne* has alledg'd to prove that Brutes are capable of thinking. *Chanet*, in his Treatiſe of the Operations of the Underſtanding, quotes *Montaigne*'s Eſſays, as a Work wherein Judgment had no Share, becauſe, ſays he, every judicious Man loves Or-

der,

der, and there is nothing but Confuſion in that whole Book.

Having thus impartially related what is urg'd againſt *Montaigne*, we proceed now to mention what is ſaid in his Vindication. And we might here, in the firſt Place, make uſe of the long Preface Madamoiſelle *de Gournay* has prefix'd to the *French* Folio Edition of his Eſſays, 1652, wherein ſhe does not only give a full Anſwer to all the Objections made, or that can be made againſt *Montaigne*, but alſo talks of him as of a Man whoſe Works have reviv'd Truth in his Age, and which therefore ſhe calls *the Quinteſſence of Philoſophy, the Hellebore of Man's Folly, the Setter at Liberty of the Underſtanding, and the Judicial Throne of Reaſon*. But we do not think fit to inſiſt upon her Evidence, for notwithſtanding the ſolid Arguments her Opinion is grounded upon, ſhe may be ſuſpected to be blindfolded with the paſſionate Love ſhe had for her excellent Father: And beſides, we have ſo many great Men to produce in Favour of *Montaigne*, that we may without any Prejudice to his Cauſe, wave the Evidence of Madamoiſelle *de Gournay*. Theſe will tell you, that if he has handled any Matters with an uncommon Freedom, this is an Effect of his generous Temper, which was free from any baſe Compliance; and as to his Love for Virtue, and his Religion, they appeal to his very Book itſelf, whereby that Truth will appear, if the Paſſages alledg'd to prove the contrary are examin'd without Partiality, and not by themſelves, but according to the Connexion they have with what precedes or follows.

Stephen Paſquier, that ſincere Writer, deals more fairly with *Montaigne* than *Silhon*, *Balzac*, or any other of his Oppoſers, for he does not conceal his Faults, nor paſs by what may be ſaid to extenuate or excuſe them. 'Mon-'taigne, ſays he, in one of his Letters, has ſeveral Chap-'ters, whereof the Body is no ways anſwerable to the 'Head, witneſs theſe following, *The Hiſtory of Spurina*; 'of the Reſemblance of Children to their Parents; of the 'Verſes of Virgil; of Coaches; of lame People; of Vanity, 'and Phyſiognomy. Theſe are incoherent Things, wherein 'the Author runs from one Subject to another, without 'any Order or Connexion. But after all, we muſt take 'of *Montaigne* what is good, and not look upon his Titles,

'but into his Diſcourſes, for poſſibly he deſign'd to laugh 'at himſelf, others, and human Capacity, ſlighting thus 'the Rules and ſervile Laws of Authors.

I ſhall add on this Point, that notwithſtanding ſeveral of his Diſcourſes do contain quite different Things from what is promis'd in the Titles, as *Paſquier* has obſerv'd, yet it does not always happen ſo; and when he has done it, methinks, it is rather through Affectation than Inadvertency, to ſhew that he did not intend to make a regular Work. This does likewiſe appear, by the odd, or rather fantaſtical Connexion of his Diſcourſes, wherein from one Matter he makes long Digreſſions upon ſeveral others. No doubt but he thought that one might take the ſame Liberty in his Meditations, as is aſſum'd in common Converſations, in which, tho' there be but two or three Interlocutors, 'tis obſerv'd that there is ſuch a Variety in their Diſcourſes, that if they were ſet down in Writing, it would appear that by Digreſſions they are run away from their firſt Subject, and that the laſt Part of their Converſation is very little anſwerable to the firſt. This I verily believe was his true Intention, that he might preſent the World with a free and original Work; for neither *Chanet* nor any other of his Adverſaries will be able to convince the World, that this proceeded from want of Judgment in a Man of ſuch Parts as they are oblig'd to own in *Montaigne*.

He deſign'd alſo ſometimes to conceal his Deſign in his Titles; as for Inſtance, in his third Book, when having ſpent almoſt a whole Chapter againſt Phyſicians, it is moſt likely that his Intention was to conceal it by intitling the ſame, *Of the Reſemblance of Children to their Parents.* For this gives him an Opportunity to tell us, that he was afflicted with the Gravel as his Father was, and to diſcourſe of the Cure of ſeveral Diſtempers, and at the ſame time of the Uncertainty of Phyſick, or rather of the Ignorance of Phyſicians; from whence I conclude, that in this whole Chapter, and ſeveral others, there is rather a refin'd Art, than Ignorance. It has alſo been objected againſt him, that he talks of no Body elſe in his Writings, as if he intended to propoſe himſelf as a neceſſary Pattern to the reſt of Mankind, tho' what he ſays of himſelf is for the moſt part odd and fantaſtical. To this I anſwer, that any Man may be an Example to others, either for doing Good, or eſchewing

ing Evil; and that *Montaigne* does not pretend that what he ſays of himſelf ſhould be taken for any other thing than really it is, having a ſufficient Knowledge of all human Frailties, and of his own in particular.

'Tis ſomewhat ſurprizing that *Montaigne* ſhould be blamed for quoting ancient Authors, when his Quotations are made *à propos*, that is, for confirming or illuſtrating what he ſays, ſeeing *Plutarch* and ſeveral other excellent Authors have taken the ſame Liberty; and if it be objected, that the Quotations in *Plutarch* are taken from *Greek* Authors, and conſequently are in the ſame Language as his, whereas *Montaigne* has ſtuffed his *French* Book with *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Italian* Verſes; I anſwer that this is trifling, for if *Montaigne* found nothing in his own Language worthy of being cited, or elſe if he thought that ancient or foreign Writers had better treated the Matter he ſpeaks of, Pray by what Law is he forbidden to make uſe of their Authority? I own, that in ſome Places, he has tranſlated ſome Paſſages of ancient Authors into *French*, and has ſo dextrouſly incorporated them into his Work, that he has in ſome Manner made them his own; but where is the great Crime in this, eſpecially ſeeing he has a World of Thoughts of his own, which are more ſublime and excellent, than what he has alledged from others?

Balzac, in his XIX *Entretien*, reflects upon his Language, though at the ſame time he excuſes it. 'He lived, 'ſays he, in the Reign of the Family of *Valois*, and was 'a *Gaſcoign* by Birth, and therefore it is impoſſible, but 'his Language muſt have ſomething of the Vice common 'to his Age and Country. However, we muſt own, that 'his Soul was eloquent, and that he expreſſed his Thoughts 'in bold maſculine Expreſſions, and that his Stile had 'ſome Beauties above what we could have expected from 'his Age. I'll ſay no more on this Head, and I know that 'it would be a ſort of a Miracle, that a Perſon could po'litely ſpeak *French* in the Barbary of *Quercy* and *Perigord*. 'Should a Man, beſet with bad Examples, and deprived of 'good ones, have Courage and Strength enough to defend 'himſelf alone againſt a whole Nation, againſt his own 'Wife, Relations, and Friends, who are as many Enemies 'to the Purity of the *French* Tongue? The Court was 'likewiſe as corrupted as the Country, ſo that it was then

'lawful

'lawful to fail, there being then no ſettled Rules for our 'Language; and thoſe Faults, which are more ancient 'than the Laws themſelves, are doubtleſs innocent. I 'conclude, ſays he in another Place, that I have a great 'Veneration for him, and that in my Opinion he is 'comparable to thoſe Ancients whom we call *Maximos* '*Ingenio, Arte rudes*, &c.

What *Balzac* ſays, in relation to the Court of *France* in the Days of *Montaigne*, is true enough, and very much to the Purpoſe; but obſerve here the Vanity and Malice of that Hypercritic, who muſt reflect upon *Montaigne*'s Country; as if it were impoſſible that any Body born in *Perigord* or *Quercy*, ſhould write *French* as politely as he who was born within a Day's Journey from *Montaigne*. I know *Balzac* has written more politely than *Montaigne*, and that the *French* Tongue is much indebted to him; but he whoſe Excellency was chiefly in the Connexion of Words, muſt not for all that pretend to ſet up for a Judge of the Thoughts of *Montaigne*, as he raſhly ventured upon in his XVIII and XIX *Entretien*.

'Tis true, *Montaigne* has ſome provincial Expreſſions, but they are few in Number; and it is to be obſerved, that ſeveral Words of his which were at firſt excepted againſt, have been ſince adopted by the beſt Writers, this being the Privilege of great Authors to introduce new Words. The *French* Word *enjoüé (merry)* has not been always in Uſe, though it is now in the Mouths of all the learned and polite People, and *Montaigne* was the firſt Author that I know of who made Uſe of it; and ſo they are obliged to him for this Word, which does not only ſignify a merry Man, but likewiſe expreſſes the very Effects of Mirth in his Face, and chiefly upon his Cheek *(joüis.)*

Thoſe who tell us that *Scaliger* was uſed to call him a bold *Ignorant*, do certainly a greater Injury to *Scaliger* than to *Montaigne*; for the Reputation of that great Man will never ſo far biaſs Mankind, as to make them believe, that the Author of a Book, wherein there is ſo much Learning, ſhould be an ignorant Fellow. *Scaliger* was a better Judge, and as this is not to be found in any one of his Works, I think one may venture to ſay, that this Calumny was contrived by ſome of his envious Enemies, who having not Strength enough to encounter him, made

made uſe of this Artifice to run down his Merit with that great Name.

Monſieur *de Plaſſac*, a great Admirer of *Montaigne*, corrected his Chapter of the *Vanity of Words* into modern *French*; but as he owns it himſelf, it was no more *Montaigne*'s, whoſe Similies and proverbial Expreſſions have a greater Strength, than the nice Politeneſs of the modern *French* Language; and, beſides, *Montaigne*'s Diſcourſe is every where full of Sentences and ſolid Reaſon, which do not always admit that ſmooth but empty Way of Writing, ſo much in Vogue in *France*.

I do not however deſign to defend *Montaigne* in every thing; far from it, I blame his Freedom in ſeveral Places, and I cannot abide, that after having diſcourſed of the exemplary Life of a holy Man, he ſhould immediately talk as he does of Cuckoldom and Privy-Parts, and other Things of this Nature, which, though perhaps tolerable in another Place, cannot be ſuffered in this; and I wiſh he had left out theſe Things, that Ladies might not be put to the Bluſh, when his Eſſays are found in their Libraries, and that they might improve themſelves by reading this excellent Book, without putting their Modeſty to any Torment, as they muſt needs do when they come to theſe Places.

As for the reſt, there is hardly any human Book extant ſo fit as this to teach Men what they are, and lead them inſenſibly to a reaſonable Obſervation of the moſt ſecret Springs of their Actions; and therefore it ought to be the *manuale* of all Gentlemen, his uncommon Way of teaching, winning People to the Practice of Virtue, as much as other Books fright them away from it, by the dogmatical and imperious Way which they aſſume.

Thus we have anſwered all the material Objections made againſt *Montaigne*; for I think the other Trifles, which are objected againſt him, do not deſerve to be taken Notice of, and I wonder that the Author of the *Search after Truth* ſhould ſpend his Time upon them, in a Manner ſo unbecoming his Character. He tells us, after *Bakzac* and ſome others, that *Montaigne*'s Vanity and Pride are not ſuitable to an Author and Philoſopher; that it was ridiculous and uſeleſs to keep a Page having hardly 6000 Livres a Year, and more ridiculous ſtill to have ſo often mentioned it in his Writings:

Writings: But I may anſwer, that it was very common in his time for Gentlemen of noble Extraction to keep a Page, to ſhew their Quality, though their Eſtate could hardly afford them to keep a Footman, and that the 6000 Livres a Year were then more than 20000 now-a-days. It was likewiſe very much unbecoming the Gravity of our famous *Searcher after Truth*, to rail at *Montaigne* becauſe he kept a Clerk, when he was Counſellor in the Parliament of *Bourdeaux*; for *Montaigne* having exerciſed that noble Employment but for a ſhort Time, in his Youth he had no Occaſion to mention it, and who ſhall believe, that he has concealed it out of Vanity, he who in the Opinion of *Malebranche* himſelf, talks of his Imperfections and Vices with too great a Freedom? It is likewiſe very ungenerous and un-gentleman-like to take Notice, that he did not very well ſucceed in his Mayoralty of *Bourdeaux*; the Times he lived in were very troubleſom, and ſuppoſing he committed ſome Error, which they ſaw without any Proof, what is that to the Merit of his Book? *Balzac* introduces a Gentleman ſpeaking thus to an Admirer of *Montaigne*. 'You may praiſe 'your Author, if you will, more than our *Cicero*, but I 'cannot fancy that a Man who governed all the World, 'was not at leaſt equal to a Perſon, who did not know 'how to govern *Bourdeaux*.' This may very well paſs for a Jeſt; but is it a rational Way of confuting an Author, to have Recourſe to perſonal Reflections, or ſome Incidents relating to his private Perſon or Quality? This is ſo mean, that I cannot fancy *Balzac* could be guilty of it, and I wholly impute it to thoſe who have publiſhed after his Death, ſome looſe Diſcourſes on ſeveral Subjects, which they have intitled his *Entretiens*.

Notwithſtanding theſe Objections, *Montaigne* always had and is like to have Admirers, as long as Senſe and Reaſon have any Credit in the World. *Juſtus Lipſius* calls him the *French Thales*, and *Mezeray* the Chriſtian *Seneca*, and the incomparable *Thuanus* had made an Eulogy of him, which being very ſhort, I ſhall tranſcribe it here:

'*Michael de Montaigne*, Chevalier, was born in *Perigord*, 'in a Caſtle which had the Name of his Family. He 'was made Counſellor in the Parliament of *Bourdeaux* with '*Stephen de la Boetie*, with whom he contracted ſo great a 'Friendſhip, that that dear Friend was even after his

'Death the Object of his Reſpect and Veneration. *Mon-*
'*taigne* was extraordinary *Free and Sincere*, as Poſterity
'will ſee by his *Eſſays*, for ſo he has intitled that immor-
'tal Monument of his Genius.

'While he was at *Venice*, he was elected Mayor of *Bour-*
'*deaux*, which Place was beſtowed only upon Perſons of the
'firſt Quality, and even the Governors of the Province
'thought it was an Honour for them. The Mareſchal *de*
'*Matignon*, who commanded the King's Forces in that
'Province during the Troubles of the State, had ſuch an
'Eſteem for him, that he communicated unto him the moſt
'important Affairs, and admitted him into his Council.
'As I had a Correſpondence with him while I was in his
'Country, and ſince at Court, the Conformity of our
'Studies and Inclinations united us moſt intimately. He
'died at *Montaigne* in the 60*th* Year of his Age.

This Teſtimony of *Thuanus* is ſufficient to juſtify the Memory of our Author, for No-body will believe that a Man of that Integrity would have been ſo great a Friend with ſo vicious a Man as *Malebranche* has repreſented *Montaigne*. I ſhall therefore conclude this Diſcourſe with a very remarkable Circumſtance mentioned by *Thuanus* in his own Life, *Lib.* 3. which ſhews that *Montaigne* was beloved by the greateſt Princes in his Time, and honoured with their Confidence. 'While the States of the King-
'dom, ſays he, were ſitting at *Blois*, *Montaigne* and I
'were diſcourſing of the Diviſion between the King of
'*Navarre* and the Duke of *Guiſe*; whereupon he told me
'that he knew the moſt ſecret Thoughts of thoſe Princes,
'as having been employed to compoſe their Differences,
'and that he was perſuaded, that neither of them was of
'the Religion he profeſſed. That the King of *Navarre*
'would have willingly embraced the Religion of his Pre-
'deceſſors, if he had not feared that his Party would a-
'bandon him, and that the Duke of *Guiſe* would have
'declared himſelf for the Confeſſion of *Augſburg*, which
'the Cardinal of *Lorrain* his Uncle had inſpired him with,
'if he could have done it without any Prejudice to his
'Intereſts.

I thought this Circumſtance was not unworthy of being placed here; but I muſt beg the Reader's Pardon for having been ſo long, which muſt be attributed to the Reſpect I

have for the Memory of that excellent Author. I deſigne to ſhew the Reaſon why *Montaigne* meets with a mor favourable Entertainment in *England* than in his nativ Country, but having been already too long, I ſhall con tent myſelf to obſerve, that an Author who talks freel of every thing, is not ſuitable to the Temper of a ſervil Nation that has loſt all Senſe of Liberty.

Monſieur *La Bruyere*, in his celebrated Book of th *Characters and Manners of the Age*, gives another Reaſo why ſome People condemn *Montaigne*. 'Two Writer ſays he, (meaning *La Mothe le Vayer* and *Malebranche* have condemned *Montaigne*: I know that Author ma be juſtly blamed in ſome Things, but neither of then will allow him to have any thing valuable. One o them thinks too little to taſte ſuch an Author, wh thinks a great deal; and the other thinks too ſubtil to be pleaſed with what is natural.' This, I believe is the general Character of *Montaigne's* Enemies.

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

The Firſt BOOK.

CHAP. I.

That Men by various Ways arrive at the ſame End.

THE moſt likely and moſt uſual Way in Practice, of appeaſing the Indignation of ſuch as we have any Way offended, when we ſee them in Poſſeſſion of the Power of Revenge, and find that we abſolutely lye at their Mercy, is by Submiſſion (than which, nothing more flatters the Glory of an Adverſary) to move them to Commiſeration and Pity: And yet Bravery, Conſtancy, and Reſolution, however quite contrary Means, have ſometimes ſerved to produce the ſame Effect. *Edward the Black Prince of* Wales (the ſame who ſo long governed our Province of *Guienne*, a Perſon whoſe high Condition, excellent Qualities, and remarkable For-

Submiſſion mollifies the Hearts of the offended.

Edward the Black Prince.

tune, have in them a great deal of the moſt noble and moſt conſiderable Parts of Grandeur) having through ſome Miſdemeanours of theirs, been highly incenſed by the *Limoſins*, and in the Heat of that Reſentment taken their City by Aſſault, was not, in the Riot commonly attending ſuch Executions, either by the Outcries of the People, or the Prayers and Tears of the Women and Children, abandoned to Slaughter and proſtitute at his Feet for Mercy, to be ſtayed from proſecuting his Revenge; till penetrating farther into the Body of the Town, he at laſt took Notice of three *French* Gentlemen, who with incredible Bravery alone ſuſtained the whole Power of his victorious Army: And then it was, that the Conſideration of, and the Reſpect unto ſo remarkable a Virtue, firſt ſtopt the Torrent of his Fury, and that his Clemency, beginning in the Preſervation of theſe three Cavaliers, was afterwards extended to all the remaining Inhabitants of the City. *Scanderbeg*, Prince of *Epirus*, in great Wrath purſuing one of his Soldiers, with a reſolute Purpoſe to kill him, and the Soldier having in vain tried by all the Ways of Humility and Supplication to appeaſe him, ſeeing him notwithſtanding obſtinately bent to his Ruin, reſolved, as his laſt Refuge, to face about and expect him with his Sword in his Hand; which Behaviour of his gave a ſudden Stop to his Captain's Fury, who, ſeeing him aſſume ſo noble a Reſolution, received him to Grace: An Example, however, that might ſuffer another Interpretation with ſuch as have not read of the prodigious Force and Valour of that invincible Prince. The Emperor *Conrade* III. having beſieged *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be prevailed upon, what mean and unmanly Satisfactions ſoever had been tendered to him, to condeſcend to milder Conditions, than that the *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* only who were in the Town might go out without Violation of their Honour on Foot, and with ſo much only as they could carry about them. Which was no ſooner known, but that out of Magnanimity of Heart, and an Exceſs of good Nature, they preſently contrived to carry out upon their Shoulders, their Huſbands and Children, and even the Duke himſelf; a Sight at which the Emperor was ſo pleaſed, that raviſhed

Remarkable Valour of 3 French *Gentlemen.*

Conjugal Love.

with the Generosity of the Action, he wept for Joy, and immediately extinguishing in his Heart the mortal and implacable Hatred he had conceiv'd against this Duke, he from that Time forward treated him and his with all Humanity and Affection. The one, or the other, of these two ways, would with great Facility work upon my Nature; for I have a marvellous Propensity to Mercy and Mildness, and to such a Degree of Tenderness, that I fansy, of the two I should sooner surrender my Anger to *Compassion* than *Esteem*: And yet Pity is reputed a Vice amongst the *Stoicks*, who will that we succour the Afflicted, but not that we should be so affected with their Sufferings, as to suffer with them. I conceiv'd these Examples not ill suited to the Question in Hand, and the rather because therein we observe these great Souls, assaulted and try'd by these two several ways to resist the one without relenting, and to be shook and subjected by the other. It is true, that to suffer a Man's Heart to be totally subdu'd by Compassion, may be imputed to Facility, Effeminacy, and Over-tenderness; whence it comes to pass, that the weakest Natures, as of Women, Children, and the common Sort of People, are the most subject to it: But after having resisted, and disdain'd the Power of Sighs and Tears, to surrender a Man's Animosity to the sole Reverence of the sacred Image of Virtue; this can be no other than the Effect of a strong and inflexible Soul, enamour'd of, and ravish'd with a Masculine and obstinate Valour. Nevertheless, Astonishment and Admiration may in less generous Minds beget a like Effect. Witness the People of *Thebes*, who having put two of their Generals upon Trial for their Lives, for having continued in Arms beyond the precise Term of their Commission, very hardly pardon'd *Pelopidas*, who bowing under the Weight of so dangerous an Accusation, had made no manner of Defence for himself, nor produc'd other Arguments than Prayers and Supplications to secure his Head; whereas, on the contrary, *Epaminondas* being brought to the Bar, and falling to magnify the Exploits he had perform'd in their Service, and after a haughty and arrogant manner reproaching them with Ingratitude and Injustice, they had not the Heart to proceed any further in his Trial, but broke up the Court

Pity reputed a Vice amongst the Stoicks.

and departed, the whole Aſſembly highly commending the Courage and Confidence of this Man *Dionyſius* the Elder, after having by a tedious Siege, and through exceeding great Difficulties, taken the City of *Rhegium*, and in it the Governor *Phyton*, a very gallant Man, who had made ſo obſtinate a Defence, he was reſolv'd to make him a tragical Example of his Revenge; in order whereunto, and the more ſenſibly to afflict him, he firſt told him, *That he had the Day before caus'd his Son and all his Kindred to be drown'd:* To which *Phyton* return'd no other Anſwer but this, *That they were then by one Day happier than he.* After which, cauſing him to be ſtripp'd, and delivering him into the Hands of the Tormentors, he was by them not only dragg'd through the Streets of the Town, and moſt ignominiouſly and cruelly whipp'd, but moreover, vilified with moſt bitter and contumelious Language: Yet ſtill, in the Fury of all this Perſecution, he maintain'd his Courage entire all the Way, with a ſtrong Voice and undaunted Countenance proclaiming the glorious Cauſe of his Death; namely, for that he would not deliver up his Country into the Hands of a mercileſs Tyrant; at the ſame Time denouncing againſt him a ſudden Chaſtiſement from the offended Gods. At which the Tyrant rolling his Eyes about, and reading in his Soldiers Looks, that inſtead of being incens'd at the haughty Language of this conquer'd Enemy, to the Contempt of him their Captain and his Triumph, they not only ſeem'd ſtruck with Admiration of ſo rare a Virtue, but moreover inclin'd to mutiny, and were even ready to reſcue the Priſoner out of the Hangman's Hands, he cauſed the Execution to ceaſe, and afterwards privately caus'd him to be thrown into the Sea. Man (in good Earneſt) is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unſtable Subject, and on whom it is very hard to form any certain or proportionate Judgment. For *Pompey* could pardon the whole City of the *Mammertines*, though furiouſly incens'd againſt it, upon the ſingle Account of the Virtue and Magnanimity of one Citizen, *Zeno*, who took the Fault of the Publick wholly upon himſelf; neither intreated other Favour, but alone to undergo the Puniſhment for all: And yet *Sylla*'s Hoſt, having in the City of *Perugia* manifeſted the ſame Virtue, obtain'd nothing by it, either

The Cruelty of Dionyſius *the Tyrant.*

for

for himſelf or his Fellow Citizens. And directly contrary to my firſt Examples, the braveſt of all Men, and who was reputed ſo gracious and civil to all thoſe he overcame. *Alexander the Great*, having after many great Difficulties forc'd the City of *Gaza*, and entring found *Betis*, who commanded there, and of whoſe Valour in the Time of this Siege he had moſt noble and manifeſt Proofs, alone, forſaken by all his Soldiers, his Arms hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, covered all over with Blood and Wounds, and yet ſtill fighting in the Croud of a great Number of *Macedonians*, who were laying on him on all Sides, he ſaid to him, nettled at ſo dear bought Victory, and two freſh Wounds he had newly received in his own Perſon, *Thou ſhalt not die* Betis *ſo honourably as thou doſt intend, but ſhall aſſuredly ſuffer all the Torments that can be inflicted on a miſerable Captive.* To which Menaces the other returning no other Anſwer, but only a fierce and diſdainful Look; What, ſays the Conqueror (obſerving his obſtinate Silence) *Is he too ſtiff to bend a Knee! Is he too proud to utter one ſuppliant Word! I ſhall certainly conquer this Silence; and if I cannot force a Word from his Mouth, I ſhall at leaſt extract a Groan from his Heart.* And thereupon converting his Anger into Fury, preſently commanded his Heels to be bored through, cauſing him to be dragg'd, mangled, and diſmembred at an infamous Cart's-Tail. Was it that the Height of Courage was ſo natural and familiar to this Conqueror, that becauſe he could not admire, he ſhould the leſs eſteem this *Hero*? Or was it that he conceiv'd Valour to be a Virtue ſo peculiar to himſelf, that his Pride could not, without Envy, endure it in another? Or was it that the natural Impetuoſity of his Fury was incapable of Oppoſition? Certainly had it been capable of any manner of Moderation or Satiety, it is to be believ'd, that in the Sack and Deſolation of *Thebes*, to ſee ſo many valiant Men loſt and totally Deſtitute of any farther Defence, cruelly maſſacred before his Eyes, would have appeas'd it. Where there were above ſix thouſand put to the Sword, of which not one was ſeen to fly, or heard to cry out for Quarter; but on the contrary every one running here and there to ſeek out and to provoke the victorious Enemy to help them to an honourable End: Not one who did not to his laſt Gaſp, yet endeavour

Obſtinate Silence of Betis.

to revenge himſelf, and with all the Arms of a brave Deſpair to ſweeten his own Death in the Death of an Enemy. Yet did their Virtue create no Pity, and the Length of one Day was not enough to ſatiate the Thirſt of the Conqueror's Revenge; but the Slaughter continued to the laſt Drop of Blood that was capable of being ſhed, and ſtopp'd not till it met with none but naked and impotent Perſons, old Men, Women, and Children, of them to carry away to the Number of thirty thouſand Slaves.

CHAP. II.

Of Sorrow.

NO Man living is more free from this Paſſion than I, who neither like it in myſelf, nor admire it in others, and yet generally the World, (I know not why) is pleas'd to grace it with a particular Eſteem, endeavouring to make us believe, that Wiſdom, Virtue and Conſcience ſhroud themſelves under this grave and affected Appearance. Fooliſh and ſordid Diſguiſe! The *Italians* however, under the Denomination of *Un Triſto*, decypher a clandeſtine Nature, a dangerous and ill-natured Man: And with good Reaſon, it being a Quality always hurtful, always idle and vain, and as cowardly, mean, and baſe, by the *Stoicks* expreſly, and particularly forbidden their Sages: But the Story nevertheleſs ſays, that *Pſammenitus*, King of *Egypt*, being defeated and taken Priſoner by *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*, ſeeing his own Daughter paſs by him in a wretched Habit, with a Bucket to draw Water, though his Friends about him were ſo concerned as to break out into Tears and Lamentations at the miſerable Sight, yet he himſelf remain'd unmov'd, without uttering a Word of Diſcontent, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground: And ſeeing moreover his Son immediately after led to Execution, ſtill maintain'd the ſame Gravity and Indifference; till ſpying at laſt one of his Domeſticks dragg'd away amongſt the Captives, he could then hold no longer, but fell to tearing his Hair, and beating his Breaſt, with all the other Extravagancies

vagancies of a wild and deſperate Sorrow. A Story that may very fitly be coupled with another of the ſame kind, of a late Prince of our own Nation, who being at *Trent*, and having News there brought him of the Death of his elder Brother, but a Brother on whom depended the whole Support and Honour of his Houſe, and ſoon after of that of a younger Brother, the ſecond Hope of his Family, and having withſtood theſe two Aſſaults with an exemplary Reſolution, one of his Servants happening a few Days after to die, he ſuffered his Conſtancy to be overcome by this laſt Accident; and parting with his Courage, ſo abandon'd himſelf to Sorrow and Mourning, that ſome from thence were forward to conclude, that he was only touch'd to the Quick by this laſt Stroke of Fortune; but, in truth, it was that being before brim-full of Grief, the leaſt Addition overflow'd the Bounds of all Patience. Which might alſo be ſaid of the former Example, did not the Story proceed to tell us, that *Cambyſes* aſking *Pſammenitus, Why, not being mov'd at the Calamity of his Son and Daughter, he ſhould with ſo great Impatience bear the Misfortune of his Friend? It is* (anſwered he,) *becauſe this laſt Affliction was only to be manifeſted by Tears, the two firſt exceeding all manner of Expreſſion.* And peradventure ſomething like this might be working in the Fancy of the ancient Painter, who being in the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, to repreſent the Sorrow of the Aſſiſtants proportionably to the ſeveral Degrees of Intereſt every one had in the Death of this fair innocent Virgin; and having in the other Figures laid out the utmoſt Power of his Art, when he came to that of her Father he drew him with a Veil over his Face, meaning thereby, that no kind of Countenance was capable of expreſſing ſuch a Degree of Sorrow. Which is alſo the Reaſon why the Poets feign the miſerable Mother *Niobe*, having firſt loſt ſeven Sons, and ſucceſſively as many Daughters, to be at laſt transform'd into a Rock;

Diriguiſſe malis *.

——Whom Grief alone,
Had Pow'r to ſtiffen into Stone.

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* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 6.

Thereby

Thereby to expreſs, that melancholick, dumb, and deaf Stupidity, which benumbs all our Faculties when oppreſt with Accidents greater than we are able to bear; and indeed the Violence and Impreſſion of an exceſſive Grief, muſt of Neceſſity aſtoniſh the Soul, and wholly deprive her of her ordinary Functions: As it happens to every one of us, who upon any ſudden Alarm of very ill News, find ourſelves ſurpriz'd, ſtupified, and in a manner depriv'd of all Power of Motion, till the Soul, beginning to vent itſelf in Sighs and Tears, ſeems a little to free and diſengage it ſelf from the ſudden Oppreſſion, and to have obtain'd ſome Room to work itſelf out at greater Liberty.

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eſt ‡.

Yet ſcarce at laſt by ſtruggling Grief a Gate
Unbolted is for Sighs to ſally at.

In the War that *Ferdinand* made upon the Widow of King *John* of *Hungary* about *Buda*, a Man at Arms was particularly taken Notice of by every one for his ſingular gallant Behaviour in a certain Encounter; unknown, highly commended, and as much lamented, being left dead upon the Place: But by none ſo much as by *Raiſciac* a *German* Lord, who was infinitely enamour'd of ſo unparallel'd a Virtue. When the Body being brought off, and the Count with the common Curioſity coming to view it, the Arms were no ſooner taken off, but he immediately knew him to be his own Son. A Thing that added a ſecond Blow to the Compaſſion of all the Beholders; only he, without uttering a Word, or turning away his Eyes from the woeful Object, ſtood fixtly contemplating the Body of his Son, till the Vehemency of Sorrow having overcome his vital Spirits, made him ſink down ſtone dead to the Ground.

Chi puo dir com' egli arde é in picciol fuoco †!

——What Tongue is able to proclaim
How his Soul melted in the gentle Flame?

ſay the *Inamorato's* when they would repreſent an inſupportable Paſſion.

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‡ *Virg. Æneid, l.* 11. † *Petrarca, Sonetto* 158.

Miſero

Miſero quod omnes
Eripit ſenſus mihi. Nam ſimul te,
Leſbia, aſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mi
Quod loquar amens,
Lingua ſed torpet tenuis, ſub artus
Flamma dimanat, ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte *.

——all conquering *Leſbia*, thine Eyes
Have raviſh'd from me all my Faculties:
At the firſt Glance of their victorious Ray,
I was ſo ſtruck I knew not what to ſay;
Nor had a Tongue to ſpeak; a ſubtle Flame
Crept thro' my Veins; my tingling Ears became
Deaf without Noiſe, and my poor Eyes I found
With a black Veil of double Darkneſs bound.

Neither is it in the Height and greateſt Fury of the Fit, that we are in a Condition to pour out our Complaints, or to ſally into Courtſhip, the Soul being at that Time overburthened, and labouring with profound Thoughts: And the Body dejected and languiſhing with Deſire; and thence it is, that ſometimes proceed thoſe accidental Impotences that ſo unſeaſonably ſurpriſe the willing Lover, and that Frigidity which by the Force of an immoderate Ardour, ſo unhappily ſeizes him even in the very Lap of Fruition: For all Paſſions that ſuffer themſelves to be reliſhed and digeſted are but moderate.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent †.

His Grief's but eaſy, who his Grief can tell,
But piercing Sorrow has no Article.

A Surpriſe of unexpected Joys does likewiſe often produce the ſame Effect.

Ut me conſpexit venientem, & Troia circum
Arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monſtris,
Diriguit viſu in medio, calor oſſa reliquit,
Labitur, & longo vix tandem tempore fatur ‡.

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* *Cat. Epig.* 52. † *Seneca Hippol. Act.* 2. *Scen.* 3.
‡ *Virg. Æneid.*

Soon

Soon as ſhe ſaw me coming, and beheld
The *Trojan* Enſigns waving in the Field,
O'er-joy'd, and raviſh'd at th' unlook'd for Sight,
She turn'd a Statue, loſt all feeling quite;
Life's gentle Heat did her ſtiff Limbs forſake,
See ſwoon'd, and ſcarce after long ſwooning ſpake.

To theſe we have the Examples of the *Roman* Lady, who died for Joy to ſee her Son ſafe returned from the Defeat of *Cannæ*; and of *Sophocles*, and *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, who died of Joy; and of *Talva*, who died in *Corſica*, reading News of the Honours the *Roman* Senate had decreed in his Favour. We have moreover one, in the Time of Pope *Leo* the Tenth, who upon News of the taking of *Milan*, a Thing he had ſo ardently and paſſionately deſired, was rapt with ſo ſudden an Exceſs of Joy, that he immediately fell into a Fever and died. And for a more authentick Teſtimony of the Imbecillity of human Nature, it is recorded by the Ancients, that *Diodorus* the Logician died upon the Place, out of an extreme Paſſion of Shame, for not having been able in his own School, and in the Preſence of a great Auditory, to diſengage himſelf from a nice Argument that was propounded to him. I for my Part am very little ſubject to theſe violent Paſſions; I am naturally of a ſtubborn Apprehenſion, which alſo by Diſcourſe I every Day harden and fortify more and more.

CHAP. III.

That our Affections carry themſelves beyond us.

SUCH as accuſe Mankind of the Folly of gaping and panting after future Things, and adviſe us to make our Benefits of thoſe which are preſent, and to ſet up our Reſt upon them, as having too ſhort a Reach to lay hold upon that which is to come, and it being more impoſſible for us, than to retrieve what is paſt; have hit upon the moſt uni-

verſal

verſal of human Errors, if that may be called an Error to which Nature itſelf has diſpoſed us, who in order to the Subſiſtence and Continuation of her own Work, has, amongſt ſeveral others, prepoſſeſſed us with this deceiving Imagination, as being more jealous of our Action, than afraid of our Knowledge. For we are never preſent with, but always beyond ourſelves. Fear, Deſire, and Hope, are ſtill puſhing us on towards the Future, depriving us in the mean Time of the Senſe and Conſideration of that which is to amuſe us, with the Thought of what ſhall be, even when we ſhall be no more.

Calamitoſus eſt Animus futuri anxius *.

A Mind that anxious is of Things to come,
Is ſtill abroad, finding no Reſt at home.

We find this great Precept often repeated in *Plato*, *Do thine own Work, and know thyſelf*. Of which two Parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole Duty, and conſequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for, who will do his own Work aright, will find, that his firſt Leſſon is to know himſelf: And who rightly underſtands himſelf, will never miſtake another Man's Work for his own, but will love and improve himſelf above all other Things, will refuſe ſuperfluous Employments, and reject all unprofitable Thoughts and Propoſitions. And, as Folly on the one Side, though it ſhould enjoy all it can poſſibly deſire, would notwithſtanding never be content; ſo on the other, Wiſdom does ever acquieſce with the preſent, and is never diſſatisfied with it's immediate Condition: And that is the Reaſon why *Epicurus* diſpenſes his Sages from all Foreſight and Care of the Future. Amongſt thoſe Laws that relate to the Dead, I look upon that to be the beſt, by which the Actions of Princes are to be examined and ſifted after their Deceaſe. They are equal, at leaſt, while living, if not above the Laws, and therefore what Juſtice could not inflict upon their Perſons, 'tis but Reaſon ſhould be executed upon their Reputations, and the Eſtates of their Succeſſors, Things that we often value above Life itſelf: A Cuſtom of ſingular Advantage to thoſe

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 98.

Countries

Countries where it is in uſe, and by all good Princes as much to be deſired, who have Reaſon to take it ill, that the Memories of the Tyrannical and Wicked ſhould be uſed with the ſame Reverence and Reſpect with theirs. We owe, 'tis true, Subjection and Obedience to all our Kings, whether good or bad, alike, for that has Reſpect unto their Office; but as to Affection and Eſteem, thoſe are only due to their Virtue. Let it be granted, that by the Rule of Government, we are with Patience to endure unworthy Princes, to conceal their Vices, and to aſſiſt them in their indifferent Actions, whilſt their Authority ſtands in need of our Support: Yet, the Relation of Prince and Subject being once at an End, there is no Reaſon we ſhould deny the Publication of our real Wrongs and Sufferings to our own Liberty and common Juſtice, and to interdict good Subjects the Glory of having ſubmiſſively and faithfully ſerved a Prince, whoſe Imperfections were to them ſo perfectly known, were to deprive Poſterity of ſo good an Example; and ſuch as out of Reſpect to ſome private Obligation, ſhall, againſt their own Knowledge and Conſcience, eſpouſe the Quarrel, and vindicate the Memory of a faulty Prince, do a particular Right at the Expence, and to the Prejudice of the publick Juſtice. *Livy* does very truly ſay, That the Language of Men bred up in Courts, is always ſounding of vain Oſtentation, and that their Teſtimony is rarely true, every one indifferently magnifying his own Maſter, and ſtretching his Commendation to the utmoſt Extent of Virtue and Sovereign Grandeur: And 'tis not impoſſible but ſome may condemn the Freedom of thoſe two Soldiers, who ſo roundly anſwered *Nero* to his Face, the one being aſked by him, *Why he bore him Ill-will? I loved thee*, anſwer'd he, *whilſt thou wert worthy of it; but ſince thou art become a Parricide, an Incendiary, a Waterman, a Fidler, a Player, and a Coachman, I hate thee as thou doſt deſerve.* And the other, *Why he ſhould attempt to kill him? Becauſe*, ſaid he, *I could think of no other Remedy againſt thy perpetual Miſchiefs.* But the publick and univerſal Teſtimonies that were given of him after his Death (and will be to all Poſterity, both of him and all other wicked Princes like him) his Tyrannies and abominable Deportment conſidered, who, of a ſound Judgment, can reprove them? I am ſcandalized, I confeſs, that in ſo ſacred a Government

vernment as that of the *Lacedæmonians* there ſhould be mixt ſo hypocritical a Ceremony at the Interment of their Kings; where all their Confederates and Neighbours, and all Sorts and Degrees of Men and Women, as well as their Slaves, cut and ſlaſh their Foreheads in Token of Sorrow, repeating in their Cries and Lamentations, That that King (let him have been as wicked as the Devil) was the beſt that ever they had; by this Means attributing to his Quality the Praiſes that only belong to Merit, and that of Right is properly due to the moſt ſupreme Deſert, though lodged in the loweſt and moſt inferior Subject. *Ariſtotle* (who will ſtill have a Hand in every Thing) makes a *Quære* upon the Saying of *Solon*, *That none can be ſaid to be happy until he be dead.* Whether then any one of thoſe who have lived and died according to their Heart's Deſire, if he have left an ill Repute behind him, and that his Poſterity be miſerable, can be ſaid to be happy? Whilſt we have Life and Motion, we convey ourſelves by Fancy and Preoccupation, whither and to what we pleaſe; but once out of Being, we have no more any Manner of Communication with what is yet in Being; and it had therefore been better ſaid of *Solon*, *That Man is never happy, becauſe never ſo till after he is no more.*

Ceremony of the Lacedæmonians *at the Interment of their Kings.*

——— *Quiſquam*
Vix radicitus è vita ſe tollit, & ejicit,
Sed facit eſſe ſui quiddam ſuper inſcius ipſe,
Nec removet ſatis à projecto corpore ſeſe; &
Vindicat *.

No dying Man can truſs his Baggage ſo,
But ſomething of him he muſt leave below:
Nor from his Carcaſs, that doth proſtrate lie,
Himſelf can clear, or far enough can fly.

Bertrand de Gleſquin, dying before the Caſtle of *Rancon*, near unto *Puy* in *Auvergne*, the Beſieg'd were afterwards, upon Surrender, enjoined to lay down the Keys of the Place upon the Corps of the dead General. *Bartholomew*

* *Lucret. lib.* 3.

d'Alviano,

d'Alviano, the *Venetian* General, happening to die in the Service of the Republic in *Breſcia*; and his Corps being to be carried through the Territory of *Verona*, an Enemy's Country, moſt of the Army were of Opinion to demand ſafe Conduct from the *Veroneſe*, ſuppoſing, that upon ſuch an Occaſion it would not be denied: But *Theodoro Trivulſio* highly oppoſed the Motion, rather chooſing to make his Way by Force of Arms, and to run the Hazard of a Battle, ſaying, it was by no means decent, and very unfit, that he, who in his Life was never afraid of his Enemies, ſhould ſeem to apprehend them when he was dead. And in Truth, in Affairs almoſt of the ſame Nature, by the *Greek* Laws, he, who made Suit to an Enemy for a Body to give it Burial, did by that Act renounce his Victory, and had no more Right to erect a Trophy; and he to whom ſuch Suit was made, was ever, whatever otherwiſe the Succeſs had been, reputed Victor. By this Means it was, that *Nicias* loſt the Advantage he had viſibly obtained over the *Corinthians*, and that *Ageſilaus*, on the contrary, aſſured what he had before very doubtfully gained of the *Bœotians*. Theſe Proceedings might appear very odd, had it not been a general Practice in all Ages, not only to extend the Concern of our Perſons beyond the Limits of Life, but moreover to fancy that the Favour of Heaven does not only very often accompany us to the Grave, but has alſo, even after Life, a Concern for our Aſhes: Of which there are ſo many ancient Examples (waving thoſe of our own Obſervation of later Date) that it is not very neceſſary I ſhould longer inſiſt upon it. *Edward* King of *England*, and the firſt of that Name, having in the long Wars betwixt him and *Robert* King of *Scotland*, had ſufficient Experience of how great Importance his own immediate Preſence was to the Succeſs of his Affairs, having ever been victorious in whatever he undertook in his own Perſon; when he came to die, bound his Son in a ſolemn Oath, that ſo ſoon as he ſhould be dead, he ſhould boil his Body till the Fleſh parted from the Bones, and reſerve them to carry continually with him in his Army, ſo often as he ſhould be obliged to go againſt the *Scots*; as if Deſtiny had inevitably grapled Victory even to thoſe miſerable Remains. *Jean Ziſca*, the ſame, who ſo often in Vindication of *Wickliffe*'s Hereſies, infeſted the *Bohemian* State, left order that

that they ſhould flea him after his Death, and of his Skin to make a Drum, to carry in the War againſt his Enemies, fancying it would much contribute to the Continuation of the Succeſſes he had always obtained in the War againſt them. In like manner, certain of the *Indians*, in a Day of Battle with the *Spaniards*, carried with them the Bones of one of their Captains, in Conſideration of the Victories they had formerly obtained under his Conduct. And other People of the ſame new World do yet carry about with them in their Wars the Relicks of valiant Men who have died in Battle, to incite their Courage and advance their Fortune: Of which Examples, the firſt reſerve nothing for the Tomb, but the Reputation they have acquir'd by their former Atchievements; but theſe proceed yet farther and attribute a certain Power of Operation. The laſt Act of Captain *Bayard* is of a much better Compoſition; who finding himſelf wounded to death with a Harquebuſs Shot, and being by his Friends importun'd to retire out of the Fight, made Anſwer, That he would not begin at the laſt Gaſp to turn his Back to the Enemy; and accordingly ſtill fought on, till feeling himſelf too faint, and no longer able to ſit his Horſe, he commanded his Steward to ſet him down againſt the Root of a Tree, but ſo that he might die with his Face towards the Enemy, which he alſo did. I muſt yet add another Example equally remarkable, for the preſent Conſideration, with any of the former. The Emperor *Maximilian*, great Grandfather to *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, was a Prince endowed throughout with great and extraordinary Qualities, and amongſt the reſt, with a ſingular Beauty of Perſon; but had withal, a Humour very contrary to that of other Princes, who for the Diſpatch of their moſt important Affairs convert their Cloſe-ſtool into a Chair of State, which was, that he would never permit any of his Bed-Chamber, in what familiar Degree of Favour ſoever, to ſee him in that Poſture; and would ſteal aſide to make Water as religiouſly as a Virgin, and was as ſhy to diſcover either to his Phyſician, or any other whatever, thoſe Parts that we are accuſtomed to conceal: And I myſelf, who have ſo impudent a Way of Talking, am nevertheleſs naturally ſo modeſt this Way, that unleſs at the Importunity

Modeſty of Maximilian *the Emperor.*

of Neceſſity, or Pleaſure, I very rarely and unwillingly communicate to the Sight of any, either thoſe Parts or Actions that Cuſtom orders us to conceal, wherein I alſo ſuffer more Conſtraint than I conceive is very well becoming a Man, eſpecially of my Profeſſion: But he nouriſh'd this modeſt Humor to ſuch a Degree of Superſtition, as to give expreſs Orders in his laſt Will, that they ſhould put him on Drawers ſo ſoon as he ſhould be dead; to which methinks he would have done well to have added, that he ſhould have been hoodwinked too that put them on. The Charge that *Cyrus* left with his Children, that neither they nor any other ſhould either ſee or touch his Body after the Soul was departed from it, I attribute to ſome ſuperſtitious Devotion of his; both his Hiſtorian and Himſelf, amongſt other great Qualities, having ſtrew'd the whole Courſe of their Lives with a ſingular Reſpect to Religion. I was by no Means pleaſed with a Story was told me by a Man of very great Quality, of a Relation of mine, and one who had given a very good Account of himſelf both in Peace and War; that coming to die in a very old Age, of an exceſſive Pain of the Stone, he ſpent the laſt Hours of his Life in an extraordinary Solicitude about ordering the Ceremony of his Funeral, preſſing all the Men of Condition who came to ſee him, to engage their Word to attend him to his Grave, importuning this very Prince, who came to viſit him at his laſt Gaſp, with a moſt earneſt Supplication, that he would order his Family to be aſſiſting there, and withal repreſenting before him ſeveral Reaſons and Examples to prove that it was a Reſpect due to a Man of his Condition; and ſeemed to die content, having obtained this Promiſe, and appointed the Method and Order of his Funeral Parade. I have ſeldom heard of ſo long-lived a Vanity. Another, though contrary Solicitude, (of which alſo I do not want domeſtick Example) ſeems to be ſomewhat a-kin to this; that a Man ſhall cudgel his Brains, at the laſt Moments of his Life, to contrive his Obſequies to ſo particular and unuſual a Parſimony, as to conclude it in the ſordid Expence of one ſingle Servant with a Candle and Lanthorn; and yet I ſee this Humour commended, and the Appointment of *Marcus Æmi-*

Cyrus's Reverence to Religion. Xenophon.

lius Lepidus, who forbad his Heirs to beſtow upon his Hearſe even the common Ceremonies in uſe upon ſuch Occaſions. Is it not Temperance and Frugality to avoid the Expence and Pleaſure of which the Uſe and Knowledge is imperceptible to us? See here an eaſy and cheap Reformation. If Inſtruction were at all neceſſary in this Caſe, I ſhould be of Opinion, that in this, as in all other Actions of Life, the Ceremony and Expence ſhould be regulated by the Ability of the Perſon deceaſed; and the Philoſopher *Lycon* prudently order'd his Executors to diſpoſe of his Body where they ſhould think moſt fit, and as to his Funerals, to order them neither too ſuperfluous, nor too mean. For my Part, I ſhould wholly refer the ordering of this Ceremony to Cuſtom, and ſhall, when the Time comes, accordingly leave it to their Diſcretion, to whoſe Lot it ſhall fall to do me that laſt Office. *Totus hic locus eſt contemnendus in nobis, non negligendus in noſtris* *: *The Place of our Sepulture is wholly to be contemned by us, but not to be neglected by our Friends*; but it was a holy Saying of a Saint, *Curatio funeris, conditio Sepulturæ, pompa Exequiarum, magis ſunt vivorum ſolatia, quàm ſubſidia mortuorum* †; *The Care of Funerals, the Place of Sepulture, and the Pomp of Exequies, are rather Conſolations to the Living than any Benefit to the Dead.* Which made *Socrates* anſwer *Criton*, who, at the Hour of his Death, aſked him, how he would be buried? *How you will*, ſaid he. If I could concern myſelf farther than the preſent about this Affair, I ſhould be moſt tempted, as the greateſt Satisfaction of this Kind, to imitate thoſe who in their Life-time entertain themſelves with the Ceremony of their own Obſequies before-hand, and are pleaſed with viewing their own Monument, and beholding their own dead Countenance in Marble. Happy are they who can gratify their Senſes by Inſenſibility, and live by their Death! I am ready to conceive an implacable Hatred againſt all Democracy and Popular Government, (though I cannot but think it the moſt natural and equitable of all others) ſo oft as I call to mind the inhuman Injuſtice of the People of *Athens*, who, without Remiſſion, or once

* *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 1. † *Auguſt. de Civit. Dei.*

vouchſafing to hear what they had to ſay for themſelves, put to death their brave Captains, newly returned triumphant from a naval Victory they had obtain'd over the *Lacedæmonians* near the *Arginuſian Iſles*; the moſt bloody and obſtinate Engagement that ever the *Greeks* fought at Sea; for no other Reaſon, but that they rather followed their Blow and purſued the Advantages preſcribed them by the Rule of War, than that they would ſtay to gather up and bury their Dead: An Execution that is yet rendered more odious by the Behaviour of *Diomedon*, who being one of the condemn'd, and a Man of moſt eminent both politick and military Virtue, after having heard their Sentence, advancing to ſpeak, no Audience till then having been allowed, inſtead of laying before them his own Innocency or the Impiety of ſo cruel an Arreſt, only expreſs'd a Solicitude for his Judges Preſervation, beſeeching the Gods to convert this Sentence to their own Good, and praying that for neglecting to pay thoſe Vows which he and his Companions had done (which he alſo acquainted them with) in Acknowledgment of ſo glorious a Succeſs, they might not pull down the Indignation of the Gods upon them; and ſo without more Words went couragiouſly to his Death. But Fortune a few Years after puniſhing them in their Kind, made them ſee the Error of their Cruelty: For *Chabrias*, Captain-General of their Naval Forces, having got the better of *Pollis* Admiral of *Sparta*, about the Iſle *Naxos*, totally loſt the Fruits of his Succeſs, and content with his Victory, of very great Importance to their Affairs, not to incur the Danger of this Example, and loſe a few Bodies of his dead Friends that were floating in the Sea, gave Opportunity to a world of living Enemies to ſail away in Safety, who afterwards made them pay dear for this unſeaſonable Superſtition.

Quæris quo jaceas poſt obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent *.

Doſt aſk where thou ſhall lye when dead?
With thoſe that never Being had.

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* *Seneca Tr: Chor.* 2.

This

This other restores the Sense of Repose to a Body without a Soul.

Neque sepulcrum, quo recipiat, habeat portum corporis: Ubi, remissa humana vita, Corpus requiescat à malis †.

Nor with a Tomb as with a Haven blest,
Where, after Life, the Corps in Peace may rest.

As Nature demonstrates to us, that several dead Things retain yet an occult Sympathy and Relation to Life; Wine changes it's Flavour and Complexion in Cellars, according to the Changes and Seasons of the Vine from whence it came; and the Flew of Venison alters it's Condition and Taste in the Powdering-tub, according to the Seasons of the living Flesh of it's Kind, as it is observed by the Curious.

CHAP. IV.

That the Soul discharges her Passions upon false Objects, where the true are wanting.

A Gentleman of my Country, who was very often tormented with the Gout, being importun'd by his Physicians totally to reclaim his Appetite from all manner of salt Meats, was wont presently to reply, that he must needs have something to quarrel with in the Extremity of his Fits, and that he fancied, that railing at, and cursing one while the *Bolognia* Sausages, and another the dry'd Tongues and the Hams, was some Mitigation to his Pain. And in good Earnest, as the Arm when it is advanced to strike, if it fail of meeting with that upon which it was design'd to discharge the Blow, and spends itself in vain, does offend the Striker himself; and as also, that to make a pleasant Prospect the Sight should not be lost and dilated in a vast Extent of empty Air, but have some Bounds to limit and circumscribe it at a reasonable Distance.

† *Cicero Tusc. l.* 1.

Ventus, ut amittit vires, niſi robore denſæ
Occurrant Sylvæ, ſpatio diffuſus inani.

As Winds do loſe their Strength, unleſs withſtood
By ſome dark Grove of ſtrong oppoſing Wood.

So it appears, that the Soul being tranſported and diſcompos'd, turns it's Violence upon itſelf, if not ſupply'd with ſomething to oppoſe it, and therefore always requires an Enemy as an Object on which to diſcharge it's Fury and Reſentment. *Plutarch* ſays very well of thoſe who are delighted with little Dogs and Monkeys, that the amorous Part which is in us, for want of a legitimate Object, rather than lye idle, does after that manner forge and create one frivolous and falſe; as we ſee that the Soul in the Exerciſe of it's Paſſions, inclines rather to deceive itſelf, by creating a falſe and fantaſtical Subject, even contrary to it's own Belief, than not to have ſomething to work upon. And after this manner brute Beaſts direct their Fury to fall upon the Stone or Weapon that has hurt them, and with their Teeth even execute their Revenge upon themſelves, for the Injury they have received from another.

Paunonis haud aliter poſt ictum ſævior Urſa
Cui jaculum parvæ Lybs amentavit habenæ.
Se rotat in vulnus, telumque irata receptum
Impetit, & ſecum fugientem circuit Haſtam *.

So the fierce Bear, made fiercer by the Smart,
Of the bold *Lybian*'s mortal guided Dart,
Turns round upon the Wound, and the tough Spear
Contorted o'er her Breaſt does flying bear.

What Cauſes of the Miſadventures that befal us do we not invent? What is it that we do not lay the Fault to right or wrong, that we may have ſomething to quarrel with? Thoſe beautiful Treſſes, young Lady, you ſo liberally tear off, are no way guilty, nor is it the Whiteneſs of thoſe delicate Breaſts you ſo unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky Bullet has ſlain your beloved Brother; quarrel with ſomething elſe. *Livy*, ſpeaking of the *Roman* Army in *Spain*, ſays, that for the Loſs of two Brothers,

* *Claudian.*

who

who were both great Captains, *Flere omnes repente, & offenſare capita*, that they all wept and tore their Hair.* 'Tis the common Practice of Affliction. And the Philoſopher *Bion* ſaid pleaſantly of the King, who by Handfuls pull'd his Hair off his Head for Sorrow, *Does this Man think that Baldneſs is a Remedy for Grief?* Who has not ſeen peeviſh Gameſters worry the Cards with their Teeth, and ſwallow whole Bales of Dice in Revenge for the Loſs of their Money? *Xerxes* whipp'd the Sea, and writ a Challenge to Mount *Athos! Cyrus* employed a whole Army ſeveral Days at Work, to revenge himſelf of the River *Gnidus*, for the Fright it had put him into in paſſing over; and *Caligula* demoliſh'd a very beautiful Palace for the Pleaſure his Mother had once enjoy'd there. I remember there was a Story current, when I was a Boy, that one of our Neighbouring Kings having receiv'd a Blow from the Hand of *GOD*, ſwore he would be reveng'd, and in order to it, made Proclamation, that for ten Years to come no one ſhould pray to him, or ſo much as mention him throughout his Dominions; by which we are not ſo much to take Meaſure of the Folly, as the vain-Glory of the Nation of which this Tale was told. They are Vices that indeed always go together; but ſuch Actions as theſe have in them more of Preſumption than want of Wit. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, having been toſt with a Tempeſt at Sea, fell to defying *Neptune*, and in the Pomp of the *Circenſian* Games, to be reveng'd, depos'd his Statue from the Place it had amongſt the other Deities. Wherein he was leſs excuſable than the former, and leſs than he was afterwards, when having loſt a Battle under *Quintilius Varus* in *Germany*, in Rage and Deſpair he went running his Head againſt the Walls, and crying out, *O Varus!* give me my Men again! for this exceeds all Folly, foraſmuch as Impiety is joined with it, invading God himſelf, or at leaſt Fortune, as if ſhe had Ears that were ſubject to our Batteries; like the *Thracians*, who when it thunders, or lightens, fall to ſhooting againſt Heaven with *Titanian* Madneſs as if by Flights of Arrows they intended to reduce God Almighty to Reaſon. Though the ancient Poet in *Plutarch* tells us,

* *Livy dec.* 3. *l.* 5.

Point ne ſe faut couroucer aux Affaires,
Il ne leur chaut de toutes nos cholers †.

We muſt not quarrel Heaven in our Affairs,
That little for a Mortal's Anger cares.

But we can never enough decry, nor ſufficiently condemn, the ſenſeleſs and ridiculous Sallies of our unruly Paſſions.

CHAP. V.

Whether the Governor of a Place beſieg'd, ought himſelf to go out to parley.

Lucius Marcius, the *Roman* Legate, in the War againſt *Perſeus* King of *Macedon*, to gain Time wherein to re-inforce his Army, ſet on Foot ſome Overtures of Accommodation, with which the King being lull'd aſleep, concluded a Ceſſation for certain Days; by this Means giving his Enemy Opportunity and Leiſure to repair his Army, which was afterward the Occaſion of his own Ruin. The elder Sort of Senators, notwithſtanding, mindful of their Fore-fathers Virtue, were by no Means ſatisfied with this Proceeding; but on the contrary condemn'd it, as degenerating from their ancient Practice, which they ſaid was by Valour, and not by Artifice, Surprizes, and Night Encounters; neither by pretended Flight, Ambuſcades, and deceitful Treaties, to overcome their Enemies; never making War till having firſt denounç'd it, and very often aſſign'd both the Hour and Place of Battle. Out of this generous Principle it was that they deliver'd up to *Pyrrhus* his treacherous Phyſician, and to the *Hetrurians* their diſloyal School-Maſter. And this was indeed a Procedure truly *Roman*, and nothing ally'd to the *Græcian* Subtilty, nor the *Punick* Cunning, where it was reputed a Victory

† *Plutarch.*

of leſs Glory to overcome by Force than Fraud. Deceit may ſerve for a Need, but he only confeſſes himſelf overcome who knows he is neither ſubdued by Policy, nor Miſadventure, but by Dint of Valour, in a fair and manly War. And it very well appears by the Diſcourſe of theſe good old Senators, that this fine Sentence was not yet receiv'd amongſt them,

——*Dolus an virtus quis in Hoſte requiret* *?

No Matter if by Valour, or Deceit,
We overcome, ſo we the better get.

The *Achaians* (ſays *Polybius*) abhorr'd all manner of Double-dealing in War, not reputing it a Victory unleſs where the Courages of the Enemy were fairly ſubdued. *Eam vir ſanctus & ſapiens ſciet veram eſſe victoriam, quæ ſalva fide, & integra dignitate parabitur* †. *An honeſt and a prudent Man will acknowledge that only to be a true Victory which he has obtain'd without Violation of his own Faith, or any Blemiſh upon his own Honour*; ſays another,

Voſne velit, an me regnare hera, quidve ferat fors,
Virtute experiamur ‡.

If you or I ſhall rule, lets fairly try,
And Force or Fortune give the Victory.

In the Kingdom of *Ternates*, amongſt thoſe Nations which we ſo broadly call *Barbarians*, they have a Cuſtom never to commence War till it be firſt denounc'd; adding withal, an ample Declaration of what they have to do it withal, with what, and how many Men, what Ammunitions, and what both offenſive and defenſive Arms; but that being done, they afterwards conceive it lawful to employ this Power without Reproach, any Way that may beſt conduce to their own Ends. The ancient *Florentines* were ſo far from obtaining any Advantage over their Enemies by Surprize, that they always gave them a Month's Warning before they drew their Army into the Field, by the continual Tolling of a Bell they call'd *Martinella*. For what concerns us who are not ſo ſcrupulous in this Affair, and who attribute the Honour of the War to him who has

* *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.* . . † *Tacit. in Agric.* ‡ *Ennius.*

the

the better of it, after what Manner ſoever obtained, and who after *Lyſander* ſay, *Where the Lion's Skin is too ſhort, we muſt etch it out with the Fox's Caſe.* The moſt uſual Occaſions of Surprize are derived from this Practice, and we hold that there are no Moments, wherein a Chief ought to be more circumſpect, and to have his Eye ſo much at Watch, as thoſe of Parleys and Treaties of Accommodation; as it is therefore become a general Rule amongſt the martial Men of theſe latter Times, that a Governor of a Place never ought in Time of a Siege to go out to parley. It was for this that in our Fathers Days the Signeurs *de Montmard* and *d' Aſſigni* defending *Mouſon* againſt the Count *de Naſſau*, were ſo highly cenſured; yet in this Caſe it would be excuſable in that Governor, who going out ſhould notwithſtanding do it in ſuch Manner, that the Safety and Advantage ſhould be on his Side; as *Count Guido de Rangoni* did at *Reggio* (if we are to believe *Bellay*, for *Guicciardine* ſays it was he himſelf) when Monſieur *de l'Eſcut* approached to parley, who ſtept ſo little a Way from his Fort, that a Diſorder happening in the *interim* of Parley, not only Monſieur *de l'Eſcut* and his Party, who were advanced with him, found themſelves by much the weaker, (inſomuch that *Alleſſandro de Trivulcio* was there ſlain) but he himſelf was conſtrained, as the ſafeſt Way to follow the Count, and relying upon his Honour to ſecure himſelf from the Danger of the Shot within the very Walls of the Town. *Eumenes*, being ſhut up in the City of *Nora* by *Antigonus*, and by him importuned to come out to ſpeak with him, as he ſent him Word it was fit he ſhould to a better Man than himſelf, and one who had now an Advantage over him, returned this notable Anſwer, *Tell him*, ſaid he, *that I ſhall never think any Man better than myſelf, whilſt I have my Sword in my Hand*; and would never conſent to come out to him, till firſt, according to his own Demand, *Antigonus* had delivered him his own Nephew *Ptolomeus* in Hoſtage. And yet ſome have done rather better than worſe, in going out in Perſon to parley with the Aſſailant; witneſs *Henry de Vaux*, a Cavalier of *Champagne*, who being beſieged by the *Engliſh* in the Caſtle of *Commerce*, and *Bartholomew de Bone*, who commanded at the *Leagure*, having ſo ſapped the greateſt Part of the Caſtle without, that nothing remained but ſetting

ting Fire to the Props to bury the beſieged under the Ruins, he required the ſaid *Henry* to come out to ſpeak with him for his own Good; which the other accordingly doing, with three more in Company with him, and his own evident Ruin being made apparent to him, he conceived himſelf ſingularly obliged to his Enemy, to whoſe Diſcretion, after he and his Garriſon had ſurrendered themſelves, Fire being preſently applied to the Mine, the Props no ſooner began to fail but the Caſtle was immediately turned topſy-turvy, no one Stone being left upon another. I could, and do, with great Facility, rely upon the Faith of another; but I ſhould very unwillingly do it in ſuch a Caſe, as it ſhould thereby be judged that it was rather an Effect of my Deſpair and Want of Courage, than voluntary and out of Confidence and Security in the Faith of him with whom I had to do.

CHAP. VI.

That the Hour of Parley is dangerous.

I Saw, notwithſtanding, lately at *Muſſidan*, a Place not far from my Houſe, that thoſe who were driven out thence by our Army, and others of their Party, highly complained of Treachery, for that, during a Treaty of Accommodation, and in the very *interim* that their Deputies were treating, they were ſurprized and cut to Pieces: A Thing that, peradventure in another Age, might have had ſome Colour of foul Play; but (as I ſaid before) the Practice of Arms in theſe Days is quite another Thing, and there is now no Confidence in an Enemy excuſable, till after the laſt Seal of Obligation; and even then the Conqueror has enough to do to keep his Word; ſo hazardous a Thing it is to intruſt the Obſervation of the Faith a Man has engaged to a Town that ſurrenders upon eaſy and favourable Conditions, to the Neceſſity, Avarice, and Licence of a victorious Army, and to give the Soldiers freeEntrance into it

The Faith of Military Men very uncertain.

it in the Heat of Blood. *Lucius Æmilius Regillus*, a *Roman* Prætor, having loſt his Time in attempting to take the City of *Phocæa* by Force, by Reaſon of the ſingular Valour wherewith the Inhabitants defended themſelves againſt him, conditioned at laſt to receive them as Friends to the People of *Rome*, and to enter the Town, as into a confederate City, without any Manner of Hoſtility; of which he alſo gave them all poſſible Aſſurance: But having for the greater Pomp brought his whole Army in with him, it was no more in his Power, with all the Endeavour he could uſe, to command his People: So that Avarice and Revenge deſpiſing and trampling under Foot both his Authority and all Military Diſcipline, he there at once ſaw his own Faith violated, and a conſiderable Part of the City ſacked and ruined before his Face. *Cleomenes* was wont to ſay, *That what Miſchief ſoever a Man could do his Enemy in Time of War was above Juſtice, and nothing accountable to it in the Sight of Gods and Men.* And according to this Principle, having concluded a Ceſſation with thoſe of *Argos* for ſeven Days, the third Night after he fell upon them when they were all buried in Security and Sleep, and put them to the Sword; alledging for his Excuſe, That there had no Nights been mentioned in the Truce: But the Gods puniſhed his Perfidy. In a Time of Parley alſo, and that the Citizens were Intent upon their Capitulation, the City of *Caſſilinum* was taken by Surprize, and that even in the Age of the juſteſt Captains, and the beſt Diſcipline of the *Roman* Militia: For it is not ſaid, that it is not lawful for us in Time and Place to make Advantage of our Enemies Want of Underſtanding, as well as their Want of Courage. And doubtleſs War has a great many Privileges that appear reaſonable, even to the Prejudice of Reaſon. And therefore here the Rule fails, *Neminem id agere ut ex alterius prædetur inſcitia* *, *That no one ſhould prey upon another's Folly.* But I am aſtoniſhed at the great Liberty allowed by *Xenophon* in ſuch Caſes, and that both by Precept and the Example of ſeveral Exploits of his complete Gene-

* *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3.

ral.

ral. An Author of very great Authority, I confeſs in thoſe Affairs, as being in his own Perſon both a great Captain and a Philoſopher of the firſt Form of *Socrates*'s Diſciples; and yet I cannot conſent to ſuch a Meaſure of Licenſe as he diſpenſes in all Things and Places. Monſieur *d'Aubigny* having beſieged *Capua*, and played a furious Battery againſt it, Signior *Fabricio Colonne*, Governor of the Town, having from a Baſtion begun to parley, and his Soldiers in the mean Time being a little more remiſs in their Guard, our People took Advantage of their Security, entered the Place at unawares, and put them all to the Sword. And of later Memory, at *Ivoy*, Signior *Juliano Romero* having played that Part of a Novice to go out to capitulate with the Conſtable, at his Return found his Place taken. But that we might not eſcape Scot-free, the Marquis of *Peſcara* having laid Siege to *Genoa*, where Duke *Octavio Fregoſa* commanded under our Protection, and the Articles betwixt them being ſo far advanced, that it was looked upon as a done Thing, and upon the Point to be concluded, ſeveral *Spaniards* in the mean Time being ſlipped in under the Privilege of the Treaty, ſeized on the Gates, and made uſe of this Treachery as an abſolute and fair Victory: And ſince at *Ligny* in *Barrois*, where the Count *de Brienne* commanded, the Emperor having in his own Perſon beleagured that Place, and *Barthevile*, the ſaid Count's Lieutenant, going out to parley, while he was capitulating the Town was taken.

Fu il vincer ſempre maji laudàbil coſa
Vinca ſio per fortuna, o per ingegno *.

Fame ever does the Victor's Praiſes ring,
And Conqueſt ever was a glorious Thing,
Which Way ſoe'er the Conqu'ror purchas'd it,
Whether by Valour, Fortune, or by Wit;

ſay they: But the Philoſopher *Chryſippus* was of another Opinion, wherein I alſo concur; for he was uſed to ſay, That thoſe who run a Race, ought to employ all the Force they have in what they are about, and to run as faſt as they can; but that it is by no Means fair in them to lay any

* *Ariosto, Cant.* 15.

Hand

Hand upon their Adverſary to ſtop him, nor to ſet a Leg before him to throw him down. And yet more generous was the Anſwer of that Great *Alexander* to *Polypercon*, who perſuaded him to take the Advantage of the Night's Obſcurity to fall upon *Darius*; by no means (ſaid he) it is not for ſuch a Man as I am to ſteal a Victory, *Malo me fortunæ pœniteat, quam victoriæ pudeat**, *I had rather repent me of my Fortune, than be aſhamed of my Victory.*

Atque idem fugientem haud eſt dignatus Orodem
Sternere, nec jacta cæcum dare Cuſpide vulnus:
Obvius, adverſoque occurrit, ſeque viro vir
Contulit, haud furto melior, ſed fortibus armis †.

His Heart diſdain'd to ſtrike *Orodes* dead,
Or, unſeen, baſely wound him as he fled;
But gaining firſt his Front, wheels round, and there
Bravely oppos'd himſelf to his Career:
And fighting Man to Man, would let him ſee
His Valour ſcorn'd both Odds and Policy.

CHAP. VII.

That the Intention is Judge of our Actions.

'TIS a Saying, *That Death diſcharges us of all our Obligations.* However, I know ſome who have taken it in another Senſe. *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*, articled with Don *Philip*, Son to *Maximilian* the Emperor, and Father to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, when he had him upon *Engliſh* Ground, that the ſaid *Philip* ſhould deliver up the Duke of *Suffolk* of the *White Roſe*, his mortal Enemy, who was fled into the *Low Countries*, into his Hands; which *Philip* (not knowing how to evade it) accordingly promiſed to do, but upon Condition nevertheleſs, that *Henry* ſhould attempt nothing againſt the Life of

* *Quint. Curt.* l. 4. † *Virg. Æneid. l.* 10.

the

the ſaid Duke, which during his own Life he perform'd; but coming to die, in his laſt Will, commanded his Son to put him to Death immediately after his Deceaſe. And lately, in the Tragedy, that the Duke of *Alva* preſented to us in the Perſons of the two Counts, *Egmont*, and *Horne* at *Bruſſels*, there were very remarkable Paſſages, and one amongſt the reſt, that the ſaid Count *Egmont* (upon the Security of whoſe Word and Faith Count *Horne* had come and ſurrendered himſelf to the Duke of *Alva*) earneſtly entreated that he might firſt mount the Scaffold, to the End that Death might diſengage him from the Obligation he had paſs'd to the other. In which Caſe, methinks Death did not acquit the former of his Promiſe, and the Second was ſatisfied in the good Intention of the other, even though he had not died with him: For we cannot be oblig'd beyond what we are able to perform, by Reaſon that the Effects and Intentions of what we promiſe are not at all in our Power, and that indeed we are Maſters of nothing but the Will, in which, by Neceſſity, all the Rules and whole Duty of Mankind is founded and eſtabliſh'd. And therefore Count *Egmont*, conceiving his Soul and Will bound and indebted to his Promiſe, although he had not the Power to make it good, had doubtleſs been abſolv'd of his Duty, even though he had out-liv'd the other; but the King of *England* wilfully and permeditately breaking his Faith, was no more to be excus'd for deferring the Execution of his Infidelity till after his Death, than *Herodotus*'s Maſon, who having inviolably, during the Time of his Life, kept the Secret of the Treaſure of the King of *Ægypt* his Maſter, at his Death diſcover'd it to his Children. I have taken Notice of ſeveral in my Time, who, convinc'd by their Conſciences of unjuſtly detaining the Goods of another, have endeavoured to make Amends by their Will, and after their Deceaſe: But they had as good do nothing as delude themſelves both in taking ſo much Time in ſo preſſing an Affair, and alſo in going about to repair an Injury with ſo little Demonſtration of Reſentment and Concern. They owe over and above ſomething of their own, and by how much their Payment is more ſtrict and incommodious to themſelves, by ſo much is their Reſtitution more perfect, juſt, and meritorious; for Penitency requires Penance: But they yet do worſe than theſe, who reſerve the Declaration

tion of a mortal Animoſity againſt their Neighbour to the laſt Gaſp, having concealed it all the Time of their Lives before, wherein they declare to have little Regard of their own Honour whilſt they irritate the Party offended againſt their Memory; and leſs to their Conſcience, not having the Power, even out of Reſpect to Death itſelf, to make their Malice die with them; but extended the Life of their Hatred even beyond their own. Unjuſt Judges, who defer Judgment to a Time wherein they can have no Knowledge of the Cauſe! For my Part I ſhall take Care, if I can, that my Death diſcover nothing that my Life has not firſt openly manifeſted, and publickly declared.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Idleneſs.

AS we ſee ſome Grounds that have long lain idle and untilled, when grown rank and fertile by reſt, to abound with and ſpend their Virtue in the Product of innumerable Sorts of Weeds and wild Herbs that are unprofitable, and of no wholeſom Uſe, and that to make them perform their true Office, we are to cultivate and prepare them for ſuch Seeds as are proper for our Service. And as we ſee Women that without the Knowledge of Men do ſometimes of themſelves bring forth inanimate and formleſs Lumps of Fleſh, but that to cauſe a natural and perfect Generation they are to be huſbanded with another Kind of Seed; even ſo it is with Wits, which if not applied to ſome certain Study that may fix and reſtrain them, run into a thouſand Extravagancies, and are eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of reſtleſs Imagination.

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca, jamque ſub auras
*Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti**.

* *Virg. Æneid. l.* 8.

like

Like as the quivering Reflection
Of Fountain Waters, when the Morning Sun
Darts on the Baſon, or the Moon's pale Beam
Gives Light and Colour to the captive Stream,
Whips with fantaſtick Motion round the Place,
And Walls and Roof ſtrikes with it's trembling Rays.

In which wild and irregular Agitation, there is no Folly, nor idle Fancy they do not light upon:

———*velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ*
Finguntur ſpecies ———*

Like ſick Men's Dreams, that from a troubled Brain
Phantaſms create, ridiculous and vain.

The Soul that has no eſtabliſhed Limit to circumſcribe it, loſes itſelf, as the Epigrammatiſt ſays,

Quiſquis ubique habitat, maxime nuſquam habitat †.

He that lives every where, does no where live.

When I lately retired myſelf to my own Houſe, with a Reſolution, as much as poſſibly I could, to avoid all manner of Concern in Affairs, and to ſpend in Privacy and Repoſe the little Remainder of Time I have to live: I fancied I could not more oblige my Mind than to ſuffer it at full Leiſure to entertain and divert itſelf, which I alſo now hoped it might the better be entruſted to do, as being by Time and Obſervation become more ſettled and mature; but I find,

———*variam ſemper dant otia mentem* ‡.

———Even in the moſt retir'd Eſtate
Leiſure itſelf does various Thoughts create.

that, quite contrary, it is like a Horſe that has broke from his Rider, who voluntarily runs into a much more violent Career than any Horſeman would put him to, and creates me ſo many *Chimæras* and fantaſtick Monſters one upon another, without Order or Deſign, that, the better at Leiſure to contemplate their Strangeneſs and Abſurdity, I have begun to commit them to Writing, hoping in time to make them aſhamed of themſelves.

* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.* † *Martial, lib.* 7. *Epig.* 72.
‡ *Lucan. l.* 4.

CHAP. IX.

Of Liars.

THERE is not a Man living, whom it would ſo little become to ſpeak of Memory as myſelf, for I have none at all; and do not think that the World has again another ſo treacherous as mine. My other Faculties are all very ordinary and mean; but in this I think myſelf very ſingular, and to ſuch a Degree of Excellence, that (beſides the Inconvenience I ſuffer by it, which merits ſomething) I deſerve, methinks, to be famous for it, and to have more than a common Reputation: Though, in Truth, the neceſſary Uſe of Memory conſidered, *Plato* had Reaſon when he called it a great and powerful Goddeſs. In my Country, when they would decypher a Man that has no Senſe, they ſay, ſuch a one has no Memory; and when I complain of mine, they ſeem not to believe I am in earneſt, and preſently reprove me, as though I accuſed myſelf for a Fool, not diſcerning the Difference betwixt Memory and Underſtanding; wherein they are very wide of my Intention, and do me Wrong, Experience rather daily ſhewing us on the contrary, that a ſtrong Memory is commonly coupled with infirm Judgment: And they do me moreover (who am ſo perfect in nothing as the good Friend) at the ſame time a greater Wrong in this, that they make the ſame Words, which accuſe my Infirmity, repreſent me for an ingrateful Perſon; wherein they bring my Integrity and good Nature into Queſtion upon the Account of my Memory, and from a natural Imperfection, unjuſtly derive a Defect of Conſcience. He has forgot, ſays one, this Requeſt, or that Promiſe; he no more remembers his Friends, he has forgot, to ſay or do, or to conceal ſuch and ſuch a Thing for my Sake. And truly, I am apt enough to forget many Things, but to neglect any thing my Friend has given me in Charge, I never do it. And it ſhould be enough, methinks, that I

feel the Miſery and Inconvenience of it without branding me with Malice, a Vice ſo much a Stranger, and ſo contrary to my Nature. However, I derive theſe Comforts from my Infirmity; firſt, that it is an Evil from which principally I have found Reaſon to correct a worſe, that would eaſily enough have grown upon me, namely Ambition; this Defect being intolerable in thoſe who take upon them the Negotiations of the World, an Employment of the greateſt Honour and Truſt among Men: Secondly, That (as ſeveral like Examples in the Progreſs of Nature demonſtrate to us) ſhe has fortified me in my other Faculties, proportionably as ſhe has unfurniſhed me in this; I ſhould otherwiſe have been apt implicitely to have repoſed my Wit and Judgment upon the bare Report of other Men, without ever ſetting them to work upon any Inquiſition whatever, had the ſtrange Inventions and Opinions of the Authors I have read been ever preſent with me by the Benefit of Memory: Thirdly, That by this Means I am not ſo talkative, for the Magazine of the Memory is ever better furniſhed with Matter than that of the Invention; and had mine been faithful to me, I had e'er this deafned all my Friends with my eternal Babble, the Subjects themſelves rouſing and ſtirring up the little Faculty I have of handling and applying them, heating and extending my Diſcourſe. 'Tis a great Imperfection, and what I have obſerved in ſeveral of my intimate Friends, who, as their Memories ſupply them with a preſent and entire Review of Things, derive their Narratives from ſo remote a Fountain, and crowd them with ſo many impertinent Circumſtances, that though the Story be good in itſelf, they make a ſhift to ſpoil it; and if otherwiſe, you are either to curſe the Strength of their Memory, or the Weakneſs of their Judgment: And it is a hard Thing to cloſe up a Diſcourſe, and to cut it ſhort, when you are once in, and have a great deal more to ſay. Neither is there any Thing wherein the Force and Readineſs of a Horſe is ſo much ſeen, as in a round, graceful, and ſudden Stop; and I ſee even thoſe who are pertinent enough, who would but cannot ſtop ſhort in their Career; for whilſt they are ſeeking out a handſom Period to conclude the Senſe, they talk at random, and are ſo perplexed and entangled in their own Eloquence, that they know not what they ſay. But above all, old Men, who

yet retain the Memory of Things paſt, and forget how often they have told them, are the moſt dangerous Company for this Fault; and I have known Stories from the Mouth of a Man of very great Quality, otherwiſe very pleaſant in themſelves, becoming very troubleſom, by being a hundred Times repeated over and over again. The fourth Obligation I have to this infirm Memory of mine is, that by this Means I leſs remember the Injuries I have received; inſomuch, that (as the Ancient ſaid) I ſhould have a *Protocol*, a Regiſter of Injuries, or a Prompter, like *Darius*, who, that he might not forget the Offence he had received from thoſe of *Athens*, ſo oft as he ſat down to Dinner, ordered one of his Pages three Times to whoop in his Ear, *Sir, Remember the Athenians:* And alſo, the Places which I reviſit, and the Books I read over again, ſtill ſmile upon me with a freſh Novelty. It is not without good Reaſon ſaid, That he who has not a good Memory ſhould never take upon him the Trade of Lying. I know very well, that the *Grammarians* diſtinguiſh betwixt an *Untruth* and a *Lie*, and ſay, that to tell an *Untruth* is to tell a Thing that is falſe, but that we ourſelves believe to be true; and that to *lie*, is to tell a Thing that we know in our Conſcience to be utterly falſe and untrue; and it is of this laſt Sort of Liars only that I now ſpeak. Now theſe do either wholly contrive and invent the Untruths they utter, or ſo alter and diſguiſe a true Story, that it always ends in a Lie; and when they diſguiſe and often alter the ſame Story according to their own Fancy, 'tis very hard for them at one Time or another to eſcape being trapp'd, by Reaſon that the real Truth of the Thing having firſt taken Poſſeſſion of the Memory, and being there lodged, and imprinted by the Way of Knowledge and Science, it will be ever ready to preſent itſelf to the Imagination, and to ſhoulder out any Falſhood of their own contriving, which cannot there have ſo ſure and ſettled Footing as the other; and the Circumſtances of the firſt true Knowledge evermore running in their Minds, will be apt to make them forget thoſe that are illegitimate, and only forged by their own Fancy. In what they wholly invent foraſmuch as there is no contrary Impreſſion to juſtle their Invention, there ſeems to be leſs Danger of Tripping; and yet even this alſo, by reaſon it is a vain Body, and without any other Foundation than Fancy only, is very apt to eſcape

eſcape the Memory, if they be not careful to make themſelves very perfect in their Tale. Of which I have had very pleaſant Experience, at the Expence of ſuch as profeſs only to form, and accommodate their Speech to the Affair they have in Hand, or to the Humour of the Perſon with whom they have to do; for the Circumſtances to which theſe Men ſtick not to enſlave their Conſciences, and their Faith being ſubject to ſeveral Changes, their Language muſt accordingly vary: From whence it happens, that of the ſame Thing they tell one Man, that it is this, and another, that it is that, giving it ſeveral Forms and Colours; which Men, if they once come to confer Notes, and find out the Cheat, what becomes of this fine Art? To which may be added, that they muſt of Neceſſity very often ridiculouſly trap themſelves; for, what Memory can be ſufficient to retain ſo many different Shapes as they have forged upon one and the ſame Subject? I have known many in my Time, very ambitious of the Repute of this fine Piece of Diſcretion; but they do not ſee, that if there be a Reputation of being wiſe, there is really no Prudence in it. In plain Truth, Lying is a hateful and an accurſed Vice. We are not Men, nor have other Tie upon one another, but our Word. If we did but diſcover the Horror and ill Conſequences of it, we ſhould purſue it with Fire and Sword, and more juſtly than other Crimes. I ſee that Parents commonly, and in Diſcretion enough, correct their Children for little innocent Faults, and torment them for wanton childiſh Tricks, that have neither Impreſſion, nor tend to any Conſequence: Whereas, in my Opinion, Lying only, and (what is of ſomething a lower Form) Stomach, are the Faults which are to be ſeverely whipped out of them, both in the Infancy and Progreſs of the Vices, which will otherwiſe grow up and increaſe with them; and after a Tongue has once got the Knack of Lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impoſſible almoſt it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to paſs, that we ſee ſome, who are otherwiſe very honeſt Men, ſo ſubject to this Vice. I have an honeſt Lad to my Taylor, who I never knew guilty of one Truth, no not when it had been to his Advantage. If *Falſhood* had, like *Truth*, but one Face only, we ſhould be upon better Terms; for we ſhould then take the contrary to what the *Liar* ſays

for certain Truth; but the Reverſe of *Truth* has an hundred thouſand Figures, and a Field indefinite without Bound or Limit. The *Pythagoreans* make *Good* to be certain and finite, and *Evil*, infinite and uncertain; there are a thouſand Ways to miſs the White, there is only one to hit it. For my own Part, I have this Vice in ſo great Horror, that I am not ſure I could prevail with my Conſcience to ſecure myſelf from the moſt manifeſt and extreme Danger by an impudent and ſolemn Lie. An ancient Father ſays, *That a Dog we know is better Company than a Man whoſe Language we do not underſtand*. Ut externus non alieno ſit hominis vice: As a Foreigner, to one that underſtands not what he ſays, cannot be ſaid to ſupply the Place of a Man*, becauſe he can be no Company. And how much leſs ſociable is falſe Speaking than Silence? King *Francis* the firſt bragged, that he had, by this Means, nonpluſed *Franciſco Taverna*, the Embaſſador of *Franciſco Sforza*, Duke of *Milan*, a Man very famous for his Eloquence in thoſe Days. This Gentleman had been ſent to excuſe his Maſter to his Majeſty about a thing of very great Conſequence; which was this: King *Francis*, to maintain evermore ſome Intelligence in *Italy*, out of which he had been lately driven, and particularly in the Dutchy of *Milan*, had thought it (to that End) convenient to have evermore a Gentleman on his Behalf to lye Leiger in the Court of that Duke; an Ambaſſador in Effect, but in outward Appearance no other than a private Perſon who pretended to reſide there upon the ſingle Account of his own particular Affairs; which was ſo carried, by reaſon that the Duke, much more depending upon the Emperor, eſpecially at a time when he was in a Treaty of a Marriage with his Niece, Daughter to the King of *Denmark*, and ſince Dowager of *Lorrain*, could not own any Friendſhip or Intelligence with us, but very much to his own Prejudice. For this Commiſſion then one *Merveille*, a *Milanois* Gentleman, and Equerry to the King, being thought very fit, he was accordingly diſpatched thither with private Letters of Credence, his Inſtructions of Ambaſſador, and other Letters of Recommendation to the Duke about his own private Concerns, the better to colour

* *Plin Nat. Hiſt. lib. 7. cap. 1.*

the

the Buſineſs; and ſo long continued in that Court, that the Emperor at laſt had ſome Notion of his real Employment there, and complained of it to the Duke, which was the Occaſion of what followed after, as we ſuppoſe; which was, that under Pretence of a Murther by him committed, his Trial was in two Days diſpatched, and his Head in the Night ſtruck off in Priſon. Signior *Franciſco* then being upon this Account come to the Court of *France*, and prepared with a long counterfeit Story to excuſe a thing of ſo dangerous Example, (for the King had applied himſelf to all the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, as well as to the Duke himſelf, to demand Satisfaction for this Outrage upon the Perſon of his Miniſter) had his Audience at the Morning Council; where, after he had for the Support of his Cauſe, in a long premeditated Oration, laid open ſeveral plauſible Juſtifications of the Fact, he concluded, that the Duke his Maſter had never looked upon this *Merveille* for other than a private Gentleman, and his own Subject, who was there only in order to his own Buſineſs, neither had he ever lived after any other Manner; abſolutely diſowning that he had ever heard he was one of the King's Domeſtick Servants, or that his Majeſty ſo much as knew him, ſo far was he from taking him for an Ambaſſador. When having made an End, and the King preſſing him with ſeveral Objections and Demands, and ſifting him on all Hands, gravelled him at laſt, by aſking, why then the Execution was performed by Night, and as it were by Stealth? At which the poor confounded Ambaſſador, the more handſomly to diſingage himſelf, made Anſwer, That the Duke would have been very loth, out of Reſpect to his Majeſty, that ſuch an Execution ſhould have been performed in the Face of the Sun. Any one may gueſs if he was not well ſchooled when he came home, for having ſo groſly tripped in the Preſence of a Prince of ſo delicate a Noſtril as King *Francis*. Pope *Julius* the Second, having ſent an Ambaſſador to the King of *England*, to animate him againſt King *Francis*, the Ambaſſador having had his Audience, and the King, before he would give a poſitive Anſwer, inſiſting upon the Difficulties he found in ſetting on Foot ſo great a Preparation as would be neceſſary to attack ſo potent a King, and urging ſome Reaſons to that Effect, the Ambaſſador very unſeaſonably replied,

That he had alſo himſelf conſidered the ſame Difficulties, and had repreſented as much to the Pope. From which Saying of his, ſo directly oppoſite to the Thing propounded, and the Buſineſs he came about, which was immediately to incite him to War, the King firſt derived Argument (which he alſo afterwards found to be true) that this Ambaſſador, in his own private Boſom, was a Friend to the *French*; of which having advertiſed the Pope, his Eſtate at his Return home was confiſcate, and himſelf very narrowly eſcaped the loſing of his Head.

CHAP. X.

Of quick or ſlow Speech.

Ont ne fut à tous toutes Graces donnes.
All Graces by All-liberal Heaven
Were never yet to all Men given.

AS we ſee in the Gift of Eloquence, wherein ſome have ſuch a Facility and Promptneſs, and that which we call a *preſent* Wit, ſo eaſy, that they are ever ready upon all Occaſions, and never to be ſurpriz'd: And others more heavy and ſlow, never venture to utter any Thing but what they have long premeditated, and taken great Care and Pains to fit and prepare. Now, as we teach young Ladies thoſe Sports and Exerciſes which are moſt proper to ſet out the Grace and Beauty of thoſe Parts wherein their chiefeſt Ornament and Perfection lye; ſo in theſe two Advantages of Eloquence, to which the Lawyers and Preachers of our Age ſeem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to adviſe, the ſlow Speaker, methinks, ſhould be more proper for the Pulpit, and the other for the Bar; and that becauſe the Employment of the firſt does naturally allow him all the Leiſure he can deſire to prepare himſelf, and beſides, his Career is perform'd in an even and unintermitted Line, without Stop or Interruption; whereas, the Pleader's Buſineſs and Intereſt compels him

him to enter the Liſts upon all Occaſions, and the unexpected Objections and Replies of his adverſe Party, juſtle him out of his Courſe, and put him upon the Inſtant, to pump for new and *extempore* Anſwers and Defences. Yet, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis*, at *Marſeilles*, it happened quite contrary, that *Monſieur Poyet*, a Man bred up all his Life at the Bar, and in the higheſt Repute for Eloquence, having the Charge of making the Harangue to the Pope committed to him, and having ſo long meditated on it before hand, as (it was ſaid) to have brought it ready along with him from *Paris*; the very Day it was to have been pronounc'd, the Pope fearing ſomething might be ſaid that might give Offence to the other Princes Ambaſſadors who were there attending on him, ſent to acquaint the King with the Argument which he conceiv'd moſt ſuiting to the Time and Place, but by Chance quite another Thing to that *Monſieur de Poyet* had taken ſo much Pains about: So that the fine Speech he had prepared was of no Uſe, and he was upon the Inſtant to contrive another; which finding himſelf unable to do, Cardinal *Bellay* was conſtrained to perform that Office. The Pleader's Part is, doubtleſs, much harder than that of the Preacher; and yet, in my Opinion we ſee more paſſable Lawyers than Preachers. It ſhould ſeem that the Nature of Wit is, to have it's Operation prompt and ſudden, and that of Judgment, to have it more deliberate, and more ſlow: But he who remains totally ſilent for want of Leiſure to prepare himſelf to ſpeak well, and he alſo whom Leiſure does no ways benefit to better ſpeaking, are equally unhappy. 'Tis ſaid of *Severus*, that he ſpoke beſt *extempore*, that he ſtood more oblig'd to Fortune, than his own Diligence, that it was an Advantage to him to be interrupted in ſpeaking, and that his Adverſaries were afraid to nettle him, leſt his Anger ſhould redouble his Eloquence. I know experimentally, a Diſpoſition ſo impatient of a tedious and elaborate Premeditation, that if it do not go frankly and gaily to work, can perform nothing to Purpoſe. We ſay of ſome Compoſitions, that they ſtink of Oil, and ſmell of the Lamp, by reaſon of a certain rough Harſhneſs that the laborious Handling imprints upon thoſe where great Force has been employed: But beſides this, the ſolicitude of doing well, and a certain

ſtriving

ſtriving and contending of a Mind too far ſtrained and over-bent upon it's Undertaking, breaks, and hinders itſelf, like Water, that by Force of it's own preſſing Violence and Abundance, cannot find a ready iſſue through the Neck of a Bottle, or a narrow Sluice. In this Condition of Nature, of which I was now ſpeaking, there is this alſo, that it would not be diſordered and ſtimulated with ſuch a Paſſion as the Fury of *Caſſius*; for ſuch a Motion would be too violent and rude: It would not be juſtled, but ſolicited, and would be rouzed and heated by unexpected, ſudden, and accidental Occaſions. If it be left to itſelf, it flags and languiſhes, Agitation only gives it Grace and Vigour. I am always worſt in my own Poſſeſſion, and when wholly at my own diſpoſe. Accident has more Title to any thing that comes from me, than I; Occaſion, Company, and even the very Riſing and Falling of my own Voice extract more from my Fancy, than I can find when I examine and employ it by myſelf; by which Means, the Things I ſay are better than thoſe I write, if either were to be preferred where neither are worth any thing. This alſo befals me, that I am at a Loſs, when I ſeek, and light upon Things more by Chance, than by any Inquiſition of my own Judgment. I perhaps ſometimes hit upon ſomething when I write that ſeems queint and ſprightly to me, but will appear dull and heavy to another. But let us leave this Subject. Every one talks of himſelf according to his Talent. For my Part, I am already ſo loſt in it, that I know not what I was about to ſay, and in ſuch Caſes, a Stranger often finds it out before me. If I ſhould always carry my Razor about me, to uſe ſo oft as this Inconvenience befals me, I ſhould make clean Work: But ſome Occurrence or other may, at ſome other Time, lay it as viſible to me as the Light, and make me wonder what I ſhould ſtick at.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of Prognoſtications.

FOR what concerns Oracles, it is certain, that a good while before the Coming of our Saviour *Chriſt*, they began to loſe their Credit; for we ſee that *Cicero* is troubled to find out the Cauſe of their Decay in theſe Words; *Cur iſto modo jam Oracula Delphis eduntur, non modo noſtra ætate, ſed jam diu, ut nihil poſſit eſſe contemptius**; *What ſhould be the Reaſon that the Oracles at* Delphos *are ſo uttered, not only in this Age of ours, but moreover a great while ago, that nothing can be more contemptible?* But as to the other Prognoſticks, calculated from the Anatomy of Beaſts at Sacrifices, (which *Plato* does in part attribute to the natural Conſtitution of the Inteſtines of the Beaſts themſelves) the ſcraping of Poultry, the Flights of Birds: *Aves quaſdam, rerum auguxandarum cauſa natus eſſe putamus†: We think ſome Sorts of Birds to be purpoſely created upon the Account of Augury,* Claps of Thunder, the winding of Rivers. *Multa cernunt Aruſpices, multa Augures provident, multa Oraculis declaruntur, multa Vaticinationibus, multa Somniis, multa Portentis‡, Soothſayers and Augurs conjecture and foreſee many Things, and many Things are foretold in Oracles, Prophecies, Dreams and Portents*; and others of the like Nature, upon which Antiquity founded moſt of their publick and private Enterprizes, Chriſtian Religion has totally aboliſhed. And although there yet remain amongſt us ſome Practices of Divination from the Stars, from Spirits, from the Shapes and Complexions of Men, from Dreams and the like, (a notable Example of the wild Curioſity of our Nature to graſp at and anticipate future Things, as if we had not enough to do to digeſt the preſent.)

* *Cic. de Divin. l.* 2. † *Cic. de Natura Deor. l.* 2.
‡ *Ibid.*

cur

——cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,
Solicitis visum mortalibus addere curam,
Noctem venturas ut diræ per omnia clades?
Sit subitum quodcunque paras, sit cæca futuri
Mens hominum fati, liceat sperare timenti *.

Why, thou great Ruler of *Olympus*, why
Hast thou to timorous Mortality
Added this Care, that Men should be so wise
To know, by *Omens*, future Miseries?
Free us from this unnecessary Care,
Unlook'd for send the Ills thou dost prepare;
Let human Minds from future Things be blind,
That Hope, amidst our Fears, some Place may find.

(Ne utile quidem est scire quid futurum sit: Miserum est enim, nihil proficientem, angi: It is not indeed convenient to know what should come to pass; for it is a miserable thing to be vex'd and tormented to no Purpose). Yet are they of much less Authority now than heretofore. Which makes the Example of *Francis*, Marquis of *Saluzzo*, so much more remarkable; who being Lieutenant to King *Francis* the First, in his Army beyond the Mountains, infinitely favour'd and esteem'd in our Court, and oblig'd to the King's Bounty for the Marquisate itself, which had been forfeited by his Brother; and as to the rest, having no manner of Provocation given him to do it, and even his own Affection opposing any such Disloyalty; suffer'd himself to be so terrified (as it was confidently reported) with the fine Prognosticks that were spread Abroad in favour of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and to our Disadvantage, (especially in *Italy*, where these foolish Prophecies were so far believ'd, that great Sums of Money were laid, and other ventur'd out upon return of greater when they came to pass, so certain they made themselves of our Ruin) that having bewail'd to those of his Acquaintance who were most intimate with him, the Mischiefs that he saw would inevitably fall upon the Crown of *France*, and the Friends he had in that Court, he unhandsomely revolted, and turn'd to the other Side; but to his own Misfortune never-

* *Lucan. l.* 2.

theless,

theleſs, what Conſtellation ſoever govern'd at that Time. But he carried himſelf in this Affair like a Man agitated with divers Paſſions; for having both Towns and Forces in his Hands, the Enemy's Army under *Antonio de Leva* cloſe by him, and we not at all ſuſpecting his Deſign, it had been in his Power to have done more than he did; for we loſt no Men by this Infidelity of his, nor any Town, but *Feſſan* only, and that after a long Siege, and a brave Defence,

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus:
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat †.

Th' eternal Mover has in Shades of Night
Future Events conceal'd from human Sight,
And laughs when he does ſee the timorous Aſs
Tremble at what ſhall never come to paſs.

——— ille potens ſui
Lætuſque deget, cui licet, in diem
Dixiſſe, vixi: Cras vel atra
Nube Polum pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro ‡.

He free and merrily may live, can ſay,
As the Day paſſes I have liv'd To-day;
And for To-morrow little does take Care,
Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.

Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare §.

A Mind that's chearful in it's preſent State,
To think of any thing beyond will hate.

And thoſe who take this Sentence in a contrary Senſe, interpret it amiſs. *Iſta ſic reciprocantur, ut ſi Divinatio ſit, Dii ſint, & ſi Dii ſint, ſit Divinatio* *. *Theſe Things have that mutual Relation to one another, that if there be ſuch a Thing as Divination, there muſt be Deities; and if Deities, Divination.* Much more wiſely *Pacuvius*;

† *Hor. l.* 3. *Od.* 29. ‡ *Ibid. Ode* 29. § *Id. l.* 2. *Ode* 16. * *Cic. de Divin. l.* 2.

Nam iſtis qui linguam avium intelligunt,
Pluſque ex alieno jecore ſapiunt, quam ex ſuo,
Magis audiendum, quàm auſcultandum cenſeo *.

Who the Birds Language underſtand, and who
More from Brutes Livers than their own do know,
Are rather to be heard than hearken'd to.

The ſo celebrated Art of Divination amongſt the *Tuſcans*, took it's Beginning thus: A Labourer ſtriking deep with his Coulter into the Earth, ſaw the Demi-God § *Tages* to aſcend with an infantile Aſpect, but endued with a mature and ſenile Wiſdom. Upon the Rumour of which, all the People ran to ſee the Sight, by whom his Words and Science, containing the Principles and Means to attain to this Art, were recorded and kept for many Ages. A Birth ſuitable to it's Progreſs! I, for my Part, ſhould ſooner regulate my Affairs by the Chance of a Die, than by ſuch idle and vain Dreams. And indeed in all Republicks, a good Share of the Government has ever been referred to Chance. *Plato*, in the civil Regiment that he models according to his own Fancy, leaves the Deciſion of ſeveral Things of very great Importance wholly to it, and will, amongſt other Things, that ſuch Marriages as he reputes legitimate and good, be appointed by Lot, and attributing ſo great Virtue, and adding ſo great a Privilege to this accidental Choice, as to ordain the Children begot in ſuch Wedlock to be brought up in the Country, and thoſe begot in any other to be thruſt out as ſpurious and baſe; yet ſo, that if any of thoſe Exiles, notwithſtanding, ſhould peradventure in growing up give any early Hopes of future Virtue, they were in a Capacity of being recall'd, as thoſe alſo who had been retain'd were of being exil'd in Caſe they gave little Expectation of themſelves in their greener Years. I ſee ſome who are mightily given to Study, pore and comment upon their Almanacks, and produce them for Authority when any Thing has fallen out pat: Tho' it is hardly poſſible, but that theſe Well-wiſhers to the Mathematicks, in ſaying ſo much, muſt ſometimes ſtumble upon ſome Truth amongſt an infinite

* *Id ex Pacuvio.*

§ *Indigenæ dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruſcam*
Edocuit gentem caſus aperire futuros. Ovid. Met. *l.* 15.

Number

Number of Lies. *Quis eſt enim qui totum diem jaculans non aliquando conlineet* ? For who ſhoots all Day at Buts, that does not ſometimes hit the White?* I think never the better of them for ſome accidental Hits. There would be more Certainty in it, if there were a Rule and a Truth of always lying. Beſides, No-body records their Flim-flams and falſe Prognoſticks, foraſmuch as they are infinite and common, but if they chop upon one Truth, that carries a mighty Report, as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So *Diogenes*, ſirnamed the *Atheiſt*, anſwered him in *Samothrace*, who ſhewing him in the Temple the ſeveral Offerings and Stories in Painting, of thoſe who had eſcaped Shipwreck, ſaid to him, *Look you*, ſaid he, *you who think the Gods have no Care of human Things, what do you ſay by ſo many Perſons preſerved from Death by their eſpecial Favour? Why, I ſay*, anſwered he, *that their Pictures are not here who were caſt away, which were by much the greater Number.* *Cicero* obſerves, that of all the Philoſophers who have acknowledged a Deity, *Xenophanes* only has endeavoured to eradicate all Manner of Divination: Which makes it the leſs a Wonder, if we have ſometimes ſeen ſome of our Princes, to their own Coſt, rely too much upon theſe Fopperies. I wiſh I had given any Thing, that I had with my own Eyes ſeen thoſe two great Rarities, the Book of *Joachim* the *Calabrian* Abbot, which foretold all the future Popes, their Names and Figures; and that of the Emperor *Leo*, which propheſied of all the Emperors and Patriarchs of *Greece*. This I have been an Eye-witneſs of, that in publick Confuſions, Men aſtoniſhed at their Fortune, have abandoned their own Reaſon ſuperſtitiouſly to ſeek out in the Stars the ancient Cauſes and Menaces of their preſent Miſhaps, and in my Time have been ſo ſtrangely ſucceſsful in it, as to make Men believe, that this Study, being proper to fix and ſettle piercing and volatile Wits, thoſe who have been any thing verſed in this Knack of unfolding and untying Riddles, are capable in any Sort of Writing, to find out what they deſire. But above all, that which gives them the greateſt Room to play in, is the obſcure, ambiguous, and fantaſtick Gibberiſh of their prophetick Canting, where their Authors deliver nothing of clear Senſe, but

* *Adagium Cic. de Divin.*

ſhroud

ſhroud all in Riddle, to the End that Poſterity may interpret and apply it according to their own Fancy. *Socrates's Dæmon*, or *Familiar*, might perhaps be no other but a certain Impulſion of the Will, which obtruded itſelf upon him without the Advice or Conſent of his Judgment; and in a Soul ſo enlightned as his was, and ſo prepared by a continual Exerciſe of Wiſdom and Virtue, 'tis to be ſuppoſed, thoſe Inclinations of his, though ſudden and undigeſted, were ever very important, and worthy to be followed. Every one finds in himſelf ſome Image of ſuch Agitations, of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous Opinion. 'Tis I that am to allow them ſome Authority, who attribute ſo little to our own Prudence, and who alſo myſelf have had ſome, weak in Reaſon, but violent in Perſuaſion and Diſſuaſion, (which were moſt frequent with *Socrates*) by which I have ſuffered myſelf to be carried away ſo fortunately, and ſo much to my own Advantage, that they might have been judged to have had ſomething in them of a divine Inſpiration.

CHAP. XII.

Of Conſtancy.

THE Law of Reſolution and Conſtancy does not imply that we ought not, as much as in us lyes, to decline, and to ſecure ourſelves from, the Miſchiefs and Inconveniencies that threaten us; nor conſequently, that we ſhall not fear leſt they ſhould ſurprize us: On the contrary, all decent and honeſt Ways and Means of ſecuring ourſelves from Harms are not only permitted, but moreover commendable, and the Buſineſs of Conſtancy chiefly is, bravely to ſtand to, and ſtoutly to ſuffer thoſe Inconveniencies which are not otherwiſe poſſibly to be avoided. There is no Motion of Body, nor any Guard in the handling of Arms, how irregular or ungraceful ſoever, that we diſlike or condemn, if they ſerve to deceive or to defend the Blow that is made againſt us; inſomuch, that ſeveral very warlike Nations

Nations have made uſe of a retiring and flying Way of Fight, as a Thing of ſingular Advantage, and by ſo doing have made their Backs more dangerous than their Faces to their Enemies. Of which Kind of Fighting the *Turks* yet retain ſomething in their Practice of Arms to this Day; and *Socrates* in *Plato* laughs at *Laches*, who had defin'd Fortitude to be a ſtanding firm in their Ranks againſt the Enemy: *What* (ſays he) *would it then be reputed Cowardice to overcome them by giving Ground?* Urging at the ſame Time the Authority of *Homer*, who commends *Æneas* for his Skill in running away. And whereas *Laches*, conſidering better on't, juſtifies his firſt Argument upon the Practice of the *Scythians*, and in general all Cavalry whatever, he again attacks him with the Example of the *Lacedæmonian* Foot, (a Nation of all others the moſt obſtinate in maintaining their Ground) who in all the Battle of *Platea*, not being able to break into the *Perſian* Phalanx, unbethought themſelves to diſperſe and retire, that by the Enemies ſuppoſing they fled, they might break, and diſunite that vaſt Body of Men in the Purſuit, and by that Stratagem obtained the Victory. As for the *Scythians*, 'tis ſaid of them, that when *Darius* went his Expedition to ſubdue them, he ſent, by an Herald, highly to reproach their King, *That he always retired before him and declined a Battle*; to which *Indathyrſis* (for that was his Name) returned Anſwer, *That it was not for fear of him, or of any Man living, that he did ſo, but that it was the Way of marching in Practice with his Nation, who had neither till'd Fields, Cities, nor Houſes to defend, or to fear the Enemy ſhould make any Advantage of: But that if he had ſuch a Stomach to fight, let him come but to view their ancient Place of Sepulture, and there he ſhould have his Fill.*

Nevertheleſs as to what concerns Cannon Shot, when a Body of Men are drawn up in the Face of a Train of Artillery, as the Occaſion of War does often require, 'tis unhandſom to quit their Poſt to avoid the Danger, and a fooliſh Thing to boot, foraſmuch as by Reaſon of it's Violence and Swiftneſs we account it inevitable, and many a one, by ducking, ſtepping aſide, and ſuch other Motions of Fear, has been ſufficiently laugh'd at by his Companions. And yet in the Expedition that the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth made into *Provence*, the Marquiſs *de Guaſt* going to diſcover the City of *Arles*, and venturing to advance out of

the Blind of a Wind-mill, under Favour of which he had made his Approach, was perceived by the Seigneurs *de Bonneval* and the *Seneſchal* of *Agenois*, who were walking upon the *Theatre Aux arenes*; who having ſhewed him to the Sieur *de Villiers*, Commiſſary of the Artillery, he traverſed a Culverine ſo admirably well, and levell'd it ſo exactly right againſt him, that had not the Marquiſs, ſeeing Fire to it, ſlipp'd aſide, it was certainly concluded, the Shot had taken him full in the Body. And in like Manner ſome Years before, *Lorenzo de Medici*, Duke of *Urbin*, and Father to the Queen-Mother of *France*, laying Siege to *Mondolpho*, a Place in the Territories of the *Vicariat* in *Italy*, ſeeing the Cannoneer give Fire to a Piece that pointed directly againſt him, it was well for him that he duck'd, for otherwiſe the Shot, that only ras'd the Top of his Head, had doubtleſs hit him full in the Breaſt. To ſay Truth, I do not think that theſe Evaſions are performed upon the Account of Judgment; for how is any Man living able to judge of high or low Aim on ſo ſudden an Occaſion? And it is much more eaſy to believe, that Fortune favoured their Apprehenſion, and that it might be a Means at another Time, as well to make them ſtep into the Danger, as to teach them to avoid it. For my own Part, I confeſs, I cannot forbear ſtarting when the Rattle of a Harquebuſe thunders in my Ears on a ſudden, and in a Place where I am not to expect it, which I have alſo obſerved in others, braver Fellows than I; neither do the Stoicks pretend, that the Soul of their Philoſopher ſhould be Proof againſt the firſt Viſions and Fantaſies that ſurprize him; but as a natural Subject conſent that he ſhould tremble at the terrible Noiſe of Thunder, or the ſudden Clatter of ſome falling Ruin, and be affrighted even to Paleneſs and Convulſion. And ſo in other Paſſions, provided a Man's Judgment remain ſound and intire, and that the Sight of his Reaſon ſuffers no Concuſſion nor Alteration, and that he yields no Conſent to his Fright and Diſcompoſure. To him who is not a Philoſopher, a Fright is the ſame in the firſt Part of it, but quite another Thing in the ſecond; for the Impreſſion of Paſſions does not remain only ſuperficially in him, but penetrates farther, even to the very Seat of Reaſon, and ſo

A Theatre where publick Shows of Riding, Fencing, &c. were exhibited.

as

as to infect and to corrupt it. He judges according to his Fear, and conforms his Behaviour to it. But in this Verse you may see the true State of the wise Stoick learnedly and plainly expres'd:

*Mens immota manet, lacrymæ volvuntur inanes**.

The Eye, perhaps, frail, fruitless Showers rains,
Whilst yet the Mind firm and unshook remains.

The wise Peripatetick is not himself totally free from Perturbations of Mind, but he moderates them by his Wisdom.

CHAP. XIII.

The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes.

THERE is no Subject so frivolous, that does not merit a Place in this Rhapsody. According to the common Rule of Civility, it would be a kind of an Affront to an Equal, and much more to a Superior, to fail of being at home, when he has given you Notice he will come to visit you. Nay, Queen *Margaret* of *Navarre* farther adds, That it would be a Rudeness in a Gentleman to go out to meet any one that is coming to see him, let him be of what Condition soever; and that it is more respective and more civil to stay at home to receive him, if only upon the Account of missing of him by the Way, and that it is enough to receive him at the Door, and to wait upon him to his Chamber. For my Part, who as much as I can endeavour to reduce the Ceremonies of my House, I very often forgot both the one and the other of these vain Offices, and peradventure some one may take Offence at it; if he do, I am sorry, but I cannot find in my Heart to help it; it is much better to offend him once, than myself every Day, for it would be a perpetual Slavery; and

* *Virg. Æneid. l.* 2.

to what End do we avoid the ſervile Attendance of Courts, if we bring the ſame, or a greater Trouble, home to our own private Houſes? It is alſo a common Rule in all Aſſemblies, that thoſe of leſs Quality are to be firſt upon the Place, by reaſon that it is a State more due to the better Sort to make others wait and expect them. Nevertheleſs, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis* at *Marſeilles*, the King, after he had in his own Perſon taken order in the neceſſary Preparations for his Reception and Entertainment, withdrew out of the Town, and gave the Pope two or three Days reſpite for his Entry, and wherein to repoſe and refreſh himſelf before he came to him. And in like manner, at the Aſſignation of the Pope and the Emperor at *Bologna*, the Emperor gave the Pope Leave to come thither firſt, and came himſelf after; for which, the Reaſon then given was this; that at all the Interviews of ſuch Princes, the Greater ought to be firſt at the appointed Place, eſpecially before the other in whoſe Territories the Interview is appointed to be, intimating thereby a kind of Deference to the other, it appearing proper for the Leſs to ſeek out, and to apply themſelves to the Greater, and not the Greater to them. Not every Country only, but every City, and ſo much as every Society, have their particular Forms of Civility. There was Care enough taken in my Education, and I have liv'd in good Company enough to know the Formalities of our own Nation, and am able to give Leſſons in it; I love alſo to follow them, but not to be ſo ſervilely tied to their Obſervation, that my whole Life ſhould be enſlav'd to Ceremony; of which there are ſome, that provided a Man omits them out of Diſcretion, and not for want of Breeding, it will be every whit as handſom. I have ſeen ſome People rude, by being over-civil, and troubleſom in their Courteſy; tho' theſe Exceſſes excepted, the Knowledge of Courteſy and good Manners is a very neceſſary Study. It is, like Grace and Beauty, that which begets Liking and an Inclination to love one another at the firſt Sight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and conſequently, that which firſt opens the Door, and intromits us to better ourſelves by the Example of others, if there be any thing in the Society worth taking Notice of.

CHAP. XIV.

That Men are juſtly puniſhed for being obſtinate in the Defence of a Fort that is not in reaſon to be defended.

VAlour has it's Bounds, as well as other Virtues, which once tranſgreſſed, the next Step is into the Territories of Vice, ſo that by having too large a Proportion of this heroick Virtue, unleſs a Man be very perfect in it's Limits, which upon the Confines are very hard to diſcern, he may very eaſily unawares run into Temerity, Obſtinacy, and Folly. From this Conſideration it is, that we have derived the Cuſtom in Times of War, to puniſh even with Death thoſe who are obſtinate to defend a Place that is not tenable by the Rules of War. In which Caſe, if there were not ſome Examples made, Men would be ſo confident upon the Hopes of Impunity, that not a Hen-rooſt but would reſiſt, and ſtop a Royal Army. The Conſtable *Monſieur de Montmorency*, having at the Siege of *Pavie* been ordered to paſs the *Teſine*, and to take up his Quarters in the *Fauxburg St. Antonie*, being hindered ſo to do by a Tower that was at the End of the Bridge, which was ſo impudent as to endure a Battery, hanged every Man he found within it for their Labour. And again, ſince accompanying the *Dauphin* in his Expedition beyond the *Alps*, and taking the Caſtle of *Villane* by Aſſault, and allwithin it being put to the Sword, the Governor and his Enſign only excepted, he cauſed them both to be truſſed up for the ſame Reaſon; as alſo did Captain *Martin du Bellay*, then Governor of *Turin*, the Governor of *St. Bony*, in the ſame Country, all his People being cut in Pieces at the taking of the Place. But foraſmuch as the Strength or Weakneſs of a Fortreſs is always meaſured by the Eſtimate and Counterpoiſe of the Forces that attack it, (for a Man might reaſonably enough deſpiſe two Culverines, that would be a Mad-man to abide a Battery of thirty Pieces of Cannon) where alſo the Greatneſs

Arms; which ſevere Sentence was afterwards accordingly executed at *Lions*, and ſince that all the Gentlemen who were in *Guiſe* when Count *Naſſau* entered into it, underwent the ſame Puniſhment, as ſeveral others have done ſince for the like Offence. Notwithſtanding, in caſe of ſuch a manifeſt Ignorance or Cowardice as exceeds all other ordinary Example, 'tis but Reaſon to take it for a ſufficient Proof of Treachery and Malice, and for ſuch it ought to be cenſured and puniſhed.

CHAP. XVI.

A Proceeding of ſome Ambaſſadors.

I Obſerve in all my Travels this Cuſtom, ever to learn ſomething from the Information of thoſe with whom I confer (which is the beſt School of all other) and to put my Company upon thoſe Subjects they are the beſt able to ſpeak of:

Baſti al nochiero ragionar de venti,
Al bifolco de i Tori, & le ſue Piaghe
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l Paſtor gli armenti *.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
Emeniorat miles vulnera, paſtor ovis †.

The Seamen beſt can reaſon of the Winds,
Of Oxen none ſo well as lab'ring Hinds;
The huffing Soldier beſt of Wounds and Knocks,
And gentler Shepherds of their harmleſs Flocks.

For it often falls out, that, on the contrary, every one will rather chooſe to be prating of another Man's Province than his own, thinking it ſo much new Reputation acquired; witneſs the Jeer *Archidamus* put upon *Periander*, *That he had quitted the Glory of being an excellent Phyſician to gain the Repute of a very bad Poet.* And do but obſerve how large and ample *Cæſar* is to make us underſtand his

* *Arioſto.* † *Propert.*

Invention

Invention of building of Bridges, and contriving Engines of War, and how ſuccinct and reſerv'd in Compariſon, where he ſpeaks of the Offices of his Profeſſion, his own Valour, and military Conduct. His Exploits ſufficiently prove him a great Captain, and that he knew well enough but he would be thought a good Engineer to boot; a Quality ſomething rare, and not much to be expected in him. The elder *Dionyſius* was a very great Captain, as it befitted his Fortune he ſhould be; but he took very great Pains to get a particular Reputation by Poetry, and yet he never was cut out for a Poet. A Gentleman of the long Robe being not long ſince brought to ſee a Study furniſh'd with all Sorts of Books, both of his own and all other Faculties, took no Occaſion at all to entertain himſelf with any of them, but fell very rudely and impertinently to deſcant upon a Barricado plac'd before the Study-door, a thing that a hundred Captains and common Soldiers ſee every Day without taking any Notice or Offence.

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

The lazy Ox would Saddle have and Bit,
The Steed a Yoke, neither for either fit.

By this Courſe a Man ſhall never improve himſelf, nor arrive at any Perfection in any thing. He muſt therefore make it his Buſineſs, always to put the Architect, the Painter, the Statuary, as alſo every Mechanick Artizan, upon diſcourſe of their own Capacities. And to this Purpoſe, in reading Hiſtories, which is every Body's Subject, I uſe to conſider what kind of Men are the Authors; which, if Perſons that profeſs nothing but mere Learning, I in and from them principally obſerve and learn the Stile and Language; If Phyſicians, I upon that Account the rather incline to credit what they report of the Temperature of the Air, of the Health and Complexions of Princes, of Wounds, and Diſeaſes; If Lawyers, we are from them to take Notice of the Controverſies of Right and Title, the Eſtabliſhment of Laws and Civil Government, and the like; If Divines, the Affairs of the Church, eccleſiaſtical Cenſures, Marriages and Diſpenſations; If Courtiers, Manners and Ceremonies; If Soldiers, the Things that properly belong to their Trade, and principally the Accounts of ſuch Actions and Enterprizes wherein they were perſonally

the Kings of *Perſia*, to give their Lieutenants and Agents ſo little Rein, that upon the leaſt ariſing Difficulties they muſt evermore have Recourſe to their farther Commands; this Delay in ſo vaſt an Extent of Dominion, having often very much prejudiced their Affairs. And *Craſſus* writing to a Man, whoſe Profeſſion it was beſt to underſtand thoſe Things, and pre-acquainting him to what Uſe this Maſt was deſigned, did he not ſeem to conſult his Advice, and in a Manner invite him to interpoſe his better Judgment?

CHAP. XVII.

Of Fear.

Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comæ & vox faucibus hæſit *.

I was amaz'd, ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and my Hair
On end upon my Head did wildly ſtare.

I Am not ſo good a Naturaliſt as to diſcern by what ſecret Springs *Fear* has it's Motion in us; but I am wiſe enough to know, that it is a ſtrong Paſſion, and ſuch a one, that the Phyſicians ſay, there is no other whatever that ſooner dethrones our Judgment from it's proper Seat; which is ſo true, that I myſelf have ſeen very many become frantick through Fear; and even in thoſe of the beſt ſettled Temper, it is moſt certain, that it begets a terrible Aſtoniſhment and Confuſion during the Fit. I omit the vulgar Sort, to whom it one while repreſents their Great-Grandfirs, riſen out of their Graves in their Shrowds, another while *Hobgoblins*, *Spectres*, and *Chimæra's*, but even amongſt Soldiers (a Sort of Men over whom, of all others, it ought to have the leaſt Power) how often has it converted Flocks of Sheep into armed Squadrons, Reeds and Bull-ruſhes into Pikes and Launces, Friends into Enemies, and the *French* White into the Red Croſſes of *Spain!* When Monſieur *de Bourbon* took

* *Virg. Æneid. l.* 2.

the

the City of *Rome*, an Enſign who was upon the Guard at the Bourg *St. Pierre*, was ſeized with ſuch a Fright upon the firſt Alarm, that he threw himſelf out at a Breach with his Colours upon his Shoulder, ran directly upon the Enemy, thinking he had retreated toward the inward Defences of the City, and with much ado, ſeeing Monſieur *de Bourbon*'s People, who thought it had been a Sally upon them, draw up to receive him, at laſt came to himſelf, and ſaw his Error; and then facing about, he retreated full Speed thro' the ſame Breach by which he had gone out; but not 'till he had firſt blindly advanced above three hundred Paces into the open Field. It did not however fall out ſo well with Captain *Julius*'s Enſign at the Time when *St. Paul* was taken from us by the Count *de Bures* and Monſieur *du Reu*, for he, being ſo aſtoniſhed with Fear, as to throw himſelf and his Fellows out at a Skyt-Gate, was immediately cut to Pieces by the Enemy; and in the ſame Siege it was a very memorable Fear, that ſo ſeized, contracted, and froze up the Heart of a young Gentleman, that he ſunk down ſtone dead in the Breach, without any Manner of Wound or Hurt at all. The like Madneſs does ſometimes puſh on a whole Multitude; for in one of the Encounters that *Germanicus* had with the *Germans*, two great Parties were ſo amazed with Fear, that they ran two oppoſite Ways, the one and the other to the ſame Place, from which either of them had fled before. Sometimes it adds Wings to the Heels, as in the two firſt, and ſometimes nails them to the Ground, and fetters them from moving; as we read of the Emperor *Theophilus*, who in a Battle he loſt againſt the *Agarens*, was ſo aſtoniſhed and ſtupified, that he had no Power to fly; *adeo pavor etiam auxilia formidat* *, *ſo much does Fear dread even the Means of Safety*; 'till ſuch Time as *Manuel*, one of the principal Commanders of his Army, having jogged and ſhaked him ſo as to rouſe him out of his Trance, ſaid to him, *Sir, if you will not follow me, I will kill you: For it is better you ſhould loſe your Life, than, by being taken, to loſe your Empire.* But Fear does then manifeſt it's utmoſt Power and Effect, when it throws us upon a valiant Deſpair, having before deprived us of all Senſe both of

* *Quint. Curt. l.* 3.

Duty

Duty and Honour. In the firſt pitched Battle the *Romans* loſt againſt *Hannibal*, under the Conſul *Sempronius*, a Body of ten thouſand Foot, that had taken a Fright, ſeeing no other Eſcape for their Cowardice, went, and threw themſelves head-long upon the great Battalion of the Enemies, which alſo with wonderful Force and Fury they charged through and through, and routed with a very great Slaughter of the *Carthaginians*, by that Means purchaſing an ignominious Flight at the ſame Price they might have done a glorious Victory. The Thing in the World I am moſt afraid of is *Fear*, and with good Reaſon, that Paſſion alone, in the Trouble of it, exceeding all other Accidents. What Affliction could be greater or more juſt than that of *Pompey*'s Followers and Friends, who, in his Ship, were Spectators of that horrid and inhuman Murther? Yet ſo it was, that the Fear of the *Egyptian* Veſſels they ſaw coming to board them, poſſeſſed them with ſo great a Fear, that it is obſerved they thought of Nothing, but calling upon the Mariners to make Haſte, and by Force of Oars to eſcape away, 'till being arrived at *Tyre*, and delivered from the Apprehenſion of farther Danger, they then had Leiſure to turn their Thoughts to the Loſs of their Captain, and to give Vent to thoſe Tears and Lamentations that the other more prevalent Paſſion had 'till then ſuſpended.

Tum pavor ſapientiam omnem mihi ex animo expectorat.

My Mind with great and ſudden Fear oppreſs'd,
Was for the Time of Judgment diſpoſſeſs'd.

Such as have been well banged in ſome Skirmiſh, may yet, all wounded and bloody as they are, be brought on again the next Day to charge: But ſuch as have once conceived a good ſound Fear of the Enemy, will never be made ſo much as to look him in the Face. Such as are in immediate Fear of loſing their Eſtates, of Baniſhment, or of Slavery, live in perpetual Anguiſh and loſe all Appetite and Repoſe; whereas ſuch as are actually poor, Slaves, and Exiles, oft-times live as merrily as Men in a better Condition: And ſo many People, who, impatient of the perpetual Alarms of Fear, have hanged and drowned themſelves, give us ſufficiently to underſtand, that it is more importunate and inſupportable than Death itſelf. The *Greeks* acknowledge another Kind of Fear exceeding any we have

ſpoken

ſpoken of yet, a Paſſion that ſurpriſes us without any viſible Cauſe, by an Impulſe from Heaven; ſo that whole Armies and Nations have been ſtruck with it. Such a one was that, which brought ſo wonderful a Deſolation upon *Carthage*, where nothing was to be heard but Voices and Outcries of Fear, where the Inhabitants were ſeen to ſally out of their Houſes as to an Alarm, and there to charge, wound, and kill one another, as if they had been Enemies come to ſurprize their City. All Things were in ſtrange Diſorder and Fury, 'till with Prayers and Sacrifices they had appeaſed their Gods: And this is that they call a Panick Terror.

CHAP. XVIII.

That Men are not to judge of our Happineſs 'till after Death.

——ſcilicet ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet *.

Men's laſt Days ſtill to be expected are,
E'er we of them our Judgments do declare;
Nor can't of any one be rightly ſaid,
That he is happy, 'till he firſt be dead.

EVery one is acquainted with the Story of King *Cræſus* to this Purpoſe, who being taken Priſoner by *Cyrus*, and by him condemned to die, as he was going to Execution, cried out, O *Solon*, *Solon!* which being preſently reported to *Cyrus*, and he ſending to enquire of him what it meant, *Cræſus* gave him to underſtand, that he now found the Advertiſement *Solon* had formerly given him true to his Coſt, which was, That Men, however Fortune may ſmile upon them, could never be ſaid to be happy, 'till they had

* *Ovid. Met. l.* 3.

been

been ſeen to paſs over the laſt Day of their Lives, by Reaſon of the Uncertainty and Mutability of human Things, which upon very light and trivial Occaſions are ſubject to be totally changed into a quite contrary Condition. And therefore it was, that *Ageſilaus* made anſwer to one that was ſaying, what a happy young Man the King of *Perſia* was, to come ſo young to ſo mighty a Kingdom: *'Tis true,* (ſaid he) *but neither was* Priam *unhappy at his Years.* In a ſhort Time, of Kings of *Macedon*, Succeſſors to that mighty *Alexander*, were made Joiners and Scriveners at *Rome*, of a Tyrant of *Sicily* a Pedant at *Corinth*, of a Conqueror of one half of the World, and General of ſo many Armies, a miſerable Suppliant to the raſcally Officers of a King of *Ægypt*. So much the Prolongation of five or ſix Months of Life coſt the great and noble *Pompey*, and no longer ſince than our Fathers Days, *Ludovico Sforza*, the tenth Duke of *Milan*, to whom all *Italy* had ſo long truckled under, was ſeen to die a wretched Priſoner at *Loches*, but not till he had lived ten Years in Captivity, which was the worſt Part of his Fortune. The faireſt of all Queens, Widow to the greateſt King in *Europe*, did ſhe not come to die by the Hand of an Executioner? Unworthy and barbarous Cruelty! and a thouſand more Examples there are of the ſame Kind; for, it ſeems, that as Storms and Tempeſts have a Malice to the proud and overtowering Heights of our lofty Buildings, there are alſo Spirits above that are envious of the Grandeurs here below.

Mary, *Queen of* Scots.

Uſque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit, & pulchros Faſces, ſævaſque ſecures
Proculcare, ac ludibrio ſibi habere videtur *.

By which it does appear, a Power unſeen
Rome's awful Faſces, and her Axes keen
Spurns under Foot, and plainly does deſpiſe,
Of human Power the vain Formalities.

And it ſhould ſeem alſo that Fortune ſometimes lyes in wait to ſurprize the laſt Hour of our Lives, to ſhew the Power ſhe has in a Moment to overthrow what ſhe was ſo

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

many

many Years in building, making us cry out with *Laberius*, *Nimirum hac die una plus vixi mihi quàm vivendum fuit* *, *I have liv'd longer by this one Day than I ought to have done*. And in this Senſe, this good Advice of *Solon* may reaſonably be taken; but he being a Philoſopher, with which Sort of Men the Favours and Diſgraces of Fortune ſtand for nothing, either to the making a Man happy or unhappy, and with whom Grandeurs and Powers, Accidents of Quality, are upon the Matter indifferent, I am apt to think he had ſome farther Aim, and that his Meaning was, that the very Felicity of Life itſelf, which depends upon the Tranquillity and Contentment of a well-deſcended Spirit, and the Reſolution and Aſſurance of a well-ordered Soul, ought never to be attributed to any Man, 'till he has firſt been ſeen to play the laſt, and doubtleſs the hardeſt Act of his Part, becauſe there may be Diſguiſe and Diſſimulation in all the reſt, where theſe fine Philoſophical Diſcourſes are only put on; and where Accidents do not touch us to the Quick, they give us Leiſure to maintain the ſame ſober Gravity; but in this laſt Scene of Death, there is no more counterfeiting, we muſt ſpeak plain, and muſt diſcover what there is of pure and clean in the Bottom.

Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur perſona, manet res ‡.

Then that at laſt Truth iſſues from the Heart,
The Vizor's gone, we act our own true Part.

Wherefore at this laſt all the other Actions of our Life ought to be try'd and ſifted. 'Tis the Maſter-day, 'tis the Day that is Judge of all the reſt, *'Tis the Day* (ſays one of the Ancients) *that ought to judge of all my foregoing Years*. To Death do I refer the Eſſay of the Fruit of all my Studies. We ſhall then ſee whether my Diſcourſes came only from my Mouth, or from my Heart. I have ſeen many by their Death give a good or an ill Repute to their whole Life. *Scipio*, the Father-in-law of *Pompey* the Great, in dying well wip'd away the ill Opinion, that 'till then every one had conceived of him. *Epaminondas* being aſked

* *Macrob. l. 2. c. 2.* ‡ *Lucret. l. 3.*

which of the three he had in greateſt Eſteem, *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or himſelf; *You muſt firſt ſee us die* (ſaid he) *before that Queſtion can be reſolved:* And in Truth, he would infinitely wrong that great Man, who would weigh him without the Honour and Grandeur of his End. God Almighty has ordered all Things as it has beſt pleaſed him: But I have in my Time ſeen three of the moſt execrable Perſons that ever I knew in all Manner of abominable Living, and the moſt infamous to boot, who all died a very regular Death, and in all Circumſtances compoſed even to Perfection. There are brave and fortunate Deaths. I have ſeen Death cut the Thread of the Progreſs of a prodigious Advancement, and in the Height and Flower of it's Encreaſe of a certain Perſon, with ſo glorious an End, that, in my Opinion, his ambitious and generous Deſigns had nothing in them ſo high and great as their Interruption; and he arrived, without compleating his Courſe, at the Place to which his Ambition pretended with greater Glory, than he could himſelf either hope or deſire, and anticipated by his Fall the Name and Power to which he aſpired, by perfecting his Career. In the Judgment I make of another Man's Life, I always obſerve how he carried himſelf at his Death; and the principal Concern I have for my own, is, that I may die handſomly, that is, patiently, and without Noiſe.

CHAP. XIX.

That to ſtudy Philoſophy is to learn to die.

CIcero ſays, *That to ſtudy Philoſophy is nothing but to prepare a Man's ſelf to die.* The Reaſon of which is, becauſe Study and Contemplation do in ſome ſort withdraw from us, and deprive us of our Souls, and employ it ſeparately from the Body, which is a kind of learning to die, and a Reſemblance of Death, or elſe becauſe all the Wiſdom and Reaſoning in the World does in the End conclude in this Point, to teach us not to fear to die. And to ſay the Truth, either our Reaſon does groſly abuſe us, or it ought to have no other Aim but our Contentment only, nor to endeavour

deavour anyThing, but in Sum to make us live well, and, as the holy Scripture ſays, at our Eaſe. All the Opinions of the World agree in this, That Pleaſure is our End, though we make uſe of divers Means to attain unto it, they would otherwiſe be rejected at the firſt Motion; for who would give ear to him that ſhould propoſe Affliction and Miſery for his End? The Controverſies and Diſputes of the Philoſophical Sects upon this Point are merely verbal, *Tranſcurramus ſolertiſſimas nugas* *, Let us ſkip over thoſe learned and ſubtle Fooleries and Trifles; there is more in them of Oppoſition and Obſtinacy than is conſiſtent with ſo ſacred a Profeſſion: But what Kind of Perſon ſoever Man takes upon him to perſonate, he over-mixes his own Part with it; and let the Philoſophers all ſay what they will, the main Thing at which we all aim, even in Virtue itſelf, is Pleaſure. It pleaſes me to rattle in their Ears this Word, which they ſo nauſeate to hear; and if it ſignify ſome ſupreme Pleaſure and exceſſive Delight, it is more due to the Aſſiſtance of Virtue than to any other Aſſiſtance whatever. This Delight, for being more gay, more ſinewy, more robuſt, and more manly, is only to be more ſeriouſly voluptuous, and we ought to give it the Name of Pleaſure, as that which is more benign, gentle, and natural, and not that of Vigour, from which we have derived it: The other more mean and ſenſual Part of Pleaſure, if it could deſerve this fair Name, it ought to be upon the Account of Concurrence, and not of Privilege; I find it leſs exempt from Traverſes and Inconveniencies, than Virtue itſelf; and beſides that, the Enjoyment is more momentary, fluid, and frail; it has it's Watchings, Faſts, and Labours, even to Sweat and Blood; and moreover, has particular to itſelf ſo many ſeveral Sorts of ſharp and wounding Paſſions, and ſo ſtupid a Satiety attending it, as are equal to the ſevereſt Penance. And we miſtake to think that Difficulties ſhould ſerve it for a Spur and a Seaſoning to it's Sweetneſs, as in Nature, one contrary is quickened by another; and to ſay when we come to Virtue, that like Conſequences and Difficulties overwhelm and render it auſtere and inacceſſible; whereas, much more aptly than in Voluptuouſneſs, they

* *Seneca Epiſt.*

enable, ſharpen and heighten the perfect and divine Pleaſure they procure us. He renders himſelf unworthy of it who will counterpoiſe his Expence with the Fruit, and does neither underſtand the Bleſſing, nor how to uſe it. Thoſe who preach to us, that the Queſt of it is craggy, difficult, and painful, but the Fruition pleaſant and grateful, what do they mean by that, but to tell us, that it is always unpleaſing? The moſt Perfect have been forc'd to content themſelves to aſpire unto it, and to approach it only without ever poſſeſſing it. But they are deceived, and do not take Notice, that of all the Pleaſures we know, the very Purſuit is pleaſant: The Attempt ever reliſhes of the Quality of the Thing to which it is directed; for it is a good Part of, and conſubſtantial with the Effect. The Felicity and Beatitude that glitters in Virtue, ſhines throughout all her Apartments and Avenues, even to the firſt Entry, and utmoſt Pale and Limits. Now of all the Benefits that Virtue confers upon us, the Contempt of Death is one of the greateſt, as the Means that accommodates human Life with a ſoft and eaſy Tranquillity, and gives us a pure and pleaſant Taſte of living, without which, all other Pleaſures would be extinct; which is the Reaſon why all the Rules by which we are to live centre and concur in this one Article. And although they all in like Manner with one Conſent endeavour to teach us alſo to deſpiſe Grief, Poverty, and the other Accidents to which human Life, by it's own Nature and Conſtitution, is ſubjected, it is not nevertheleſs with the ſame Importunity, as well by Reaſon the fore-named Accidents are not of ſo great Neceſſity, the greater Part of Mankind paſſing over their whole Lives, without ever knowing what Poverty is; and ſome without Sorrow or Sickneſs, as *Xenophilus* the Muſician, who lived a hundred and ſix Years in a perfect and continual Health; as alſo becauſe at the worſt, Death can, whenever we pleaſe, cut ſhort, and put an End to all theſe Inconveniencies. But as to Death, it is inevitable.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Verſatur Urna, ſerius, ocyus
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impoſitura Cymbæ *.

* *Hor. l.* 2. *Ode* 3.

We

We all are to one Voyage bound; by Turn,
Sooner or later, all muſt to the Urn:
When *Charon* calls abroad, we muſt not ſtay,
But to eternal Exile ſail away.

And conſequently, if it frights us, 'tis a perpetual Torment, and for which there is no Conſolation nor Redreſs. There is no Way by which we can poſſibly avoid it; it commands all Points of the Compaſs: We may continually turn our Heads this Way and that, and pry about as in a ſuſpected Country, *quæ quaſi ſaxum Tantalo, ſemper impendet* *, *but it, like* Tantalus's *Stone, hangs over us.* Our Courts of Juſtice often ſend back condemn'd Criminals to be executed upon the Place where the Fact was committed, but carry them to all fine Houſes by the Way, and prepare for them the beſt Entertainment they can.

——*non Siculæ* Dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt ſaporem:
Non avium citharæque cantus
Somnum reducent §.

——the Taſtes of ſuch as theſe
Choiceſt *Sicilian* Dainties cannot pleaſe,
Nor yet of Birds or Harps, the Harmonies
Once charm aſleep, or cloſe their watchful Eyes.

Do you think they could reliſh it? And that the fatal End of their Journey being continually before their Eyes, would not alter and deprave their Palate from taſting theſe Regalio's?

Audit iter numeratque dies ſpatioque viarum
Metitur vitam, torquetur peſte futura ‖.

He Time and Space computes, by Length of Ways,
Sums up the Number of his few ſad Days;
And his ſad Thoughts, full of his fatal Doom,
Can dream of nothing but the Blow to come.

The End of our Race is Death, 'tis the neceſſary Object of our Aim, which if it frights us, how is it poſſible to advance a Step, without a Fit of an Ague? The Remedy the Vulgar uſe, is not to think on't: But from what brutiſh Stupidity can they derive ſo groſs a Blindneſs? They muſt bridle the Aſs by the Tail.

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* *Cicero de finib. l.* 1. § *Hor. l.* 3. *Ode* 1. ‖ *Claud.*

Qui capite ipſe ſuo inſtituit veſtigia retro.*

He who the Order of his Steps has laid
To Light, and natural Motion retrograde.

Tis no Wonder, if he be often trapp'd in the Pitfall. They uſe to fright People with the very Mention of Death, and many croſs themſelves, as if it were the Name of the Devil; and becauſe the making a Man's Will, is in Reference to dying, not a Man will be perſuaded to take a Pen in Hand to that Purpoſe, 'till the Phyſician has paſs'd Sentence upon him, and totally given him over; and then, betwixt Grief and Terror, God knows in how fit a Condition of Underſtanding he is to do it. The *Romans*, by Reaſon that this poor Syllable *Death* was obſerved to be ſo harſh to the Ears of the People and the Sound ſo ominous, had found out a Way to ſoften and ſpin it out by a *Periphraſis*, and inſtead of pronouncing bluntly, ſuch a one is dead, to ſay, *ſuch a one has lived, or, ſuch a one has ceaſed to live:* For, provided there was any Mention of Life in the Caſe, tho' paſt, it carried yet ſome Sound of Conſolation. And from them it is that we have borrowed our Expreſſion of *the late Monſieur ſuch and ſuch a one.* Peradventure (as the Saying is) the Term we have lived is worth our Money. I was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'Clock in the Forenoon, the laſt of *February*, 1533, according to our Computation, beginning the Year the firſt of *January*, and it is now but juſt fifteen Days ſince I was compleat nine and thirty Years old; I make account to live at leaſt as many more. In the mean Time, to trouble a Man's ſelf with the Thought of a Thing ſo far off, is a ſenſeleſs Foolery. But what, Young and Old die after the very ſame Manner, and no one departs out of Life otherwiſe, than if he had but juſt before entered into it; neither is any ſo old and decrepid, who has heard of *Methuſalem*, that does not think he has yet twenty Years of Conſtitution good at leaſt. Fool that thou art, who has aſſured unto thee the Term of Life? Thou dependeſt upon Phyſicians Tales and Stories, but rather conſult Experience, and the Fragility of human Nature: For, according to the common

The Author's Birth.

* *Lucret. l.* 4.

Courſe of Things, 'tis long ſince that thou livedſt by extraordinary Favour. Thou haſt already out-lived the ordinary Term of Life, and that it is ſo, reckon up thy Acquaintance, how many more have died before they arrived at thy Age, than have attained unto it, and of thoſe who have ennobled their Lives by their Renown; take but an Account, and I dare lay a Wager thou wilt find more who have died before, than after five and thirty Years of Age. It is full both of Reaſon and Piety too, to take Example by the Humanity of *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf, who ended his Life at three and thirty Years. The greateſt Man that ever was, was no more than a Man. *Alexander*, died alſo at the ſame Age. How many ſeveral Ways has Death to ſurprize us?

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis.
Cautum eſt in horas.*

Man fain would ſhun, but 'tis not in his Power
T' evade the Dangers of each threat'ning Hour.

To omit Fevers and Pleuriſies, who would ever have imagined, that a Duke of *Britany* ſhould be preſſed to Death in a Crowd, as that Duke was at the Entry of Pope *Clement* into *Lions?* Have we not ſeen one of our † Kings killed at a Tilting; and did not one of his ‡ Anceſtors die by the Juſtle of a Hog? *Æſchylus* being threatned with the Fall of a Houſe, was to much Purpoſe ſo circumſpect to avoid that Danger, when he was knock'd o'th' Head by a Tortoiſe-ſhell falling out of an Eagle's Talons in the Fields. Another was choaked with a Grape-ſtone; an Emperor killed with the Scratch of a Comb, in combing his Head. *Æmilius Lepidus*, with a Stumble at his own Threſhold; and *Auſidius* with a Juſtle againſt the Door, as he entered the Council-Chamber. And betwixt the very Thighs of Women, *Cornelius Gallus*, the *Prætor*; *Tigillinus*, Captain of the Watch at *Rome*; *Ludovico*, Son of *Guido de Gonzaga*, Marquiſs of *Mantua*; and (of worſe Example) *Spruſippus*, a *Platonick* Philoſopher, and one of our Popes. The poor Judge *Bibius*, whilſt he

† Henry II. *of* France, *running againſt* Montgomery.

‡ Philip, *the eldeſt Son of* Lewis *the Groſs*, *the* 40*th King of* France.

* *Hor. l.* 2. *Ode* 13.

reprieved a Criminal for eight Days only, was himſelf condemned to Death, and his own Day of Life was expired. Whilſt *Caius Julius* the Phyſician was anointing the Eyes of a Patient, Death cloſed his own; and if I may bring in an Example of my own Blood, a Brother of mine, Captain *St. Martin*, a young Man of three and twenty Years old, who had already given ſufficient Teſtimony of his Valour, playing a Match at Tennis, received a Blow of a Ball a little above his right Ear, which, though it was without any Manner or Sign of Wound, or Depreſſion of the Skull, and though he took no great Notice of it, nor ſo much as ſat down to repoſe himſelf, he nevertheleſs died within five or ſix Hours after of an Apoplexy, occaſioned by that Blow. Which ſo frequent and common Examples paſſing every Day before our Eyes, how is it poſſible a Man ſhould diſengage himſelf from the Thought of Death; or avoid fancying, that it has us every Moment by the Collar? What Matter is it, you will ſay, which Way it comes to paſs, provided a Man does not terrify himſelf with the Expectation? For my Part, I am of this Mind, that if a Man could by any Means avoid it, though by creeping under a Calf's Skin, I am one that ſhould not be aſhamed of the Shift: All I aim at is, to paſs my Time pleaſantly, and without any great Reproach, and the Recreations that moſt contribute to it, I take hold of; as to the reſt, as little glorious and exemplary as you would deſire.

prætulerim——delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere, & ringi *.

A Fool, or Coward, let me cenſur'd be,
Whilſt either Vice does pleaſe or cozen me,
Rather than be thought wiſe, and feel the Smart
Of a perpetual aching anxious Heart.

But 'tis Folly to think of doing any thing that Way. They go, they come, they gallop and dance, and not a Word of Death. All this is very fine, but withal, when it comes either to themſelves, their Wives, their Children, or Friends, ſurpriſing them at unawares, unprepared,

* *Hor. Epiſt.* 2. *l.* 2.

then

then what Torment, what Outcries, what Madneſs and Deſpair! Did you ever ſee any thing ſo ſubdued, ſo changed and ſo confounded? A Man muſt therefore make more early Trial of it; and this brutiſh Negligence, could it poſſibly lodge in the Brain of any Man of Senſe, (which I think utterly impoſſible) ſells us his Merchandize too dear. Were it an Enemy that could be avoided, I would then adviſe to borrow Arms even of Cowardice itſelf to that Effect: But ſeeing it is not, and that it will catch you as well flying, and playing the Poltron, as ſtanding to it, like a Man of Honour:

Mors & fugacem perſequitur Virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo †.

No Speed of Foot prevents Death of his Prize,
He cuts the Hamſtrings of the Man that flies;
Nor ſpares the tender Stripling's Back does ſtart
T' out-run the Diſtance of his mortal Dart.

And ſeeing that no Temper of Arms is of Proof to ſecure us,

Ille licet ferro, cautus ſe condat, & ære
Mors tamen incluſum protrahet inde caput ‡.

Shell thee with Steel, or Braſs, adviſ'd by Dread,
Death from the Caſk will pull thy cautious Head.

let us learn bravely to ſtand our Ground and fight him. And to begin to deprive him of the greateſt Advantage he has over us, let us take a Way quite contrary to the common Courſe. Let us diſarm him of his Novelty and Strangeneſs; let us converſe and be familiar with him, and have nothing ſo frequent in our Thoughts as Death: Let us, upon Occaſions, repreſent him in all his moſt dreadful Shapes to our Imagination: At the Stumbling of a Horſe, at the Falling of a Tile, at the leaſt Prick of a Pin, let us preſently conſider, and ſay to ourſelves, Well, and what if it had been Death itſelf? And thereupon let us encourage and fortify ourſelves. Let us evermore, amidſt our Jollity and Feaſting, ſet the Remembrance of our frail Condition before our Eyes, never ſuffering ourſelves

† *Hor. l.* 3. *Ode* 2. ‡ *Propert. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 17. *alias* 16.

to

to be ſo far tranſported with our Delight, but that we have ſome Intervals of reflecting upon, and conſidering how many ſeveral Ways this Jollity of ours tends to Death, and with how many Dangers it threatens us. The *Egyptians* were wont to do after this Manner, who, in the Height of their Feaſting and Mirth, cauſed a dried Skeleton of a Man to be brought into the Room, to ſerve for a *Memento* to their Gueſts.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum,
Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur hora.*

Think every Day, ſoon as the Day is paſt,
Of thy Life's Date, that thou haſt liv'd the laſt;
The next Day's joyful Light thine Eyes ſhalt ſee,
As unexpected, will more welcome be.

Where Death waits for us, is uncertain; let us every where look for him. The Premeditation of Death, is the Premeditation of Liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to ſerve. There is nothing of Evil in Life, for him who rightly comprehends, that Death is no Evil; to know how to die, delivers us from all Subjection and Conſtraint. *Paulus Æmilius* anſwered him whom the miſerable King of *Macedon*, his Priſoner, ſent to entreat him that he would not lead him in his Triumph, *Let him make that Requeſt to himſelf.* In Truth, in all Things, if Nature do not help a little, it is very hard for Art and Induſtry to perform any thing to Purpoſe. I am, in my own Nature, not melancholy, but thoughtful; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myſelf withal, than the Imaginations of Death, even in the gayeſt and moſt wanton Time of my Age;

Jucundum cum ætas florida ver ageret†.

Of florid Age in the moſt pleaſant Spring.

In the Company of Ladies, and in the Height of Mirth, ſome have perhaps thought me poſſeſſed with ſome Jealouſy, or meditating upon the Uncertainty of ſome imagined Hope, whilſt I was entertaining myſelf with the Remembrance of ſome one ſurprized a few Days before with a

* *Horat. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 4. † *Catullus, Num.* 69.

burning

burning Fever, of which he died, returning from an Entertainment like this, with his Head full of idle Fancies of Love and Jollity, as mine was then, and that, for ought I knew, the ſame Deſtiny was attending me.

Jam fuerit, nec poſt unquam revocare licebit *.

But now he had a Being amongſt Men,
Now gone, and ne'er to be recall'd agen.

Yet did not this Thought wrinkle my Forehead any more than any other. It is impoſſible but we muſt feel a Sting in ſuch Imaginations as theſe at firſt; but with often revolving them in a Man's Mind, and having them frequent in our Thoughts, they at laſt become ſo familiar as to be no Trouble at all: Otherwiſe I, for my Part, ſhould be in a perpetual Fright and Frenzy; for never Man was ſo diſtruſtful of his Life, never Man ſo indifferent of it's Duration. Neither Health, which I have hitherto ever enjoy'd very ſtrong and vigorous, and very ſeldom interrupted, does prolong, nor Sickneſs contract my Hopes. Methinks I eſcape every Minute, and it eternally runs in my Mind, that what may be done To-morrow, may be done To-day. Hazards and Dangers do, in Truth, little or nothing haſten our End; and if we conſider how many more remain, and hang over our Heads, beſides the Accident that immediately threatens us, we ſhall find that the Sound and the Sick, thoſe that are abroad at Sea, and thoſe that ſit by the Fire, thoſe that are engaged in Battle, and thoſe that ſit idle at Home, are the one as near it as the other: *Nemo altero fragilior eſt: Nemo in craſtinum ſui certior* †: *No Man is more frail than another: No more certain of the Morrow.* For any thing I have to do before I die, the longeſt Leiſure would appear too ſhort, were it but an Hour's Buſineſs I had to do. A Friend of mine the other Day, turning over my Table-Book, found in it a *Memorandum* of ſomething I would have done after my Deceaſe; whereupon I told him, as it was really true, that though I was no more than a League's Diſtance only from my own Houſe, and merry and well, yet when that Thing came into my Head, I made haſte to write it down there, becauſe

* *Lucret. l.* 3. † *Senec. Ep.* 19.

I was

I was not certain to live 'till I came Home. As a Man that am eternally brooding over my own Thoughts, and who confine them to my own particular Concerns; I am upon the Matter at all Hours as well prepared as I am ever like to be, and Death, whenever he ſhall come, can bring nothing along with him. I did not expect long before. We ſhould always (as near as we can) be booted and ſpurred, and ready to go, and above all Things, to take Care at that Time to have no Buſineſs with any one, but a Man's ſelf.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa *?

Why cut'ſt thou out ſuch mighty Work vain Man?
Whoſe Life's ſhort Date's compriz'd in one poor Span?

For we ſhall there find Work enough to do, without any need of Addition; one complains more than of Death, that he is thereby prevented of a glorious Victory; another that he muſt die before he has married his Daughter, or ſettled and provided for his Children; a third ſeems only troubled that he muſt loſe the Society of his beloved Wife; a fourth, the Converſation of his Son, as the principal Concerns of his Being. For my Part, I am, thanks be to God, at this Inſtant, in ſuch a Condition, that I am ready to diſlodge, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him, without any Manner of Regret. I diſingage myſelf throughout, from all worldly Relations, my Leave is ſoon taken of all but myſelf. Never did any one prepare to bid Adieu to the World more abſolutely and purely, and to ſhake Hands with all Manner of Intereſt in it, than I expect to do. The deadeſt Deaths are the beſt.

——miſer, O miſer (aiunt) omnia ademit
Una dies infeſta mihi tot præmia vitæ †;

Wretch that I am (they cry) one fatal Day
So many Joys of Life has ſnatch'd away.

And the Builder,

——manent (dit il) *opera interrupta, minæque*
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina Cælo ‡.

Stupendious Piles (ſays he) neglected lye,
And Tow'rs, whoſe Pinnacles do pierce the Sky.

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* *Hor. l.* 2. *Ode* 16. † *Lucret. l.* 3. ‡ *Virg. Æneid. l.* 4.

A Man

A Man muſt deſign nothing that will require ſo much Time to the finiſhing, or at leaſt with no ſuch paſſionate Deſire to ſee it brought to Perfection. We are born to Action.

Cum moriar, medium ſolvar & inter opus *.

When Death ſhall come, he me will doubtleſs find
Doing of ſomething that I had deſign'd.

I would always have a Man to be doing, and as much as in him lyes, to extend and ſpin out the Offices of Life; and then let Death take me planting Cabbages, but without any careful Thought of him, and much leſs of my Garden's not being finiſhed. I ſaw one die, who at his laſt Gaſp ſeem'd to be concerned at nothing ſo much, as that Deſtiny was about to cut the Thread of a Chronicle Hiſtory he was then compiling, when he was gone no farther than the fifteenth or ſixteenth of our Kings,

Illud in his rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum
Jam deſiderium rerum, ſuperinſidet una †.

They tell us not, that dying we've no more
The ſame Deſires and Thoughts that heretofore.

We are to diſcharge ourſelves from theſe vulgar and hurtful Humours and Concerns. To this Purpoſe it was, that Men firſt appointed the Places of Sepulture, and Dormitories of the Dead, near adjoining to the Churches, and in the moſt frequent Places of the City, to accuſtom (ſays *Lycurgus*) the common People, Women, and Children, that they ſhould not be ſtartled at the Sight of a dead Corps; and to the End, that the continual Objects of Bones, Graves, Monuments, and Funeral Obſequies, ſhould put us in Mind of our frail Condition.

Quinetiam exhilarare viris convivia cæde
Mos olim, & miſcere epulis ſpectacula dira.
Certatum ferro, ſæpe & ſuper ipſa cadentum
Pocula, reſperſis non parco ſanguine menſis ‡.

'Twas therefore that the Ancients at their Feaſts
With tragick Objects us'd to treat their Gueſts,

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* *Ovid. Amor. lib.* 2. *Eleg.* 10. † *Lucret. l.* 3.
‡ *Silius Italicus, l.* 11.

Making their Fencers with their utmoſt Spite,
Skill, Force, and Fury, in their Preſence fight,
'Till Streams of Blood of thoſe at laſt muſt fall,
Daſh'd o'er their Tables, Diſhes, Cups, and all.

And as the *Ægyptians* after their Feaſts were wont to preſent the Company with a great Image of *Death*, by one that cried out to them, *Drink and be merry, for ſuch ſhalt thou be when thou art dead*; ſo it is my Cuſtom to have Death not only in my Imagination, but continually in my Mouth; neither is there any Thing of which I am ſo inquiſitive, and delight to inform myſelf, as the Manner of Men's Deaths, their Words, Looks, and Geſtures, nor any Places in Hiſtory I am ſo intent upon; and it is manifeſt enough, by my crowding in Examples of this Kind, that I have a particular Fancy for that Subject. If I were a Writer of Books, I would compile a Regiſter, with the Comment of the various Deaths of Men, and it could not but be uſeful, for who ſhould teach Men to die, would at the ſame Time teach them to live. *Dicearchus* made one, to which he gave that Title; but it was deſigned for another, and leſs profitable End. Peradventure ſome one may object, and ſay, that the Pain and Terror of Dying indeed does ſo infinitely exceed all Manner of Imagination, that the beſt Fencer will be quite out of his Play when it comes to the Puſh: But let them ſay what they will, to premeditate is doubtleſs a very great Advantage; and beſides, is it nothing to come ſo far, at leaſt, without any viſible Diſturbance or Alteration? But moreover, Nature herſelf does aſſiſt and encourage us. If the Death be ſudden and violent, we have not Leiſure to fear; if otherwiſe, I find, that as I engage farther in my Diſeaſe, I naturally enter into a certain Loathing and Diſdain of Life. I find I have much more ado to digeſt this Reſolution of Dying when I am well in Health, than when ſick, languiſhing of a Fever; and by how much I have leſs to do with the Commodities of Life, by Reaſon I even begin to loſe the Uſe and Pleaſure of them, by ſo much I look upon Death with leſs Terror and Amazement; which makes me hope, that the farther I remove from the firſt, and the nearer I approach to the latter, I ſhall ſooner ſtrike a Bargain, and with leſs Unwillingneſs exchange the one for the other. And, as I have experimented in other Occurrences,

Occurrences, that, as *Cæſar* ſays, Things often appear greater to us at a Diſtance than near at Hand, I have found, that being well, I have had Diſeaſes in much greater Horror than when really afflicted with them. The Vigour wherein I now am, and the Jollity and Delight wherein I now live, make the contrary Eſtate appear in ſo great a Diſproportion to my preſent Condition, that by Imagination I magnify and make thoſe Inconveniencies twice greater than they are, and apprehend them to be much more troubleſom than I find them really to be, when they lye the moſt heavy upon me, and I hope to find Death the ſame. Let us but obſerve in the ordinary Changes and Declinations our Conſtitutions daily ſuffer; how Nature deprives us of all Sight and Senſe of our bodily Decay. What remains to an old Man of the Vigour of his Youth and better Days?

Heu ſenibus vitæ portio quanta manet *?

Alas! To Men of youthful Heat bereft,
How ſmall a Portion of Life is left?

Cæſar, to an old Weather-beaten Soldier of his Guards, who came to aſk him Leave that he might kill himſelf, taking Notice of his wither'd Body and decrepid Motion, pleaſantly anſwered, *Thou fancieſt then that thou art yet alive.* Should a Man fall into the Aches and Impotencies of Age, from a ſprightly and vigorous Youth on the Sudden, I do not think Humanity capable of enduring ſuch a Change: But Nature leading us by the Hand, an eaſy, and as it were an inſenſible Pace, Step by Step, conducts us to that miſerable Condition, and by that Means makes it familiar to us, ſo that we perceive not, nor are ſenſible of the Stroke then, when our Youth dies in us, though it be really a harder Death, than the final Diſſolution of a languiſhing Body, which is only the Death of old Age, foraſmuch as the Fall is not ſo great from an uneaſy Being to none at all, as it is from a ſpritely and florid Being to one that is unweildy and painful. The Body, when bowed beyond it's natural Spring of Strength, has leſs Force either to riſe with, or ſupport a Burthen; and it is with the Soul the ſame, and therefore it is that we are to raiſe her up firm

* *Corn. Gall. vel potius Maximian Eleg.* 1.

and

and erect againſt the Power of this Adverſary: For, as it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever be at Reſt, or at Peace within herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſtands in Fear of it; ſo if ſhe once can aſſure herſelf, ſhe may boaſt (which is a Thing as it were above human Condition) that it is impoſſible that Diſquiet, Anxiety, or Fear, or any other Diſturbance, ſhould inhabit, or have any Place in her,

Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida: neque Auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus *.

A Soul well ſettled is not to be ſhook
With an incenſed Tyrant's threatning Look;
Nor can loud *Auſter* once that Heart diſmay,
The ruffling Prince of ſtormy *Adria*;
Nor yet th'uplifted Hand of mighty *Jove*,
Though charg'd with Thunder, ſuch a Temper move.

She is then become Sovereign of all her Luſts and Paſſions, Miſtreſs of Neceſſity, Shame, Poverty, and all the other Injuries of Fortune. Let us therefore, as many of us as can, get this Advantage, which is the true and ſovereign Liberty here on Earth, and that fortifies us wherewithal to defy Violence and Injuſtice, and to contemn Priſons and Chains.

——— in Manicis &
Compedibus, ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.
Ipſe Deus, ſimul atque volam, me ſolvet, opinor;
Hoc ſentit, moriar: Mors ultima linea rerum eſt †.

With rugged Chains I'll load thy Hands and Feet,
And to a ſurly Keeper thee commit.
Why let him ſhow his worſt [illegible] Cruelty,
God will, I think, for aſking, ſet me free;
Ay, but he thinks I'll die; that Comfort brings,
For Death's the utmoſt Line of human Things.

The Contempt of Death, a certain Foundation of Religion.

Our very Religion itſelf has no ſurer human Foundation than the Contempt of Death. Not only the Argument of Reaſon invites us to it; for why ſhould we fear to loſe a Thing, which being loſt, can

* *Horat. l.* 3. *Ode* 3. † *Ibid. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 16.

never

never be miſſed or lamented; but alſo ſeeing that we are threatned by ſo many Sorts of Deaths, is it not infinitely worſe eternally to fear them all, than once to undergo one of them? And what matter is it when it ſhall happen, ſince it is once inevitable? To him that told *Socrates*, *The Thirty Tyrants hath ſentenced thee to Death; and Nature them*, ſaid he, What a ridiculous Thing it is to trouble and afflict ourſelves about taking the only Step that is to deliver us from all Miſery and Trouble? As our Birth brought us the Birth of all Things, ſo, in our Death, is the Death of all Things included. And therefore to lament and take on that we ſhall not be alive a hundred Years hence, is the ſame Folly as to be ſorry we were not alive a hundred Years ago. Death is the Beginning of another Life. So did we weep, and ſo much it coſt us to enter into this, and ſo did we put off our former Veil in entring into it. Nothing can be grievous that is but once, and is it reaſonable ſo long to fear a Thing, that will ſo ſoon be diſpatch'd? Long Life and ſhort are by Death made all one; for there is no long nor ſhort to Things that are no more. *Ariſtotle* tells us, that there are certain little Beaſts upon the Banks of the River *Hypanis*, that never live above a Day: They which die at eight of the Clock in the Morning, die in their Youth, and thoſe that die at five in the Evening, in their extremeſt Age: Which of us would not laugh to ſee this Moment of Continuance put into the Conſideration of Weal or Woe? The moſt, and the leaſt of ours, in Compariſon of Eternity, or yet to the Duration of Mountains, Rivers, Stars, Trees, and even of ſome Animals, is no leſs ridiculous. But Nature compels us to it, *Go out of this World, ſays ſhe, as you entered into it; the ſame Paſs you made from Death to Life, without Paſſion or Fear, the ſame, after the ſame Manner, repeat from Life to Death.* Your Death is a Part of the Order of the Univerſe, 'tis a Part of the Life of the World.

——— *Inter ſe mortales mutua vivunt,*
Et quaſi curſores vitaï lampada tradunt *.

* *Lucret. l.* 2.

Mortals among themſelves by Turns do live,
And Life's bright Torch to the next Runner give *.

'Tis the Condition of your Creation; Death is a Part of you, and whilſt you endeavour to evade it, you avoid yourſelves. This very Being of yours, that you now enjoy, is equally divided betwixt Life and Death. The Day of your Birth is one Day's Advance towards the Grave.

Prima, quæ vitam dedit, hora carpſit †.

The Hour that gave of Life the Benefit,
Did alſo a whole Hour ſhorten it.

Naſcentes morimur, finiſque ab origine pendet ‡.

As we are born, we die, and our Life's End
Upon our Life's Beginning does depend:

All the whole Time you live, you purloin from Life, and live at the Expence of Life itſelf; the perpetual Work of our whole Life is but to lay the Foundation of Death; you are in Death whilſt you live, becauſe you ſtill are after Death, when you are no more alive. Or if you had rather have it ſo, you are dead after Life, but dying all the while you live; and Death handles the Dying more rudely than the Dead. If you have made your Profit of Life, you have had enough of it, go your Way ſatisfied.

Cur non ut plenus vitæ conviva recedis ‖.

Why ſhould'ſt thou not go, like a full gorg'd Gueſt,
Sated with Life, as he is with a Feaſt?

If you have not known how to make the beſt Uſe of it, and if it was unprofitable to you, what need you care to loſe it; to what End would you deſire longer to keep it?

—— cur amplius addere quæris (omne)
Rurſum quod pereat male & ingratum occidat §?

And why renew thy Time, to what Intent,
Live o'er again a Life that was ill ſpent?

Life in itſelf is neither good nor evil, it is the Scene of good or evil, as you make it; and if you have lived a

* *Alluding to the* Athenian *Games, wherein thoſe that run a Race carried Torches in their Hands; and the Race being done, delivered them into the Hands of thoſe that were to run next.*

† *Senec. Her. fur. chor.* 3. ‡ *Manil. Aſt.* 4.

‖ *Lucret. l.* 3. § *Ibid.*

Day

Day you have ſeen all; one Day is equal and like to all other Days; there is no other Light, no other Shade, this very Sun, this Moon, theſe very Stars, this very Order, and Revolution of Things is the ſame your Anceſtors enjoyed, and that ſhall alſo entertain your Poſterity.

Non alium videre patres, aliumve nepotes
Aſpicient *.

Your Grandſires ſaw no other Things of old,
Nor ſhall your Nephews other Things behold.

And come the worſt that can come, the Diſtribution and Variety of all the Acts of my Comedy is performed in a Year. If you have obſerved the Revolution of the four Seaſons, they comprehend the Infancy, Youth, Virility, and old Age of the World. The Year has play'd his Part, and knows no other Way, has no new Farce but muſt begin, and repeat the ſame again; it will always be the ſame Thing.

Verſamur ibidem, atque inſumus uſque †.

Where ſtill we plot, and ſtill contrive in vain;
For in the ſame State ſtill we do remain.

Atque in ſe ſua per veſtigia volvitur Annus ‡.

By it's own Foot-ſteps led, the Year doth bring
Both Ends together in an annual Ring.

Time is not reſolved to create you any new Recreations.

Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque
Quod placeat nihil eſt; eadem ſunt omnia ſemper ‖.

More Pleaſures than are made Time will not frame,
For to all Times all Things ſhall be the ſame.

Give Place to others, as others have given Place to you. Equality is the Soul of Equity. Who can complain of being comprehended in the ſame Deſtiny wherein all Things are involved? Beſides, live as long as you can, you ſhall by that nothing ſhorten the Space you are to lye dead in the Grave; 'tis all to no Purpoſe; you ſhall be every Whit as long in the Condition you ſo much fear, as if you had died at Nurſe.

—— licet quot vis vivendo vincere ſecla,
Mors æterna tamen, nihilominus illa manebit §.

* *Lucret. vel. Manil.* † *Lucret. l.* 3. ‡ *Virg. Georg. l.* 2.
‖ *Lucret. l.* 3. § *Ibid.*

under which he was to enjoy it, by the God of Time itſelf, and it's Duration, his Father *Saturn.* Do but ſeriouſly conſider how much more inſupportable an immortal and painful Life would be to Man than what I have already deſigned him. If you had not Death to eaſe you of your Pains and Cares, you would eternally curſe me for having deprived you of the Benefit of Dying. I have, 'tis true, mixt a little Bitterneſs to it, to the End, that ſeeing of what Conveniency and Uſe it is, you might not too greedily and indiſcreetly ſeek and embrace it: And that you might be ſo eſtabliſhed in this Moderation, as neither to nauſeate Life, nor have any Antipathy for dying, which I have decreed you ſhall once do, I have tempered the one and the other betwixt Pleaſure and Pain; and 'twas I that firſt taught *Thales*, the moſt eminent of all your *Sages*, that to live and to die were indifferent; which made him very wiſely anſwer him who aſked him, Why then did he not die? Becauſe (ſays he) *it is indifferent.* The Elements of Water, Earth, Fire, and Air, and the other Parts of this Creation of thine, are no more the Inſtruments of thy Life than they are of thy Death. Why doſt thou fear thy laſt Day, it contributes no more to thy Diſſolution than every one of the reſt? The laſt Step is not the Cauſe of Laſſitude, it does but confeſs it. Every Day travels towards Death, the laſt only arrives at it. Theſe are the good Leſſons our Mother Nature teaches. I have often conſidered with myſelf whence it ſhould proceed, that in War, the Image of Death, whether we look upon it as to our own particular Danger, or that of another, ſhould without Compariſon appear leſs dreadful than at Home, in our own Houſes, (for if it were not ſo, it would be an Army of whining Milk-ſops) and that being ſtill in all Places the ſame, there ſhould be notwithſtanding much more Aſſurance in Peaſants and the meaner Sort of People, than others of better Quality and Education; and I do verily believe, that it is thoſe terrible Ceremonies and Preparations wherewith we ſet it out, that more terrify us, than the Thing itſelf; a new quite contrary Way of Living, the Cries of Mothers, Wives, and Children, the Viſits of aſtoniſhed and afflicted Friends, the Attendance of pale and blubbered Servants, a dark Room ſet round with burning Tapers, our Beds environed with Phyſicians and Divines;

Divines; in fine, nothing but Ghoſtlineſs and Horror round about us, render it ſo formidable, that a Man almoſt fancies himſelf dead and buried already. Children are afraid even of thoſe they love beſt, and are beſt acquainted with, when diſguiſed in a Vizor, and ſo are we; the Vizor muſt be removed as well from Things as Perſons; which being taken away, we ſhall find nothing underneath but the very ſame Death that a mean Servant, or a poor Chamber-maid died a Day or two ago, without any manner of Apprehenſion or Concern. Happy therefore is the Death that deprives us of the Leiſure to prepare Things requiſite for this unneceſſary Pomp, a Pomp that only renders that more terrible, which ought not to be feared, and that no Man upon Earth can poſſibly avoid.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Force of Imagination.

Axiom. Scholaſt.

Fortis Imaginatio generat caſum, A ſtrong Imagination begets Accident, ſay the Schoolmen. I am one of thoſe who are moſt ſenſible of the Power of Imagination: Every one is juſtled, but ſome are overthrown by it. It has a very great Impreſſion upon me; and I make it my Buſineſs to avoid wanting Force to reſiſt it. I could live by the ſole Help of healthful and jolly Company. The very Sight of another's Pain does materially work upon me, and I naturally uſurp the Senſe of a third Perſon to ſhare with him in his Torment. A perpetual Cough in another tickles my Lungs and Throat. I more unwillingly viſit the Sick I love, and am by Duty intereſted to look after, than thoſe I care not for, and from whom I have no Expectation. I take Poſſeſſion of the Diſeaſe I am concerned at, and lay it too much to Heart, and do not at all wonder that Fancy ſhould diſtribute Fevers, and ſometimes kill ſuch as allow too much Scope, and are too willing to entertain it. *Simon Thomas* was a great Phyſician of his Time: I remember, that happening

pening one Day at *Thoulouze*, to meet him at a rich old Fellow's Houſe, who was troubled with bad Lungs, and diſcourſing with his Patient about the Method of his Cure, he told him, that one Thing which would be very conducing to it, was, to give me ſuch Occaſion, to be pleaſed with his Company, that I might come often to ſee him, by which Means, and by fixing his Eyes upon the Freſhneſs of my Complexion, and his Imagination upon the Sprightlineſs and Vigour that glowed in my Youth, and poſſeſſing all his Senſes with the flouriſhing Age wherein I then was, his Habit of Body might, peradventure, be amended, but he forgot to ſay, that mine at the ſame Time might be made worſe. *Gallus Vibus* ſo long cudgelled his Brains to find out the Eſſence and Motions of Folly, 'till by Inquiſition, in the End, he went directly out of his Wits, and to ſuch a Degree, that he could never after recover his Judgment; and he might brag, that he was become a Fool by too much Wiſdom. Some there are, who through Fear, prevent the Hangman; like him, whoſe Eyes being unbound, to have his Pardon read to him, was found ſtark dead upon the Scaffold, by the Stroke of Imagination.

Imagination occaſions Diſeaſes and Death,

We ſtart, tremble, turn pale, and bluſh, as we are variouſly moved by Imagination; and being a-bed, feel our Bodies agitated with it's Power, to that Degree, as even ſometimes to expire. And boiling Youth when faſt aſleep, grows ſo warm with Fancy, as in a Dream to ſatisfy amorous Deſires.

Ut quaſi tranſactis ſæpe omnibus rebus, profundant
Fluminis ingentes fluctus veſtemque cruentent *.

Who fancies gulling Lies, his enflam'd Mind
Lays his Love's Tribute there, where not deſign'd.

Although it be no new Thing to ſee Horns grown in a Night on the Forehead of one that had none when he went to Bed; notwithſtanding what befel *Cyprus*, a noble *Roman*, is very memorable; who having one Day been a very delighted Spectator of a Bull-baiting, and having all the Night dreamt that he had Horns on his Head, did, by the Force of

* *Lucret. l.* 4.

Imagination,

Imagination, really cauſe them to grow there. Paſſion made the Son of *Crœſus* to ſpeak who was born dumb, by that Means ſupplying him with ſo neceſſary a Faculty, which Nature had denied him. And *Antiochus* fell into a Fever, inflam'd with the Beauty of *Stratoniſſa*, too deeply imprinted in his Soul. *Pliny* pretends to have ſeen *Lucius Creſſitius*, who from a Woman was turned into a Man upon her very Wedding-Day. *Pontanus* and others report the like Metamorphoſes that in theſe later Days have happened in *Italy*, and through the vehement Deſire of him and his Mother.

Vota puer ſolvit, quæ fœmina voverat Iphis *.

Iphis, a Boy, the Vow defray'd
That he had promis'd when a Maid.

Myſelf paſſing by *Vitryle Francois*, a Town in *Champagne*, ſaw a Man, the Biſhop of *Soiſſons* had in Confirmation, call'd *German*, whom all the Inhabitants of the Place had known to be a Girl 'till two and twenty Years of Age, call'd *Mary*. He was at the Time of my being there very full of Beard, old and not married, who told us, that by ſtraining himſelf in a Leap, his Male Inſtruments came out; and the Maids of that Place have to this Day a Song, wherein they adviſe one another not to take too great Strides, for fear of being turned into Men, as *Mary German* was. It is no Wonder if this Sort of Accident frequently happen; for if Imagination have any Power in ſuch Things, it is ſo continually and vigorouſly bent upon this Subject, that to the End it may not ſo often relapſe into the ſame Thought and Violence of Deſire, it were better once for all to give theſe young Wenches the Things they long for. Some ſtick not to attribute the Scars of King *Dagobert* and St. *Francis*, to the Force of Imagination; and it is ſaid, that by it Bodies will ſometimes be removed from their Places; and *Celſus* tells us of a Prieſt whoſe Soul would be raviſhed into ſuch an Ecſtaſy, that the Body would, for a long Time, remain without Senſe or Reſpiration. St. *Auguſtine* makes Mention of another, who, upon the hearing of any lamentable or doleful Cries, would preſently fall into a Swoon, and

* *Ovid.*

be

be ſo far out of himſelf, that it was in vain to call, hollow in his Ears, pinch, or burn him, 'till he voluntarily came to himſelf; and then he would ſay, that he had heard Voices as it were afar off, and did feel when they pinch'd and burn'd him: And to prove that this was no obſtinate Diſſimulation in Defiance of his Senſe of Feeling, it was manifeſt, that all the while he had neither Pulſe nor Breathing. 'Tis very probable, that Viſions, Enchantments, that all extraordinary Effects of that Nature, derive their Credit principally from the Power of Imagination, working and making it's chiefeſt Impreſſion upon vulgar and more eaſy Souls, whoſe Belief is ſo ſtrangely impoſed upon, as to think they ſee what they do not. I am not ſatisfied, and make a very great Queſtion, whether thoſe pleaſant Ligatures with which this Age of ours is ſo fetter'd, and there is almoſt no other Talk, are not mere voluntary Impreſſions of Apprehenſion and Fear; for I know by Experience, in the Caſe of a particular Friend of mine, one for whom I can be as reſponſible as for myſelf, and a Man that cannot poſſibly fall under any Manner of Suſpicion of Inſufficiency, and as little of being enchanted; who having heard a Companion of his make a Relation of unuſual Frigidity that ſurpriz'd him at a very unſeaſonable Time, being afterwards himſelf engag'd upon the ſame Account, the Horror of the former Story on a ſudden ſo ſtrangely poſſeſs'd his Imagination that he ran the ſame Fortune the other had done; and from that Time forward (the ſcurvy Remembrance of his Diſaſter running in his Mind, and tyrannizing over him) was extremely ſubject to relapſe into the ſame Misfortune. He found ſome Remedy, however, for this Inconvenience, by himſelf frankly confeſſing, and declaring before-hand to the Party with whom he was to have to do, the Subjection he lay under, and the Infirmity he was ſubject to, by which Means the Contention of his Soul was in ſome ſort appeas'd; and knowing that now ſome ſuch Miſbehaviour was expected from him, the Reſtraint upon thoſe Faculties grew leſs, and he leſs ſuffer'd by it, and afterwards, at ſuch Times as he could be in no ſuch Apprehenſion, as not being about any ſuch Act (his Thoughts being then diſengag'd and free, and his Body being in it's true and natural Eſtate) by cauſing thoſe Parts to be handled and communicated to the Knowledge of others, he was at laſt totally freed from that vexa-

tious

tious Infirmity. After a Man has once done a Woman right, he is never after in Danger of miſbehaving himſelf with that Perſon, unleſs upon the Account of a manifeſt and inexcuſable Weakneſs. Neither is this Diſaſter to be fear'd, but in Adventures were the Soul is over-extended with Deſire or Reſpect, and eſpecially where we meet with an unexpected Opportunity that requires a ſudden and quick Diſpatch; and in thoſe Caſes, there is no poſſible Means for a Man always to defend himſelf from ſuch a Surprize as ſhall put him damnably out of Countenance. And yet I have known ſome, who have ſecured themſelves from this Miſchance by coming half ſated elſewhere, purpoſely to abate the Ardour of their Fury; and others, who by being grown old, find themſelves leſs impotent by being leſs able; and particularly one, who found an Advantage by being aſſured by a Friend of his, that had a Countercharm againſt certain Enchantments that would defend him from this Diſgrace. The Story itſelf is not much amiſs, and therefore you ſhall have it. A Count of a very great Family, and with whom I had the Honour to be very familiarly intimate, being married to a very fair Lady, who had formerly been pretended to, and importunately courted by one who was invited to and preſent at the Wedding: All his Friends were in very great Fear, but eſpecially an old Lady his Kinſwoman, who had the ordering of the Solemnity, and in whoſe Houſe it was kept, ſuſpecting his Rival would, in Revenge, offer foul Play, and procure ſome of theſe kind of Sorceries to put a Trick upon him; which Fear ſhe alſo communicated to me, who, to comfort her, bad her not trouble herſelf, but rely upon my Care to prevent or fruſtrate any ſuch Deſigns. Now I had by Chance about me a certain flat Plate of Gold, whereon were graven ſome Cœleſtial Figures, good to prevent Frenzy occaſioned by the Heat of the Sun, or for any Pains of the Head, being applied to the Suture; where, that it might the better remain firm, it was ſowed to a Ribbon, to be ty'd under the Chin. A Foppery Couſin-German to this of which I am ſpeaking, was by *Jaques Pelletier*, who lived in my Houſe, preſented to me for a ſingular Rarity, and a Thing of ſovereign Virtue. I had a Fancy to make ſome Uſe of this Knack, and therefore privately told the Count, that he might poſſibly run the ſame Fortune other Bridegrooms had ſometimes done;

done; especially some Persons being in the House, who no doubt would be glad to do him such a Courtesy, but let him boldly go to Bed, for I would do him the Office of a Friend, and if Need were, would not spare a Miracle that it was in my Power to do, provided he would engage to me, upon his Honour, to keep it to himself, and only when they came to bring him his Caudle, if Matters had not gone well with him, to give me such a Sign, and leave the rest to me. Now he had his Ears so batter'd, and his Mind so prepossess'd with the eternal Tattle of this Business, that when he came to't he did really find himself tired with the Trouble of his Imagination, and accordingly at the Time appointed gave me the Sign: Whereupon I whisper'd him in the Ear, That he should rise under Pretence of putting us out of the Room, and after a jesting Manner pull my Night-gown from my Shoulders, throw it over his own, and there keep it 'till he had performed what I had appointed him to do, which was, that when we were all gone out of the Chamber he should withdraw to make Water, should three Times repeat such and such Words, and as often do such and such Actions: That at every of the three Times he should tie the Ribband I put into his Hand about his Middle, and be sure to place the Medal that was fastned to it (the Figures in such a Posture) exactly upon his Reins, which being done, and having the last of the three Times so well girt and fast tied the Ribband that it could neither untie nor slip from it's Place, let him confidently return to his Business, and withal not to forget to spread my Gown upon the Bed, so that it might be sure to cover them both. These ridiculous Circumstances are the main of the Effect, our Fancy being so far seduced, as to believe, that so strange and uncouth Formalities must of Necessity proceed from some abstruse Science. There Inanity gives them Reverence and Weight. However, certain it is, that my Figures approved themselves more *Venerean* than *Solar*, and the fair Bride had no Reason to complain. Now I cannot forbear to tell you, it was a sudden Whimsey, mixed with a little Curiosity, that made me do a Thing so contrary to my Nature; for I am an Enemy to all subtle and counterfeit Actions, and abominate

A Custom in France *to bring the Bridegroom a Caudle in the Middle of the Night, on his Wedding-Night.*

nate all Manner of Fraud, though it be but for Sport; for though the Action may not be wicked in itſelf, yet 'tis done after a wicked Manner. *Amaſis*, King of *Ægypt*, married *Laodicea*, a marvelous beautiful *Greek* Virgin, who, though famous for his Abilities elſewhere, found himſelf quite another Man with his Wife, and could by no Means enjoy her; at which he was ſo enrag'd, that he threatened to kill her, ſuſpecting her to be a Witch. As 'tis uſually in Things that conſiſt in Fancy, ſhe put him upon Devotion, who having accordingly made his Vows to *Venus*, he found himſelf divinely reſtored the very firſt Night after his Oblations and Sacrifices. Now in plain Truth, Women are to blame, to entertain us with that diſdainful, coy, and angry Countenance they commonly do, which extinguiſhes our Vigour, as it kindles our Deſire; which made the Daughter-in-law of *Pythagoras* to ſay, That *the Woman who goes to Bed to a Man, muſt put off her Modeſty with her Petticoat, and put it on again with the ſame.* The Soul of the Aſſailant being diſturb'd with many ſeveral Alarms, is eaſily aſtoniſh'd, and ſoon loſes the Power of Performance; and whoever the Imagination has once put this Trick upon, and confounded with the Shame of it, (and ſhe never does it but at the firſt Acquaintance, by Reaſon Men are then more ardent and eager, and as ſo at this firſt Account a Man gives of himſelf he is much more timorous of miſcarrying) having made an ill Beginning, he enters into ſuch Indignations and Deſpite at the Accident, as will in following Opportunities be apt to remain, and continue him in the ſame Condition. As to what concerns married People, having the Year before them (as we ſay) they ought never to compel, or ſo much as to offer at the Feat, if they do not find themſelves very ready: And it is better indecently to fail of handſelling the Nuptial Sheets, and of paying the Ceremony due to the Wedding-Night, when a Man perceives himſelf full of Agitation and Trembling, expecting another Opportunity at a better and more private Leiſure, when his Fancy ſhall be better compos'd, than to make himſelf perpetually miſerable, for having miſbehav'd himſelf, and being baffled at the firſt Aſſault. 'Till Poſſeſſion be taken, a Man that knows himſelf ſubject to this Infirmity, ſhould leiſurely and by Degrees make ſeveral little Trials and light Offers, without obſtinately attempting at once to force an abſolute Conqueſt

queſt over his own mutinous and indiſpos'd Faculties; ſuch as know their Members to be naturally obedient to their Deſires, need to take no other Care but only to counterplot their Fancy. The indocile and rude Liberty of this ſcurvy Member is ſufficiently remarkable, by it's importunate, unruly, and unſeaſonable Tumidity and Impatience, at ſuch Times as we have nothing for it to do, and by it's more unſeaſonable Stupidity and Diſobedience, when we ſtand moſt in Need of his Vigour, ſo imperiouſly conteſting the Authority of the Will, and with ſo much Obſtinacy denying all Solicitation both of Hand and Fancy. And yet though his Rebellion is ſo univerſally complained of, and that Proofs are not wanting to condemn him, if he had nevertheleſs fee'd me to plead his Cauſe, I ſhould peradventure bring the reſt of his Fellow-Members into Suſpicion of complotting this Miſchief againſt him, out of pure Envy at the Importance, and raviſhing Pleaſure particular to his Employment, ſo as to have by Confederacy armed the whole World againſt him, by malevolently charging him alone with their common Offence. For let any one conſider whether there is any one Part of our Bodies that does not often refuſe to perform it's Office at the Precept of the Will, and that does not often excerciſe it's Function in Defiance of her Command. They have every one of them proper Paſſions of their own, that rouſe and awake, ſtupify and benumb them, without our Leave or Conſent. How often do the involuntary Motions of the Countenance diſcover our inward Thoughts, and betray our moſt private Secrets to the Knowledge of the Standers by? The ſame Cauſe that animates this Member, does alſo, without our Knowledge, animate the Lungs, Pulſe, and Heart, the Sight of a pleaſing Object imperceptibly diffuſing a Flame through all our Parts with a febrifick Motion. Is there nothing but theſe Veins and Muſcles that ſwell, and flag without the Conſent, not only of the Will, but even of our Knowledge alſo; We do not command our Hairs to ſtand an End, nor our Skin to ſhiver either with Fear or Deſire. The Hands often convey themſelves to Parts to which we do not direct them. The Tongue will be interdicted, and the Voice ſometimes ſuffocated when we know not how to help it. When we have nothing to eat, and would willingly forbid it, the Appetite of Eating and Drinking does not

not for all that forbear to ſtir up the Parts that are ſubjected to it, no more nor leſs than the other Appetite we were ſpeaking of, and in like Manner does as unſeaſonbly leave us. The Veſſels that ſerve to diſcharge the Belly have their proper Dilatations and Compreſſions, without and beyond our Intelligence, as well as thoſe which are deſtined to purge the Reins. And that which, to juſtify the Prerogative of the Will, St. *Auguſtine* urges, of having ſeen a Man who could command his Back-ſide to diſcharge as often together as he pleaſed, and that *Vives* does yet fortify with another Example in his Time of one that could fart in Tune, does nothing ſuppoſe any more pure Obedience of that Part; for is any thing commonly more tumultuary or indiſcreet. To which let me add, that I myſelf knew one ſo rude and ungoverned, as for forty Years together made his Maſter-vent with one continued and unintermitted Hurricane, and 'tis like will do till he expire that Way, and vaniſh in his own Smoke. And I could heartily wiſh, that I only knew by Reading, how oft a Man's Belly, by the Denial of one ſingle Puff, brings him to the very Door of an exceeding painful Death; and that the Emperor, who gave Liberty to let fly in all Places, had at the ſame Time given us Power to do it. But for our Will, in whoſe behalf we prefer this Accuſation, with how much greater Similitude of Truth may we reproach even her herſelf with Mutiny and Sedition for her Irregularity and Diſobedience? Does ſhe always will what we would have her to do? Does ſhe not often will what we forbid her to will, and that to our manifeſt Prejudice? Does ſhe ſuffer herſelf any more than any of the other, to be governed and directed by the Reſults of our Reaſon. To conclude, I ſhould move in the Behalf of the Gentleman, my Client, it might be conſidered, that in this Fact, his Cauſe being inſeparably conjoined with an Acceſſary, yet he is only called in Queſtion, and that by Arguments and Accuſations, that cannot be charged, nor reflect upon the other: Whoſe Buſineſs indeed is ſometimes inopportunely to invite, but never to refuſe, and to allure after a tacit and clandeſtine Manner: And therefore is the Malice and Injuſtice of his Accuſers moſt manifeſtly apparent. But be it how it will, proteſting againſt the Proceedings of the Advocates and Judges, Nature will, in the mean time, proceed after her own Way, who had done

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done but well, if she had endowed this Member with some particular Privilege. The Author of the sole immortal Work of Mortals, a divine Work according to *Socrates*, and of Love, Desire of Immortality, and himself an immortal *Dæmon*. Some one perhaps by such an Effect of Imagination may have had the good luck to leave * that behind him here in *France*, which his Companion who has come after, and behaved himself better, has carried back with him into *Spain*. And that you may see why Men in such Cases require a Mind prepared for the thing they are to do, why do the Physicians tamper with, and prepossess beforehand their Patients Credulity with many false Promises of Cure, if not to the End, that the Effect of Imagination may supply the Imposture and Defect of their Apozem? They know very well, that a great Master of their Trade has given it under his Hand, that he has known some with whom the very Sight of a Potion would work: Which Examples of Fancy and Conceit come now into my Head, by the Remembrance of a Story was told me by a domestick Apothecary of my Father's, a blunt *Swisse* (a Nation not much addicted to Vanity and Lying) of a Merchant he had long known at *Tholouse*, who being a valetudinary, and much afflicted with Fits of the Stone, had often occasion to take Clysters, of which he caused several Sorts to be prescribed him by the Physicians, according to the Accidents of his Disease; one of which being one time brought in, and none of the usual Forms, as feeling if it were not too hot, and the like, being omitted, he was laid down on his Belly, the Syringe put up, and all Ceremonies performed, Injection excepted; after which, the Apothecary being gone, and the Patient accommodated as if he had really received a Clyster, he found the same Operation and Effect that those do who have taken one indeed; and if at any time the Physician did not find the Operation sufficient, he would usually give him two or three more after the same Manner. And the Fellow moreover swore to me, that to save Charges (for he pay'd as if he had really taken them) this sick Man's Wife having sometimes made Trial of warm Water only, the Effect discovered the Cheat, and finding these would do no good, was fain to return to the old Way. A Woman fancying she had

* Videlicet *the Pox.*

had ſwallowed a Pin in a Piece of Bread, cry'd out of an intolerable Pain in her Throat, where ſhe thought ſhe felt it ſtick: But an ingenious Fellow that was brought to her, ſeeing no outward Tumour nor Alteration, ſuppoſing it only to be Conceit taken at ſome Cruſt of Bread that had hurt her as it went down, cauſed her to vomit, and cunningly unſeen, threw a crooked Pin into the Baſon, which the Woman no ſooner ſaw, but believing ſhe had caſt it up, ſhe preſently found herſelf eaſed of her Pain. I myſelf knew a Gentleman, who having treated a great deal of good Company at his Houſe, three or four Days after bragged in jeſt (for there was no ſuch thing) that he had made them eat of a baked Cat; at which, a young Gentlewoman, who had been at the Feaſt, took ſuch a Horror, that falling into a violent Vomiting and a Fever, there was no poſſible Means to ſave her. Even brute Beaſts are alſo ſubject to the Force of Imagination as well as we; as is ſeen by Dogs who die of Grief for the Loſs of their Maſters, and are ſeen to queſt, tremble, and ſtart, as Horſes will kick and whinny in their Sleep. Now all this may be attributed to the Affinity and Relation betwixt the Souls and Bodies of Brutes, but 'tis quite another thing when the Imagination works upon the Souls of rational Men, and not only to the Prejudice of their own particular Bodies, but of others alſo. And as an infected Body communicates it's Malady to thoſe that approach, or live near it, as we ſee in the Plague, the Small-pox, and ſore Eyes, that run through whole Families and Cities:

Dum ſpectant oculi læſos, læduntur & ipſi:
Multaque corporibus tranſitione nocent *.

Viewing ſore Eyes, Eyes to be ſore are brought,
And many Ills are by Tranſition caught.

So the Imagination, being vehemently agitated, darts out Infection capable of offending the ſtranger Object. The Ancients had an Opinion of certain Women of *Scythia*, that being animated and enraged againſt any one, they killed them only with their Looks: Tortoiſes and Oſtriches hatch their Eggs with only looking on them, which infers, that their Eyes have in them ſome ejaculative Virtue. And the Eyes of Witches are ſaid to be dangerous and hurtful.

* *Ovid. Amor. l. 2.*

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos *.

What Eye it is I do not know,
My tender Lambs bewitches ſo.

Magicians are no very good Authority for me, but we experimentally ſee, that Women impart the Marks of their Fancy to the Children they carry in their Wombs; witneſs her that was brought to Bed of a Moor: And there was preſented to *Charles* the Emperor, and King of *Bohemia*, a Girl from about *Piſa*, all over rough, and covered with Hair, whom her Mother ſaid to be conceived by reaſon of a Picture of St. *John Baptiſt*, that hung within the Curtains of her Bed. It is the ſame with Beaſts, witneſs *Jacob*'s ring-ſtreaked and ſpotted Goats, and Sheep, and the Hares, and Partridges, that the Snow turns white upon the Mountains. There was at my Houſe a little while ago, a Cat ſeen watching a Bird upon the Top of a Tree, who, for ſome Time mutually fixing their Eyes upon one another, the Bird at laſt let herſelf fall as dead into the Cat's Claws either dazzled and aſtoniſhed by the Force of her own Imagination, or drawn by ſome attractive Power of the Cat. Such as are addicted to the Pleaſures of the Field, have, I make no Queſtion, heard the Story of the Falconer, who having earneſtly fixed his Eyes upon a Kite in the Air, lay'd a Wager, that he would bring her down with the ſole Power of his Sight, and did ſo, as it was ſaid; for the Tales I borrow, I charge upon the Conſciences of thoſe from whom I have them. The Diſcourſes are my own, and found themſelves upon the Proofs of Reaſon, not of Experience; to which, every one has Liberty to add his own Examples; and who has none, (the Numbers and Varieties of Accident conſidered) let him not forbear to believe that theſe I ſet down are enough; and if I do not apply them well, let ſome other do it for me. And alſo in the Subjects of which I treat, *viz.* of our Manners and Motions, the Teſtimonies and Inſtances I produce, how fabulous ſoever, provided they are poſſible, ſerve as well as the true; whether it has really happened or no, at *Rome*, or at *Paris*; to *Peter* or *John*; 'tis ſtill within the Verge of Poſſibility, and human Capacity, which ſerves me to

* *Virg. Eclog.* 3.

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good Uſe, and ſupplies me with Variety in the Things I write. I ſee, and make my Advantage of it as well in Shadow as in Subſtance; and amongſt the various Examples I every where meet with in Hiſtory, I cull out the moſt rare and memorable to fit my own Turn. There are ſome other Authors, whoſe only End and Deſign it is, to give an Account of Things that have happened; mine, if I could arrive unto it ſhould be to deliver what may come to paſs. There is a juſt Liberty allowed in the Schools of ſuppoſing and contriving *Similes*, when they are at a Loſs for them in their own Reading: I do not, however, make any Uſe of that Privilege, and as to that Affair in ſuperſtitious Religion, ſurpaſs all hiſtorical Authority. In the Examples which I here bring in of what I have heard, read, done, or ſaid, I have forbid myſelf to dare to alter even the moſt light and indifferent Circumſtances; my Conſcience does not falſify one Tittle, what my Ignorance may do I cannot ſay. And this it is that makes me ſometimes enter into Diſpute with my own Thoughts, whether or no, a Divine, or a Philoſopher, Men of ſo exact and tender Wiſdom and Conſcience, are fit to write Hiſtory; for how can they ſtake their Reputation upon the publick Faith? How be reſponſible for the Opinions of Men they do not know? And with what Aſſurance deliver their Conjectures for current Pay? Of Actions performed before their own Eyes, wherein ſeveral Perſons were Actors, they would be unwilling to give Evidence upon Oath before a Judge; and cannot be ſo familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with any for whoſe Intentions they would become abſolute Surety. For my Part, I think it leſs hazardous to write Things paſt than preſent, by how much the Writer is only to give an Account of Things every one knows he muſt of Neceſſity borrow upon Truſt. I am ſolicited to write the Affairs of my own Time, by ſome, who fancy I look upon them with an Eye leſs blinded with Prejudice or Partiality than another, and have a clearer Inſight into them by Reaſon of the free Acceſs Fortune has given me to the Heads of both Factions; but they do not conſider, that to purchaſe the Glory of *Salluſt*, I would not give myſelf the Trouble, being a ſworn Enemy, as I am to all Obligation, Aſſiduity, and Perſeverance: Beſides that, there is nothing ſo contrary to my Stile, as a continued and extended Narrative, I ſo often interrupt, and

cut myſelf ſhort in my Writing only for want of Breath. I have neither Fancy nor Expreſſion worth any thing, and am ignorant beyond a Child, of the Phraſes, and even the very Words proper to expreſs the moſt common Things, and for that Reaſon it is, that I have undertaken to ſay only what I can ſay, and have accommodated my Subjects to my Force. Should I take one to be my Guide, peradventure, I ſhould not be able to keep Pace with him, and in the Precipitancy of my Career might deliver Things, which, upon better Thoughts, in my own Judgment, and according to Reaſon, would be criminal and puniſhable in the higheſt Degree. *Plutarch* would tell us of what he has delivered to the Light, that it is the Work of others, that his Examples are all, and every where exactly true, that they are uſeful to Poſterity, and are preſented with a Luſtre that will light us the Way to Virtue, which was his Deſign; but it is not of ſo dangerous Conſequence as in a medicinal Drug, whether an old Story be ſo, or ſo.

CHAP. XXI.

That the Profit of one Man is the Inconvenience of another.

Demades the *Athenian* condemned one of his City, whoſe Trade it was to ſell the Neceſſaries for Funeral Ceremonies, upon Pretence that he demanded unreaſonable Profit, and that that Profit could not accrue to him, but by the Death of a great Number of People. A Judgment that appears to be ill grounded, foraſmuch as no Profit whatever could poſſibly be made but at the Expence of another, and that by the ſame Rule he ſhould condemn all Manner of Gain of what Kind ſoever. The Merchant only thrives and grows rich by the Pride, Wantonneſs and Debauchery of Youth; the Huſbandman by the Price and Scarcity of Grain; the Architect by the Ruin of Buildings; the Lawyers, and Officers of Juſtice, by Suits and Contentions of Men; nay, even the Honour and Office of Divines are derived

derived from our Death and Vices; a Phyſician takes no Pleaſure in the Health even of his Friends, ſays the ancient comical *Greek*; nor a Soldier in the Peace of his Country; and ſo of the reſt. And, which is yet worſe, let every one but dive into his own Boſom, and he will find his private Wiſhes ſpring, and his ſecret Hopes grow up at another's Expence. Upon which Conſideration it comes into my Head, that Nature does not in this ſwerve from her general Polity; for Phyſicians hold, that the Birth, Nouriſhment, and Encreaſe of every Thing is the Corruption and Diſſolution of another.

Nam quodcunque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,
Continuo hoc mors eſt illius, quod fuit ante *.

For what from it's own Confines chang'd doth paſs,
Is ſtraight the Death of what before it was.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Cuſtom, and that we ſhould not eaſily change a Law received.

HE ſeems to me to have had a right and true Apprehenſion of the Power of Cuſtom, who firſt invented the Story of a Country-woman; who having accuſtomed herſelf to play with, and carry a young Calf in her Arms, and daily continuing to do ſo as it grew up, obtained this by Cuſtom, that when grown to be a great Ox, ſhe was ſtill able to bear it. For, in Truth, Cuſtom is a violent and treacherous School-Miſtreſs. She, by little and little, ſlily and unperceived, ſlips in the Foot of her Authority, but having by this gentle and humble Beginning, with the Benefit of Time, fixed and eſtabliſhed it, ſhe then unmaſks a furious and tyrranick Countenance, againſt which we have no more the Courage, or the Power ſo much as to lift up

* *Lucret. l. 2.*

our Eyes. We ſee it at every Turn forcing and violating the Rules of Nature: *Uſus efficaciſſimus rerum omnium magiſter* *; *Cuſtom is the greateſt Maſter of all Things:* I believe *Plato*'s Care in his Republick, and the Phyſicians, who ſo often ſubmit the Reaſons of their Art to the Authority of Habit; as alſo the Story of that King, who by Cuſtom brought his Stomach to that paſs, as to live by Poiſon; and the Maid that *Albertus* reports to have lived upon Spiders; and in that new World of the *Indies*, there were found great Nations, and in very differing Climates, who were of the ſame Diet, made Proviſion of them, and fed them for their Tables; as alſo they did Graſhoppers, Mice, Bats, and Lizards; and in a Time of a Scarcity of ſuch Rarities, a Toad was ſold for ſix Crowns, all which they cook, and diſh up with ſeveral Sauces. There were alſo others found, to whom our Diet and the Fleſh we eat, were venomous and mortal. *Conſuetudinis magna vis eſt: Pernoctant venatores in nive: In montibus uri ſe patiuntur: Pugiles Cæſtibus contuſi, ne ingemiſcunt quidem* †. *The Power of Cuſtom is very great: Huntſmen will one while lie out all Night in the Snow, and another ſuffer themſelves to be parched in the Mountains; and Fencers, inured to Beating, when banged almoſt to pulp with Clubs and Whirlbats, diſdain ſo much as to groan.* Theſe are ſtrange Examples, but yet they will not appear ſo ſtrange, if we conſider what we have ordinary Experience of, how much Cuſtom ſtupifies our Senſes; neither need we go to be ſatisfied of what is reported of the Cataracts of *Nile*; and of what Philoſophers believe of the Muſick of the Spheres, that the Bodies of thoſe Circles being ſolid and ſmooth, and coming to touch, and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful Harmony, the Changes and Cadencies of which, cauſe the Revolutions and Dances of the Stars; but that the Hearing Senſe of all Creatures here below, being univerſally, like that of the *Ægyptians*, deaf'd, and ſtupified with the continual Noiſe, cannot, how great ſoever, perceive it. Smiths, Millers, Pewterers, Forge-men, and Armorers, could never be able to live in the perpetual Noiſe of their own Trade, did it ſtrike their Ears with the ſame

* *Plin. l.* 6. † *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 2.

Violence

Violence that it does ours. My perfum'd Doublet gratifies my own Smelling at firſt, as well as that of others, but after I have worn it three or four Days together, I no more perceive it; but it is yet more ſtrange, that Cuſtom, notwithſtanding the long Intermiſſions and Intervals, ſhould yet have the Power to unite, and eſtabliſh the Effect of it's Impreſſions upon our Senſes, as is manifeſt in ſuch as live near unto Steeples, and the frequent Noiſe of the Bells. I myſelf lie at home in a Tower, where every Morning and Evening a very great Bell rings out the *Ave Maria*, the Noiſe of which ſhakes my very Tower, and at firſt ſeem'd inſupportable to me; but having now a good while kept that Lodging, I am ſo uſed to it, that I hear it without any Manner of Offence, and often without awaking at it. *Plato* reprehending a Boy for playing at ſome childiſh Game; Thou reprov'ſt me (ſays the Boy) for a very little Thing: *Cuſtom* (reply'd *Plato*) *is no little Thing*. And he was in the Right; for I find that our greateſt Vices derive their firſt Propenſity from our moſt tender Infancy, and that our principal Education depends upon the Nurſe; Mothers are mightily pleas'd to ſee a Child writhe off the Neck of a Chicken, or to pleaſe itſelf with the hurting a Dog, or a Cat; and ſuch wiſe Fathers there are in the World, who look upon it as a notable Mark of a martial Spirit, when he hears his Son miſ-call, or ſees him domineer over a poor Peaſant, or a Lacquey, that dares not reply nor turn again; and a great Sign of Wit when he ſees him cheat and over-reach his Play-fellow by ſome malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit; but for all that, theſe are the true Seeds and Roots of Cruelty, Tyranny and Treaſon. They bud and put out there, and afterwards ſhoot up vigorouſly, and grow to a prodigious Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improved by Cuſtom: And it is a very dangerous Miſtake to excuſe theſe vile Inclinations upon the Tenderneſs of their Age, and the Trivialty of the Subject; firſt, it is Nature that ſpeaks, whoſe Declaration is then more ſincere, and inward Thoughts more undiſguis'd as it is more weak and young: Secondly, The Deformity of Cozenage does not conſiſt, nor depend upon the Difference betwixt Crowns and Pins; but merely upon itſelf, for a Cheat is a Cheat be it more or leſs; which makes me think it

Deceit ought to be corrected in the greeneſt Years.

more juſt to conclude thus, Why ſhould he not cozen in Crowns, ſince he does it in Pins, than as they do, who ſay, They only play for Pins, he would not do it if it were for Money. Children ſhould carefully be inſtructed to abhor even Vices of their own contriving; and the natural Deformity of thoſe Vices ought ſo to be repreſented to them, that they may not only avoid them in their Actions, but eſpecially ſo abominate them in their Hearts, that the very Thought ſhould be hateful to them, with what Maſk ſoever they may be palliated or diſguis'd. I know very well for what concerns myſelf, that for having been brought up in my Childhood to a plain and ſincere Way of Dealing, and for having then had an Averſion to all Manner of Juggling and foul Play in my childiſh Sports and Recreations, (and indeed it is to be noted, that the Plays of Children are not performed in Play, but are to be judg'd in them as their moſt ſerious Actions) there is no Game ſo ſmall wherein from my own Boſom naturally, and without Study or Endeavour, I have not an extreme Averſion for Deceit. I ſhuffle and cut, and make as much Clatter with the Cards, and keep as ſtrict Account for Farthings, as it were for double Piſtoles; when winning or loſing againſt my Wife and Daughter is indifferent to me, as when I play in good Earneſt with others for the roundeſt Sums. At all Times and in all Places, my own Eyes are ſufficient to look to my Fingers; I am not ſo narrowly watch'd by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be diſcover'd by, or to offend.

I ſaw the other Day, at my own Houſe, a little Fellow who came to ſhew himſelf for Money, a Native of *Nants*, born without Arms, who has ſo well taught his Feet to perform the Services his Hands ſhould have done him, that indeed they have half forgot their natural Office, and the Uſe for which they were deſign'd; the Fellow too calls them his Hands, and we may allow him ſo to do, for with them he cuts any Thing, charges and diſcharges a Piſtol, threads a Needle, ſows, writes, and puts off his Hat, combs his Head, plays at Cards and Dice, and all this with as much Dexterity as any other could do who had more, and more proper Limbs to aſſiſt him; and the Money I gave him he carried away in his Foot, as we do in our Hand. I have ſeen another, who being yet a Boy, flouriſhed a two-handed

Sword, and (if I may ſo ſay) handled a Halbert with the mere Motions and Writhing of his Neck and Shoulders for want of Hands, toſt them into the Air, and catch'd them again, darted a Dagger, and crack'd a Whip as well as any Coachman in *France*. But the Effects of Cuſtom are much more manifeſt in the ſtrange Impreſſions ſhe imprints in our Minds, where ſhe meets with leſs Reſiſtance, and has nothing ſo hard a Game to play. What has ſhe not the Power to impoſe upon our Judgments and Belief? Is there any ſo fantaſtick Opinion (omitting the groſs Impoſtures of Religions, with which we ſee ſo many populous Nations, and ſo many underſtanding Men, ſo ſtrangely beſotted; for this being beyond the Reach of human Reaſon, any Error is more excuſable in ſuch, as thro' the divine Bounty, are not endued with an extraordinary Illumination from above) but of other Opinions, are there any ſo ſenleſs and extravagant that ſhe has not planted and eſtabliſh'd for Laws in thoſe Parts of the World upon which ſhe has been pleas'd to exerciſe her Power? And therefore that ancient Exclamation was exceeding juſt, *Non pudet Phyſicum, id eſt, ſpeculatorem, venatoremque Naturæ ab animis conſuetudine imbutis quærere teſtimonium veritatis* *? *Is it not a Shame for a Philoſopher, that is, for an Obſerver and Hunter of Nature, to derive Teſtimony from Minds pre-poſſeſs'd with Cuſtom?* I do believe, that no ſo abſurd or ridiculous Fancy can enter into human Imagination, that does not meet with ſome Example of publick Practice, and that conſequently our Reaſon does not ground, and ſupport itſelf upon. There are People amongſt whom it is the Faſhion to turn their Backs upon him they ſalute, and never look upon the Man they intend to honour. There is a Place, where, whenever the King ſpits, the greateſt Ladies of his Court put out their Hands to receive it; and another Nation, where the moſt eminent Perſons about him, ſtoop to take up his Ordure in a Linnen Cloth. Let us here ſteal Room to inſert a Story. A *French* Gentleman of my Acquaintance, was always wont to blow his Noſe with his Fingers (a Thing very much againſt our Faſhion) would juſtify himſelf for ſo doing, and was a Man very famous for pleaſant Repartees, who, upon

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor.*

that

that Occaſion aſked me, What Privilege this filthy Excrement had, that we muſt carry about us a fine Handkerchief to receive it, and which was more, afterwards to lap it carefully up, and carry it all Day about in our Pockets, which, he ſaid, could not but be much more nauſeous and offenſive, than to ſee it thrown away, as we did all other Evacuations. I found that what he ſaid was not altogether without Reaſon, and by being frequently in his Company, that ſlovenly Action of his was at laſt grown familiar to me; which nevertheleſs we make a Face at, when we hear it reported of another Country. Miracles appear to be ſo, according to our Ignorance of Nature, and not according to the Eſſence of Nature. The continually being accuſtom'd to any Thing, blinds the Eye of our Judgement. *Barbarians* are no more a Wonder to us, than we are to them; nor with any more Reaſon, as every one would confeſs, if after having travell'd over thoſe remote Examples, Men could ſettle themſelves to reflect upon, and rightly to confer them. Human Reaſon is a Tincture equally infus'd almoſt into all our Opinions and Cuſtoms, of what Form ſoever they are, infinite in Matter, infinite in Diverſity. But I return to my Subject.

There are People, where (his Wife and Children excepted) no one ſpeaks to the King but through a Trunk. In one and the ſame Nation the Virgins diſcover thoſe Parts that Modeſty ſhould perſuade them to hide, and the married Women carefully cover and conceal. To which, this Cuſtom in another Place has ſome Relation, where Chaſtity, but in Marriage, is of no Eſteem, for unmarried Women may proſtitute themſelves to as many as they pleaſe, and being got with Child, may lawfully take Phyſick in the Sight of every one to deſtroy their Fruit. And in another Place, if a Tradeſman marry, all of the ſame Condition, who are invited to the Wedding, lie with the Bride before him; and the greater Number of them there is, the greater is her Honour, and the Opinion of her Ability and Strength: If an Officer marry, 'tis the ſame, the ſame with a Nobleman, and ſo of the reſt, except it be a Labourer, or one of mean Condition, for them it belongs to the Lord of the Place to perform that Office; and yet a ſevere Loyalty during Marriage is afterward ſtrictly enjoin'd. There is a Place where Bawdy-houſes

of Young-men are kept for the Pleaſure of Women, as we know there are of Women for the Neceſſities of Men; and alſo Marriages, where the Wives go to War as well as the Huſbands, and not only ſhare in the Dangers of Battle, but moreover in the Honours of Command. Others, where they wear Rings not only through their Noſes, Lips, Cheeks, and on their Toes, but alſo weighty Gymmals of Gold thruſt through their Paps and Buttocks; Where in eating they wipe their Fingers upon their Thighs, Genitories, and the Soles of their Feet: Where Children are excluded and Brothers and Nephews only inherit; and elſewhere, Nephews only, ſaving in the Royal Family, and the Succeſſion of the Crown: Where, for the Regulation of Community in Goods and Eſtates obſerv'd in the Country, certain Sovereign Magiſtrates have committed to them the univerſal Charge and overſeeing of the Agriculture, and Diſtribution of the Fruits according to the Neceſſity of every one: Where they lament the Death of Children, and Feaſt at the Deceaſe of old Men: Where they lie ten or twelve in a Bed, Men and their Wives together: Where Women whoſe Huſbands come to violent Ends, may marry again, and others not: Where the ſervile Condition of Women is look'd upon with ſuch Contempt, that they kill all the native Females, and buy Wives of their Neighbours to ſupply their Uſe: Where Huſbands may repudiate their Wives, without ſhewing any Cauſe, but Wives cannot part from their Huſbands, for what Cauſe ſoever: Where Huſbands may ſell their Wives in caſe of Sterility: Where they boil the Bodies of their Dead, and afterwards pound them to a Pulp, which they mix with their Wine, and drink it: Where the moſt coveted Sepulture is to be eaten with Dogs; and elſewhere by Birds: Where they believe the Souls of the happy live in all Manner of Liberty, in delightful Fields, furniſh'd with all Sorts of Delicacies, and that it is thoſe Souls repeating the Words we utter, which we call *Echo*: Where they fight in the Water, and ſhoot their Arrows with the moſt mortal Aim, ſwimming: Where, for a Sign of Subjection, they lift up their Shoulders, and hang down their Heads, and put off their Shoes when they enter the King's Palace: Where the Eunuchs who take Charge of the Religious Women, have moreover their Lips and Noſes cut away,

and

and diſguis'd, that they may not be lov'd; and the Prieſts put out their own Eyes, to be better acquainted with their *Dæmons*, and the better to receive and retain their Oracles: Where every one creates to himſelf a Deity of what he likes beſt, according to his own Fancy; the Hunter, a Lion or a Fox; the Fiſher, ſome certain Fiſh, and Idols of every human Action or Paſſion; in which Place the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth, are the principal Deities, and the Form of taking an Oath is to touch the Earth, looking up to Heaven; and there both Fleſh and Fiſh is eaten raw: Where the greateſt Oath they take is, to ſwear by the Name of ſome dead Perſon of Reputation, laying their Hand upon his Tomb: Where the New-year's Gift the King ſends every Year to the Princes, his Subjects, is Fire, which being brought, all the old Fire is put out, and the neighbouring People are bound to fetch of the new, every one for themſelves upon Pain of Treaſon: Where, when the King, to betake himſelf wholly to Devotion, retires from his Adminiſtration, (which often falls out) his next Succeſſor is oblig'd to do the ſame; by which Means the Right of the Kingdom devolves to the third in Succeſſion: Where they vary the Form of Government, according to the ſeeming Neceſſity of Affairs; depoſe the King when they think good, ſubſtituting ancient Men to govern in his Stead, and ſometimes transferring it into the Hands of the common People: Where Men and Women are both circumcis'd, and alſo baptiz'd: Where the Soldier, who in one, or ſeveral Engagements, has been ſo fortunate, as to preſent ſeven of the Enemies Heads to the King, is made noble: Where they live in that rare and ſingular Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul: Where the Women are deliver'd without Pain or Fear: Where the Women wear Copper Fetters upon both their Legs, and if a Louſe bite them, are bound in Magnanimity to bite them again, and dare not marry 'till firſt they have made their King a Tender of their Virginity, if he pleaſes to accept of it: Where the ordinary Way of Salutation is, by putting a Finger down to the Earth, and then pointing up towards Heaven: Where Men carry Burthens upon their Heads, and Women on their Shoulders, the Women piſſing ſtanding, and the Men cowring down: Where they ſend their Blood in Token of Friendſhip, and cenſe the Men they would honour, like Gods:

Gods: Where not only to the Fourth, but in any other remote Degrees, Kindred are not permitted to marry: Where the Children are four Years at Nurſe, and ſometimes twelve; in which Place alſo it is accounted mortal to give the Child ſuck the firſt Day after it is born: Where the Correction of the Male Children is peculiarly deſigned to the Fathers, and to the Mothers of the Females; the Puniſhment being to hang them by the Heels in the Smoke: Where they eat all Sorts of Herbs, without other Scruple, than of the Illneſs of the Smell: Where all Things are open, as the fineſt Houſes, which are furniſhed with the richeſt Furniture, without Doors, Windows, Trunks, or Cheſts to lock, a Thief being there puniſhed double to what they are in other Places: Where they crack Lice with their Teeth like Monkies, and abhor to ſee them kill'd with one's Nails, Where in all their Lives they neither cut their Hair, nor pare their Nails; and in another Place, pare thoſe of the Right-hand only, letting the left grow for Ornament and Bravery: Where they ſuffer the Hair on the Right-ſide to grow as long as it will, and ſhave the other; and in the neighbouring Provinces, ſome let their Hair grow long before, and ſome behind, ſhaving cloſe the reſt: Where Parents let out their Children, and Huſbands their Wives, to their Gueſts to hire: Where a Man may get his own Mother with Child, and Fathers make uſe of their own Daughters, or their Sons, without Scandal or Offence: Where, at their ſolemn Feaſts, they interchangeably lend their Children to one another, without any Conſideration of Nearneſs of Blood. In one Place Men feed upon human Fleſh, in another, 'tis reputed a charitable Office for a Man to kill his Father at a certain Age; and elſewhere, the Fathers diſpoſe of their Children whilſt yet in their Mothers Wombs, ſome to be preſerved and carefully brought up, and others they proſcribe either to be thrown off, or made away. Elſewhere the old Huſbands lend their Wives to young Men; and in another Place they are in common, without Offence; in one Place particularly, the Women take it for a Mark of Honour to have as many gay fringed Taſſels at the Bottom of their Garment, as they have lain with ſeveral Men. Moreover has not Cuſtom made a Republick of Women ſeparately by themſelves? Has it not put Arms into their Hands, made them to raiſe Armies, and

fight

fight Battles? And does ſhe not by her own Precept inſtruct the moſt ignorant Vulgar, and make them perfect in Things which all the Philoſophy in the World could never beat into the Heads of the wiſeſt Men? For we know entire Nations, where Death was not only deſpiſed, but entertained with the greateſt Triumph; where Children of ſeven Years old offered themſelves to be whipped to Death, without changing their Countenance; where Riches were in ſuch Contempt, that the pooreſt and moſt wretched Citizen would not have deigned to ſtoop to take up a Purſe of Crowns, and we know Regions very fruitful in all Manner of Proviſions, where, notwithſtanding the moſt ordinary Diet, and that they are moſt pleaſed with, is only Bread, Creſſes, and Water. Did not Cuſtom moreover work that Miracle in *Chios*, that of ſeven hundred Years it was never known that ever Maid or Wife committed any Act to the Prejudice of her Honour? To conclude, there is nothing in my Opinion, that ſhe does not, or may not do; and therefore with very good Reaſon it is, that *Pindar* calls her the Queen and Empreſs of the World. He that was ſeen to beat his Father, and reproved for ſo doing, made anſwer, that it was the Cuſtom of their Family; that in like Manner his Father had beaten his Grand-father, his Grand-father his great Grand-father, and this, ſays he, pointing to his Son, when he comes to my Age, ſhall beat me. And the Father, whom the Son dragged and hauled along the Streets, commanded him to ſtop at a certain Door, for he himſelf, he ſaid, had dragged his Father no farther, that being the utmoſt Limit of the hereditary Inſolence the Sons uſed to practiſe upon the Fathers in their Family. It is as much by Cuſtom as Infirmity, (ſays *Ariſtotle*) that Women tear their Hair, bite their Nails, and eat Coals, Chalk, and ſuch Traſh, and more by Cuſtom than Nature, that Men abuſe themſelves with one another. The Laws of Conſcience, which we pretend to be derived from Nature, proceed from Cuſtom; every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners, approved and received amongſt his own People, cannot without very great Reluctancy depart from them, nor apply himſelf to them without Applauſe. In Times paſt, when thoſe of *Crete* would curſe any one, they pray'd the Gods to engage them in ſome ill Cuſtom. But the principal Effect of the Power of Cuſ-

tom is, ſo to ſeize and enſnare us, that it is hardly in our Power to diſengage ourſelves from its Gripe; or ſo to come to ourſelves, as to conſider of, and to weigh the Things it enjoins. To ſay the Truth, by Reaſon that we ſuck it in with our Milk, and that the Face of the World preſents itſelf in this Poſture to our firſt Sight, it ſeems as if we were born upon Condition to purſue this Practice; and the common Fancies that we find in Repute every where about us, and infuſed into our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be moſt univerſal and genuine. From whence it comes to paſs, that whatever is off the Hinge of Cuſtom, is believed to be alſo off the Hinges of Reaſon; and how unſeaſonably for the moſt Part, God knows. If, as we who ſtudy ourſelves, have learned to do, every one who hears a good Sentence, would immediately conſider how it does any Way touch his own private Concern, every one would find, that it was not ſo much a good Saying, as a ſevere Laſh to the ordinary Beſtiality of his own Judgment: But Men receive the Precepts and Admonitions of Truth, as generally directed to the Common Sort, and never particularly to themſelves: And inſtead of applying them to their own Manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to Memory, without ſuffering themſelves to be at all inſtructed, or converted by them: But let us return to the Empire of Cuſtom. Such People as have been bred up to Liberty, and ſubject to no other Dominion but the Authority of their own Will, every one being a Sovereign to himſelf, or at leaſt governed by no wiſer Heads than their own, do look upon all other Forms of Government as monſtrous, and contrary to Nature. Thoſe who are inured to Monarchy do the ſame; and what Opportunity ſoever Fortune preſents them with to change, even then, when with the greateſt Difficulties they have diſengaged themſelves from one Maſter, that was troubleſom and grievous to them, they preſently run with the ſame Difficulties to create another; being not able, how roughly dealt with ſoever, to hate the Government they were born under, and the Obedience they have ſo long been accuſtom'd to. 'Tis by the Mediation and Perſuaſion of Cuſtom, that every one is content with the Place where he is planted by Nature; and the *Highlanders* of *Scotland* no more pant after the better Air of *Tourain*, than the ſtarved *Scythian* after

the

the delightful Fields of *Theſſaly*. *Darius* aſking certain *Greeks* what they would take to aſſume the Cuſtom of the *Indians*, of eating the dead Corps of their Fathers, (for that was their Uſe, believing they could not give them a better or more noble Sepulture, than to bury them in their own Bodies) they made anſwer, That nothing in the World ſhould hire them to do it; but having alſo tried to perſuade the *Indians* to leave their barbarous Cuſtom, and after the *Greek* Manner, to burn the Bodies of their Fathers, they conceived a much greater Horror at the Motion. Every one does the ſame, foraſmuch as Uſe veils from us the true Aſpect of Things.

> *Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam*
> *Principio, quod non minuant mirarier omnes*
> *Paulatim* *.
>
> Nothing at firſt ſo great, ſo ſtrange appears,
> Which by Degrees, Uſe in ſucceeding Years
> Renders not more familiar.

Taking upon me once to juſtify ſomething in uſe amongſt us, and that was received with abſolute Authority for a great many Leagues round about us, and not content to eſtabliſh it, as Men commonly do, only by Force of Law, and Example, but enquiring ſtill farther into it's Original, I found the Foundation ſo weak, that I who made it my Buſineſs to confirm others, was very near being diſſatisfied myſelf. 'Tis by this Receipt that *Plato* undertakes to cure this unnatural and prepoſterous Love of his Time, which he eſteems of ſovereign Virtue; namely, That the publick Opinion condemns them; That the Poets, and all other Sorts of Writers, relate horrible Stories of them. A *Recipe*, by Virtue of which the moſt beautiful Daughters no more allure their Fathers Luſt; nor Brothers of the fineſt Shape and Faſhion their Siſters Deſire. The very Fables of *Thyeſtes*, *OEdipus*, and *Macareus*, having with the Harmony of their Song infuſed this wholeſom Opinion and Belief into the tender Brains of Infants. Chaſtity is in truth a great and ſhining Virtue, and of which the Utility is ſufficiently known; but to govern, and prevail with it

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* *Lucret. l. 2.*

according

according to Nature, is as hard, as 'tis eaſy to do it according to Cuſtom, and the Laws and Precepts of ſober Practice. The original and fundamental Reaſons are of very obſcure and difficult Search, and our Maſters either lightly paſs them over, or not daring ſo much as to touch them, precipitate themſelves into the Liberty and Protection of Cuſtom; ſuch as will not ſuffer themſelves to be withdrawn from this Original Source, do yet commit a greater Error, and ſubmit themſelves to wild and beaſtly Opinions; witneſs *Chryſippus*, who in ſo many of his Writings has ſtrew'd the little Account he made of inceſtuous Conjunctions committed with how near Relations ſoever. Whoever would diſengage himſelf from this violent Prejudice of Cuſtom, would find ſeveral Things receiv'd with abſolute and undoubting Opinion, that have no other Support than the hoary Head and rivell'd Face of ancient Uſe; and Things being referr'd to the Deciſion of Truth and Reaſon, he will find his Judgment convinced and overthrown, and yet reſtor'd to a much more ſure Eſtate. For Example, I ſhall aſk him, what can be more ſtrange than to ſee a People oblig'd to obey and pay a Reverence to Laws they never underſtood, and to be bound in all their Affairs, both of private and publick Concern, as Marriages, Donations, Wills, Sales, and Purchaſes, to Rules they cannot poſſibly know, being neither writ nor publiſh'd in their own Language, and of which they are of Neceſſity to purchaſe both the Interpretation and the Uſe? Not according to the ingenious Opinion of *Socrates*, who counſell'd his King to make the Trafficks and Negotiations of his Subjects, free, frank, and of Profit to them, and their Quarels and Debates burdenſom, and tart, and loaden with heavy Impoſitions and Penalties; but by a prodigious Opinion to make Sale of Reaſon itſelf, and to allow the Law a Courſe of Traffick. I think myſelf oblig'd to Fortune that (as our Hiſtorians report) it was a *Gaſcon* Gentleman, a Countryman of mine, who firſt oppos'd *Charlemain*, when he attempted to impoſe upon us Latin and imperial Laws. What can be more ſevere or unjuſt, than to ſee a Nation, where, by lawful Cuſtom, the Office of a Judge is to be bought and ſold, where Judgments are paid for with ready Money, and where Juſtice may legally be denied to him that has not wherewithal to pay; a Mer-

chandiſe in ſo great Repute, as in a Government to ſerve a fourth Eſtate of wrangling Lawyers, to add to the three ancient ones of the Church, Nobility and People; which fourth Eſtate, having the Laws in their Hands, and ſovereign Power over Men's Lives and Fortunes, make another ſeparate Body of Nobility: From whence it comes to paſs, that there are double Laws, thoſe of Honour, and thoſe of Juſtice, in many things poſitively oppoſite to one another; the Nobles as rigorouſly condemning a *Lie* taken, as the other do a *Lie* reveng'd: By the Law of Arms, he ſhall be degraded from all Nobility and Honour who puts up an Affront; and by the Civil Law, he who vindicates his Reputation by Revenge incurs a capital Puniſhment: Who applies himſelf to the Law for Reparation of an Offence done to his Honour, diſgraces himſelf; and who does not is cenſur'd and puniſh'd by the Law. Yet of theſe two ſo different Things, both of them referring to one Head, the one has the Charge of Peace, the other of War; thoſe have the Profit, theſe the Honour; thoſe the Wiſdom, theſe the Virtue; thoſe the Word, theſe the Action; thoſe Juſtice, theſe Valour; thoſe Reaſon, theſe Force; thoſe the *long Robe*, theſe the ſhort divided betwixt them.

For what concerns indifferent Things, as Clothes, who would debauch them from their true and real Uſe, which is the Body's Service and Convenience, and upon which their original Grace and Decency depend, for the moſt fantaſtick, in my Opinion, that can be imagin'd: I will inſtance amongſt others, our flat Caps, that long Tail of Velvet that hangs down from our Womens Heads, and that laſcivious and abominable Model of a Member we cannot in Modeſty ſo much as name, which nevertheleſs we ſhamefully ſtrut withal in Publick. Theſe Conſiderations notwithſtanding will not prevail upon any underſtanding Man to decline the common Mode; but on the contrary, methinks all ſingular and particular Faſhions are rather Marks of Folly and vain Affectation, than of ſound Reaſon, and that a wiſe Man ought within to withdraw and retire his Soul from the Crowd, and there keep it at Liberty, and in Power to judge freely of Things; but as to this outward Garb and Appearance, abſolutely to follow and conform himſelf to the Faſhion of the Time. Publick Society has nothing to do with our Thoughts, but the reſt, as our Actions, our

Labours,

Labours, our Fortunes, and our Lives, we are to lend and abandon them to the common Opinion and publick Service, as did that good and great *Socrates*, who refus'd to preſerve his Life by a Diſobedience to the Magiſtrate, though a very wicked and unjuſt one: For it is the Rule of Rules, and the general Law of Laws, that every one obſerve thoſe of the Place wherein he lives.

Νόμοις ἕπεσθαι τοῖσιν ἐγχωρίοις καλόν.

The Country's Cuſtom to obſerve,
Is decent, and does Praiſe deſerve.

Beſides it is a very great doubt, whether any ſo manifeſt Benefit and Advantage can accrue from the Alteration of a Law or Cuſtom receiv'd, let it be what it will, as there is Danger and Inconvenience in doing it; foraſmuch as Government is a Structure compos'd of ſeveral Parts and Members join'd and united together, with ſo ſtrict Affinity and Union, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſtir ſo much as one Brick or Stone, but the whole Body will ſettle and be ſenſible of it. The Legiſlator of the *Thurians* ordain'd, That whoſoever would go about either to aboliſh old Laws, or to eſtabliſh new, ſhould preſent himſelf with a Halter about his Neck to the People; to the End, that if the Innovation he would introduce ſhould not be approv'd by every one, he might immediately be hang'd; and that of the *Lacedæmonians* made it the Buſineſs of his whole Life, to obtain from his Citizens a faithful Promiſe, that none of his Laws ſhould be violated. The *Ephorus*, who ſo rudely cut the two Strings that *Phrynis* had added to Muſick, never ſtood to examine whether that Addition made better Harmony, or that by that Means the Inſtrument was more full and complete; it was enough for him to condemn the Invention, that it was a Novelty, and an Alteration of the old Faſhion. Which alſo is the Meaning of the old ruſty Sword, carried before the Magiſtracy of *Marſeilles*. For my own Part, I have myſelf a very great Averſion for Novelty, what Face, or what Pretence ſoever it may carry along with it, and have Reaſon, having been an Eye-witneſs of the great Inconveniencies it has produc'd. A Man cannot, I confeſs, truly ſay, that the Miſeries, which for ſo many Years have lain ſo heavy upon the Kingdom of *France*, are wholly occaſion'd by it; but a Man may ſay, and

with Colour enough, that it was accidentally produc'd, and begot both the Miſchiefs and Ruins that are ſince continued both without and againſt it, and it is principally That we are accuſe for theſe Diſorders.

*Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis**.
Alas! The Wounds I now endure
Which my own Weapons did procure.

They who give the firſt Shock to a State are voluntarily the firſt over-whelm'd in it's Ruin; the Fruits of publick Commotion are ſeldom enjoy'd by him who was the firſt Motor; he only troubles the Water for another's Net, and beats the Buſh whilſt another gets the Hare. The Unity and Contexture of this Monarchy having been manifeſtly in her old Age ripp'd and torn by this Thing call'd Innovation, has ſince laid open a Rent, and given ſufficient Admittance to the like Injuries in theſe latter Times. The Royal Majeſty does with greater Difficulty ſtoop and debaſe itſelf from the Height to the Middle, than it falls and tumbles headlong from the Middle to the Foundation. But if the Inventors did the greater Miſchief, the Imitators are more vicious, to follow Examples, of which they have felt and puniſh both the Horror and the Offence. And if there can be any Degree of Horror in ill doing, theſe laſt are indebted to the other for the Glory of contriving, and the Courage of making the firſt Attempt. All Sorts of new Diſorders eaſily draw, from this primitive and over-flowing Fountain, Examples and Precedents to trouble and diſcompoſe our Government. We read in our very Laws made for the Remedy of this firſt Evil, the Beginning and Pretences of all Sorts of naughty Enterpriſes; and in Favour of publick Vices, give them new and more plauſible Names for their Excuſe, ſweetning and diſguiſing their true Titles, which muſt be done to win forſooth, and reclaim us; *Honeſta oratio eſt*, but the beſt Pretence for Innovation is of very dangerous Conſequence; and freely to ſpeak my Thoughts, it argues, methinks, a ſtrange Self-love, and a great Preſumption of a Man's ſelf, to be ſo fond of his own Opinions, that a publick Peace muſt be overthrown to eſta-

*. *Ovid in Ep.*

bliſh

bliſh them, and to introduce ſo many inevitable Miſchiefs, and ſo dreadful a Corruption of Manners, as a Civil War, and the Mutations of State conſequent to it, always brings in it's Train; and to introduce them in a Thing of ſo high Concern, into the Bowels of a Man's own Country. Can there be worſe Huſbandry than to ſet up ſo many certain and deteſted Vices, againſt Errors that are only conteſted, and diſputable whether they be ſuch or no? And are there any worſe Sort of Vices than thoſe committed againſt a Man's own Conſcience, and the natural Light of his own Reaſon? The Senate, upon the Diſpute betwixt it and the People about the Adminiſtration of their Religion, was bold enough to return this Evaſion for current Pay: *Ad Deos id magis quam ad ſe pertinere; ipſos viſuros, ne ſacra ſua polluantur: That thoſe Things more belonged to the Gods to determine, than to them; let them therefore have a Care their ſacred Myſteries were not profan'd:* According to that the Oracle anſwered to thoſe of *Delphos*, who, fearing to be invaded by the *Perſians*, in the *Median* War, enquir'd of *Apollo*, how they ſhould diſpoſe of the holy Treaſure of his Temple, whether they ſhould hide, or remove it to ſome other Place? He return'd them Anſwer, that they ſhould ſtir nothing from thence, and only take Care of themſelves, for he was ſufficient to look to what belong'd to him. Chriſtian Religion has all the Marks of the utmoſt Utility and Juſtice: But none more manifeſt than the ſevere Injunction it lays indifferently upon all to yield abſolute Obedience to the Civil Magiſtrate, and to maintain and defend the Laws: Of which, what a wonderful Example has the divine Wiſdom left us, who to work and eſtabliſh the Salvation of Mankind, and to conduct this his glorious Victory over Death and Sin, would do it after no other Way, but at the Mercy of our ordinary Forms of Juſtice, ſubmitting the Progreſs and Iſſue of ſo high, and ſo ſalutiferous an Effect, to the Blindneſs and Injuſtice of our Cuſtoms and Obſervations, ſuffering the innocent Blood of ſo many of his Elect, and ſo long a Loſs of ſo many Years to the maturing of this ineſtimable Fruit? There is a vaſt Differenee betwixt the Caſes of one that follows the Forms and Laws of his Country, and another that will undertake to regulate and change them; of which the Firſt pleads Simplicity, Obedience and Example for his Excuſe, who, whatever

he ſhall do, it cannot be imputed to Malice, 'tis at the worſt but Misfortune. *Quis eſt enim, quem non moveat clariſſimis monumentis teſtata, conſignataque antiquitas* *? *For who is it that Antiquity, ſealed, and atteſted with ſo many glorious Monuments, cannot move?* Beſides what *Iſocrates* ſays, that Defect is nearer ally'd to Moderation than Exceſs. The other is a much more ruffling Gameſter: For whoſoever ſhall take upon him to chuſe, to alter, and to uſurp the Authority of Judging, ought to look well about him, and make it his Buſineſs to diſcover the Defect of what he would aboliſh, and the Virtue of what he is about to introduce. This ſo eaſy, and ſo vulgar Conſideration, is that which ſettled me in my Station, and kept even my moſt extravagant and ungovern'd Youth under the Rein, ſo as not to burthen my Shoulders with ſo great a Weight, as to render myſelf reſponſible for a Science of that Importance; and in this to dare, what in my better and more mature Judgment, I durſt not do in the moſt eaſy, and indifferent Things I had been inſtructed, and wherein the Temerity of Judging is of no Conſequence at all. It ſeeming to me very unjuſt to go about to ſubject publick and eſtabliſh'd Cuſtoms and Inſtitutions, to the Weakneſs and Inſtability of a private and particular Fancy, (for private Reaſon is but a private Juriſdiction) and to attempt that upon the Divine, which no Government will endure a Man ſhould do upon the Civil Laws. With which, though human Reaſon has much more Commerce than with the other, yet are they ſovereignly judg'd by their own proper Judges, and the utmoſt Sufficiency ſerves only to expound and ſet forth the Law and Cuſtom receiv'd, and neither to wreſt it, nor to introduce any Thing of Innovation. And if ſometimes the Divine Providence hath gone beyond the Rules, to which it has neceſſarily bound and oblig'd us Men, it is not to give us any Diſpenſation to do the ſame; thoſe are only Maſter-ſtrokes of the Divine Hand, which we are not to imitate, but admire; and extraordinary Examples, Marks of purpos'd and particular Teſtimonies of Power, of the Nature of Miracles preſented before us for Manifeſtations of it's Almighty Operation, equally above both our Rules and

* *Cicero de Divin.*

Forces,

Forces, which it would be Folly and Impiety to attempt to repreſent and imitate; and that we ought not to follow, but to contemplate with the greateſt Reverence and Aſtoniſhment: Arts proper for his Perſon who has Power to do them, and not for us. *Cotta* very opportunely declares, that when Matter of Religion is in Queſtion, he will be governed by *T. Coruncanus*, *P. Scipio*, *P. Scævola*, who were the High-Prieſts, and not by *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, or *Cryſippus*, who were Philoſophers. God knows in the preſent Quarrel of our Civil War, where there are a hundred Articles to daſh out and to put in, and thoſe great and very conſiderable ones too, how many there are who can truly boaſt, they have exactly and perfectly weighed and underſtood the Grounds and Reaſons of the one and the other Party. 'Tis a Number (if it make any Number) that would be able to procure us very little Diſturbance: But what becomes of all the reſt? Under what Enſigns do they march? In what Quarter do they lye? Theirs have the ſame Effect with other weak and ill applied Medicines, they have only ſet the Humours they would purge more violently in working, ſtirred and exaſperated them by the Conflict, and left them ſtill behind. The Apozem was too weak to purge, but ſtrong enough to weaken us; ſo that it does not work, but we keep it ſtill in our Bodies, and reap nothing from the Operation but inteſtine Gripes and Dolours; ſo it is nevertheleſs, that Fortune ſtill reſerving her Authority in Defiance of whatever we are able to do or ſay, does ſometimes preſent us with a Neceſſity ſo urgent, that 'tis requiſite the Laws ſhould a little yield and give way; and when one oppoſes the Encreaſe of an Innovation that thus intrudes itſelf by Violence, to keep a Man's ſelf in ſo doing in all Places, and in all Things, within the Bounds and Rules preſcribed, againſt thoſe who have the Power, and to whom all Things are lawful, that may any Way ſerve to advance their Deſign, who have no other Law nor Rule but what ſerves beſt to their own Purpoſe, is a dangerous Obligation, and an intolerable Inequality.

Additum nocendi perfido præſtat fides *.

So ſimple Truth does her fair Breaſt diſarm,
And gives to Treachery a Power to harm.

* *Seneca in Oedip. Act* 3. *Scene* 1.

Foraſmuch as the ordinary Diſcipline of a healthful State does not provide againſt theſe extraordinary Accidents, ſhe pre-ſuppoſes a Body that ſupports itſelf in it's principal Members and Offices, and a common Conſent to it's Obedience and Obſervation. A legal Proceeding is cold, heavy, and conſtrained, and not fit to make Head againſt a headſtrong and unbridled Proceeding. 'Tis known to be to this Day caſt in the Diſh of thoſe two great Men, *Octavius* and *Cato*, in the two Civil Wars of *Scylla* and *Cæſar*, that they would rather ſuffer their Country to undergo the laſt Extremities, than to relieve their Fellow Citizens at the Expence of it's Laws, or to be guilty of any Innovation; for, in Truth, in theſe laſt Neceſſities, where there is no other Remedy, it would peradventure be more diſcreetly done, to ſtoop, and yield a little to receive the Blow, than by oppoſing without Poſſibility of doing any good, to give Occaſion to Violence to trample all under Foot; and better to make the Laws do what they can, when they cannot do what they would. After this Manner did he who ſuſpended them for four and twenty Hours, and he who for once ſhifted a Day in the Calendar, and that other who in the Month of *June* made a Second of *May*. The *Lacedæmonians* themſelves, who were ſo religious Obſervers of the Laws of their Country, being ſtraitned by one of their own Edicts, by which it was expreſly forbidden to chuſe the ſame Man to be Admiral; and on the other Side, their Affairs neceſſarily requiring, that *Lyſander* ſhould again take upon him that Command, they made one *Aratas* Admiral, 'tis true, but withal, *Lyſander* went Superintendant of the Navy. And by the ſame Subtilty and Equivocation, one of their Embaſſadors being ſent to the *Athenians* to obtain the Revocation of ſome Decree, and *Pericles* remonſtrating to him, that it was forbid to take away the Tablet, wherein a Law had once been engroſſed, he adviſed him to turn it only, that being not forbidden at all; and *Plutarch* commends *Philopæmen*, that being born to Command, he knew how to do it, not only according to the Laws, but alſo to over-rule even the Laws themſelves, when the publick Neceſſity ſo required.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Various Events from the ſame Counſel.

Jaques Amiot, great Almoner of *France*, one Day related to me this Story, much to the Honour of a Prince of ours (and ours he is upon ſeveral very good Accounts, though originally of foreign Extraction) that in the time of our firſt Commotions at the Siege of *Rouen*, this Prince, having been advertiſed by the Queen-Mother of a Conſpiracy againſt his Life, and in her Letters particular Notice being given him of the Perſon who was to execute the Buſineſs (who was a Gentleman of *Anjou*, or elſe of *Mayne*, and who to this Effect did frequently haunt this Prince's Houſe) diſcovered not the leaſt Syllable of this Intelligence to any one whatever, but going the next Day to St. *Katharine*'s Mount, from whence our Battery play'd againſt the Town (for it was during the Time of a Siege) and having in Company with him the ſaid Lord Almoner, and another Biſhop, he was preſently aware of this Gentleman, who had been denoted to him, and preſently cauſed him to be called into his Preſence; to whom being come before him, ſeeing him pale, and trembling with the Conſcience of his Guilt, he thus ſaid, *Monſieur* ſuch a one, *You already gueſs what I have to ſay to you, your Countenance diſcovers it, and therefore 'tis in vain to diſguiſe your Practice; for I am ſo well informed in your Buſineſs, that it will but make worſe for you, to go about to conceal or to deny it; you know very well ſuch and ſuch Paſſages*, (which was the moſt ſecret Circumſtances of his Conſpiracy) *and therefore be ſure, as you tender your own Life, to confeſs to me the whole Truth of your Deſign.* The poor Man ſeeing himſelf thus trapped, and convinced (for the whole Buſineſs had been diſcovered to the Queen by one of the Complices) was in ſo great a Confuſion, he knew not what to do; but joining his Hands to ſue and beg for Mercy, he meant to throw himſelf at this Prince's Feet, who taking him up proceeded to ſay, *Come on, Sir, and tell me, have*

have I at any time heretofore done you any Injury? or have I, through my particular Hatred or private Malice, offended any Kinſman or Friend of yours? It is not above three Weeks that I have known you; What Inducement then could move you, to attempt my Death? To which the Gentleman, with a trembling Voice, replied, *That it was no particular Grudge he had to his Perſon, but the general Intereſt and Concern of his Party, and that he had been put upon it by ſome who had perſuaded him it would be a meritorious Act, by any Means to extirpate ſo great and ſo powerful an Enemy of their Religion. Well,* ſaid the Prince, *I will now let you ſee, how much more charitable the Religion is that I maintain, than that which you profeſs; Yours perſuaded you to kill me, without hearing me to ſpeak, and without ever having given you any Cauſe of Offence; and mine commands me to forgive you, convict as you are, by your own Confeſſion, of a Deſign to murther me without Reaſon. Get you gone, that I ſee you no more; and if you are wiſe, chooſe henceforward honeſter Men for your Counſellors in your Deſigns.* The Emperor *Auguſtus*, being in *Gaul*, had certain Information of a Conſpiracy *L. Cinna* was contriving againſt him, who thereupon reſolved to make him an Example; and to that End ſent to ſummon his Friends to meet the next Morning in Council; but the Night between he paſſed over with Unquietneſs of Mind, conſidering that he was to put to Death a young Man, of an illuſtrious Family, and Nephew to the great *Pompey*, which made him break out into ſeveral Ejaculations of Paſſion: What then, ſaid he, ſhall it be ſaid that I live in perpetual Anxiety, and continual Alarm, and ſuffer my Aſſaſſins in the mean Time to walk Abroad at Liberty? Shall he go unpuniſhed after having conſpired againſt my Life, a Life I have hitherto defended in ſo many civil Wars, and ſo many Battles both by Land and Sea? And after having ſettled an univerſal Peace of the whole World, ſhall this Man be pardoned, who has conſpired not only to murther, but to ſacrifice me? For the Conſpiracy was to kill him at Sacrifice. After which, remaining for ſome Time ſilent, he begun again louder, and ſtraining his Voice more than before to exclaim againſt himſelf, and ſay, Why liveſt thou? If it be for the good of many that thou ſhouldſt die? Muſt there be no End of thy Revenges and Cruelties? Is thy Life of ſo great Value, that

that ſo many Miſchiefs muſt be done to preſerve it? His Wife *Livia*, ſeeing him in this Perplexity; Will you take a Woman's Counſel, ſaid ſhe? Do as the Phyſicians do, who, when the ordinary *Recipe's* will do no good, make Trial of the contrary. By Severity you have hitherto prevailed nothing; *Lepidus* has followed *Savidienus*, *Murena* *Lepidus*, *Cæpio Murena*, and *Ignatius Cæpio*. Begin now and try how Sweetneſs and Clemency will ſucceed. *Cinna* is convict, forgive him, he will never henceforth have the Heart to hurt thee, and it will be an Act of Glory. *Auguſtus* was glad that he had met with an Advocate of his own Humour; wherefore having thanked his Wife, and in the Morning countermanded his Friends he had before ſummoned to Council, he commanded *Cinna* all alone to be brought to him; who being come, and a Chair by his Appointment ſet him, having commanded every one out of the Room, he ſpake to him after this Manner: In the firſt Place, *Cinna*, I demand of thee patient Audience; do not interrupt me in what I am about to ſay, and I will afterwards give thee Time and Leiſure to anſwer. Thou knoweſt, *Cinna*, that having taken thee Priſoner in the Enemies Camp, and that an Enemy not only made, but born ſo, I gave thee thy Life, reſtored thee all thy Goods, and finally put thee in ſo good a Poſture, by my Bounty, of living well and at thy Eaſe, that the Victorious envy'd the Conquer'd. The Sacerdotal Office which thou madeſt Suit to me for, I conferred upon thee, after having deny'd it to others, whoſe Fathers have ever born Arms in my Service: And after ſo many Obligations thou haſt undertaken to kill me. At which *Cinna* crying out, that he was very far from entertaining any ſo wicked a Thought: Thou doſt not keep thy Promiſe, *Cinna*, (continued *Auguſtus*) that thou wouldſt not interrupt me. Yes thou haſt undertaken to murther me in ſuch a Place, ſuch a Day, in ſuch and ſuch Company, and in ſuch a Manner. At which Words ſeeing *Cinna* aſtoniſhed and ſilent, not upon the Account of his Promiſe ſo to be, but interdicted with the Conſcience of his Crime; Why, proceeded *Auguſtus*, to what End would'ſt thou do it? Is it to be Emperor? Believe me, the Republick is in a very bad Condition, if I am the only Man betwixt thee and the Empire. Thou art not able ſo much as to defend thy own Houſe, and but

t'other

t'other Day waſt baffled in a Suit, by the oppoſed Intereſt of a mean manumitted Slave. What, haſt thou neither Means nor Power in any other Thing, but only to attempt againſt *Cæſar?* I quit Claim to the Empire, if there is no other but I to obſtruct thy Hopes: Can'ſt thou believe, that *Paulus*, that *Fabius*, that the *Caſſians* and *Servilians*, and ſo many noble *Romans*, not only ſo in Title, but who by their Virtue honour their Nobility, would ſuffer or endure thee? After this, and a great deal more that he ſaid to him, (for he was two long Hours in ſpeaking) Well, *Cinna*, go thy Way, ſaid he, I again give thee that Life in the Quality of a Traitor and a Parricide, which I once before gave thee in the Quality of an Enemy. Let Friendſhip from this Time forward begin betwixt us, and let us try to make it appear whether I have given, or thou haſt received thy Life with the better Faith; and ſo departed from him. Some Time after, he preferred him to the conſular Dignity, complaining, that he had not the Confidence to demand it; had him ever after for his very great Friend, and was at laſt made by him ſole Heir to all his Eſtate. Now from the Time of this Accident, which befel *Auguſtus* in the fortieth Year of his Age, he never had any Conſpiracy or Attempt againſt him, and therein reaped the due Reward of this his ſo generous and exemplary Clemency. But it did not ſo well ſucceed with our Prince in the former Story; his Moderation and Mercy not being ſufficient ſo to ſecure him, that he did not afterwards fall into the Toils of the like Treaſon: So vain and frivolous a Thing is human Prudence; and in Spite of all our Projects, Counſels and Precautions, Fortune will ſtill be Miſtreſs of Events. We repute Phyſicians fortunate when they hit upon a lucky Cure, as if there was no other Art but theirs that could not ſtand upon it's own Legs, and whoſe Foundations are too weak to ſupport itſelf upon it's Baſis, and as if no other Art ſtood in Need of Fortune's Hand to aſſiſt in it's Operations. For my Part, I think of Phyſick as much Good or Ill as any one would have me: For, Thanks be to God, we have no great Traffick together. I am of a quite contrary Humour to other Men, for I always deſpiſe it; but when I am ſick, inſtead of recanting, or entring into Compoſition with it, I begin yet more to hate, nauſeate, and fear it, telling them who importune me to enter into a

Courſe

Courſe of Phyſick, that they muſt give me Time to recover my Strength and Health, that I may be the better able to ſupport and encounter the Violence and Danger of the Potion: So that I ſtill let Nature work, ſuppoſing her to be ſufficiently armed with Teeth and Claws to defend herſelf from the Aſſaults of Infirmity, and to uphold that Contexture, the Diſſolution of which ſhe flies and abhors: For I am afraid, leſt inſtead of aſſiſting her when grappled, and ſtruggling with the Diſeaſe, I ſhould aſſiſt her Adverſary, and procure new Work, and new Accidents to encounter. Now I ſay, that not in Phyſick only, but in other more certain Arts, Fortune has a very great Intereſt and Share. The poetick Raptures, and thoſe prodigious Flights of Fancy, that raviſh and tranſport the Author out of himſelf, why ſhould we not attribute them to his good Fortune, ſince the Poet himſelf confeſſes they exceed his Sufficiency and Force, and acknowledges them to proceed from ſomething elſe than himſelf, and has them no more in his Power than the Orators ſay they have thoſe extraordinary Motions and Agitations that ſometimes puſh them beyond their Deſign. It is the ſame in Painting, where Touches ſhall ſometimes ſlip from the Hand of the Painter, ſo ſurpaſſing both his Fancy and his Art, as to beget his own Admiration. But Fortune does yet more accidentally manifeſt the Share ſhe has in all Things of this Kind, by the Graces and Elegancies are found out in them, not only beyond the Intention, but even without the Knowledge of the Artiſt. A judicious Reader does often find out in other Men's Writings, other Kind of Perfections, and finds in them a better Senſe and more quaint Expreſſion than the Author himſelf either intended or perceived. And, as to military Enterprizes and Executions, every one ſees how great a Hand Fortune has in all thoſe Affairs; even in our very Counſels and Deliberations there muſt certainly be ſomething of Chance and good Luck mixed with human Prudence, for all that our Wiſdom can do alone is no great Matter; the more piercing, quick, and apprehenſive it is, the weaker it finds itſelf, and is by ſo much more apt to miſtruſt it's own Virtue. I am of *Sylla*'s Opinion, and when I moſt ſtrictly and nearer Hand examine the moſt glorious Exploits of War, I perceive, methinks, that thoſe who carry them on, make Uſe of Counſel and Debate only for Cuſtom's Sake, and leave the beſt Part of the

the Enterprize to Fortune, and relying upon her Favour and Aſſiſtance, tranſgreſs at every Turn the Bounds of Military Conduct, and the Rules of War. There happen ſometimes accidental Alacrities and ſtrange Furies in their Deliberations, that for the moſt Part prompt them to follow the worſt, and worſt grounded Counſels, and that ſwell their Courages beyond the Limits of Reaſon: From whence it falls out, that many great Captains, to juſtify thoſe temerarious Deliberations, have been forced to tell their Soldiers, that they were by ſome Inſpiration and good Omen encouraged and invited to ſuch Attempts*. Wherefore, in this Doubt and Uncertainty that the Short-ſightedneſs of human Wiſdom to ſee and chuſe the beſt, (by Reaſon of the Difficulties that the various Accidents and Circumſtances of Things bring along with them) does perplex us withal, the ſureſt Way, in my Opinion, did no other Conſideration invite us to it, were to pitch upon that wherein is the greateſt Appearance of Honeſty and Juſtice, and not being certain of the ſhorteſt, to go the ſtraighteſt and moſt direct Way; as in theſe two Examples I have before laid down, there is no Queſtion to be made but it was more noble and generous in him who had received the Offence, to pardon it, as they both did, than to do otherwiſe; and if the former miſcarried in it, he is not nevertheleſs to be blamed for his good Intention: Neither does any one know if he had proceeded otherwiſe, whether by that Means he had avoided the End his Deſtiny had appointed for him; and he had however loſt the Glory of ſo generous an Act. You will find in Hiſtory many who have been in this Apprehenſion, that the moſt Part have taken the Courſe to meet, and prevent Conſpiracies by Puniſhment and Revenge: But I find but very few who have reap'd any Advantage by this Proceeding, witneſs ſo many *Roman* Emperors: And whoever finds himſelf in this Danger ought not to expect much, either from his Vigilancy or Power; for how hard a Thing is it for a Man to ſecure himſelf from an Enemy, who lyes concealed under the Countenance of the moſt officious Friend we have, and to diſcover and know the Wills and inward Thoughts of thoſe who are continually doing us Service?

* *Monluc* in his *Commentariſſe.*

'Tis

'Tis to much Purpoſe to have a Guard of Strangers about a Man's Perſon, and to be always fenced about with a Pale of armed Men; whoſoever deſpiſes his own Life, is always Maſter of that of another Man's. And moreover, this continual Suſpicion, that makes a Prince jealous of all the World, muſt of Neceſſity be a ſtrange Torment to him, and therefore it was, that *Dion*, being advertis'd that *Callipus* watch'd all Opportunities to take away his Life, had never the Heart to enquire more particularly into it, ſaying, That he had rather die, than live in that Miſery that he muſt continually ſtand upon his Guard, not only againſt his Enemies, but his Friends alſo; which *Alexander* much more lively manifeſted in Effect, when having Notice by a Letter from *Parmenio*, that *Philip*, his moſt belov'd Phyſician, was by *Darius*'s Money corrupted to poiſon him, at the ſame Time that he gave the Letter to *Philip* to read, ſupp'd off the Potion he had brought him. Was not this by ſuch a Reſolution to expreſs, that if his Friends had a Mind to diſpatch him out of the World, he was willing to give them Opportunity to do it? This Prince is indeed the ſovereign Precedent of all hazardous Actions; but I do not know whether there be another Paſſage in his Life wherein there is ſo much Steadineſs and Conſtancy as in this, nor ſo illuſtrious an Image of the Greatneſs of his Mind. Thoſe who preach to Princes ſo circumſpect, and vigilant a Jealouſy and Diſtruſt under Colour of Security, preach to them Ruin and Diſhonour. Nothing noble can ever be perform'd without Danger. I know a Perſon, naturally of a very great, daring and enterprizing Courage, whoſe good Fortune is continually prevented, and foreſtall'd by ſuch Perſuaſions, that he muſt retire into the Groſs of his own Body, and keep thoſe he knows are his Friends continually about him, that he muſt not hearken to any Reconciliation with his ancient Enemies, that he muſt ſtand off, and not truſt his Perſon in Hands ſtronger than his own, what Promiſes or Offers ſoever they make him, or what Advantages ſoever he may ſee before him. And I know another, who has unexpectedly made his Fortune by following a contrary Advice. Courage, the Reputation and Glory of which Men ſeek with ſo greedy an Appetite, repreſents and ſets itſelf out when Need requires, as magnificently in Querpo, as in the neateſt Arms; in a Cloſet, as well as a

Camp; and this over-circumſpect and wary Prudence is a mortal Enemy to all high and generous Exploits. *Scipio*, to ſound the Intentions of *Syphax*, leaving his Army, and abandoning *Spain*, not yet ſecure nor well ſettled in his new Conqueſt, could paſs over into *Africk* with only two contemptible Veſſels, to commit himſelf, in an Enemy's Country, to the Power of a *Barbarian* King, to a Faith untry'd and unknown, without Precaution, without Hoſtage, under the ſole Security of the Greatneſs of his Courage, his good Fortune, and the Promiſe of his elevated Hopes. *Habita fides ipſam plerumque fidem obligat* *. *Truſt oftentimes obliges Fidelity.* On the contrary, Fear and Diffidence invite and draw on Injury and Offence. The moſt miſtruſtful of all our Kings ſettled his Affairs principally by voluntarily giving up his Life and Liberty into his Enemies Hands, by that Action manifeſting that he had an abſolute Confidence in them, to the End they might repoſe as great an Aſſurance in him. *Cæſar* did only oppoſe the Authority of his Countenance, and the Sharpneſs of his Rebukes to his mutinous Legions, and rebellious Army.

——*ſtetit agere fulti,*
Ceſpitès, intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri
Nil metuens †.

Upon a Parapet of Turf he ſtood,
His manly Face with Reſolution ſhone,
And froze the Mutineers rebellious Blood,
Challenging Fear from all by fearing none.

But it is true withal, that this undaunted Aſſurance is not to be repreſented in it's true and lively Form, but by ſuch whom the Apprehenſion of Death, and the worſt that can happen, does no Way terrify and affright; for to repreſent a pretended Reſolution with a pale and doubtful Countenance, and trembling Limbs for the forc'd Service of an important Reconciliation, will effect nothing to purpoſe. 'Tis an excellent Way to gain the Heart, and conquer the Will of another, to ſubmit, and intruſt a Man's Perſon to him, provided it appear to be frankly done, and without the Conſtraint of Neceſſity, and in ſuch a Condition, that a Man manifeſtly does it out of a pure and intire Confidence

* *Livius.* † *Lucan. l.* 5.

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in the Party, at leaſt with a Countenance clear from any Cloud of Suſpicion. When I was a Boy I ſaw a Gentleman, who was Governor of a great City, upon Occaſion of a popular Commotion and Fury, not knowing what other Courſe to take, go out of a Place of very great Strength and Security, and commit himſelf to the Mercy of a ſeditious Rabble, in Hopes by that Means to appeaſe the Tumult before it grew to a more formidable Head: But it was ill for him that he did ſo, for he was there miſerably ſlain. But nevertheleſs I am not of Opinion that he committed ſo great an Error in going out, as Men commonly reproach his Memory with, as he did in chooſing a gentle and ſubmiſſive Way for the effecting his Purpoſe, and in endeavouring to quiet this Storm, rather by obeying than commanding, and by Entreaty rather than Remonſtrance: I am rather inclined to believe, that a gracious Severity, with a Soldier-like way of commanding, full of Security, and Confidence ſuitable to the Quality of his Perſon, and the Dignity of his Command, would have ſucceeded better with him; at leaſt, he had periſh'd with greater Decency and Reputation. There is nothing ſo little to be expected, or hop'd for from that many-headed Monſter the Mob, when incens'd, as Humanity and Good-nature; it is much more capable of Reverence and Fear. I ſhould alſo reproach him, that, having taken a Reſolution (which in my Judgment was rather brave than raſh) to expoſe himſelf weak and naked in this tempeſtuous Sea of enraged Franticks, he ought boldly to have ſtemm'd the Torrent, and to have borne himſelf bravely aloft; whereas coming to diſcover his Danger nearer Hand, and his Noſe thereupon happening to bleed, he again chang'd that ſubmiſſive and fawning Countenance he had at firſt put on, into another of Fear and Amazement, filling both his Mouth and Eyes with Entreaties and Tears, and in that Poſture endeavouring to withdraw and ſecure his Perſon; that Carriage more enflam'd their Fury, and ſoon brought the Effects of it upon him. Upon a certain Occaſion and in a certain Place, ſome, who had no honeſt Meaning, order'd that there ſhould be a general Muſter of ſeveral Troops in Arms (for that is the moſt proper Scene of ſecret Revenges, and there is no Place where they can be executed with greater Safety) and there were publick and manifeſt

Appearances, that there was no ſafe coming for ſome, whoſe principal and neceſſary Office it was to view them: Whereupon a Conſultation was call'd and ſeveral Counſels were propos'd, as in a Caſe that was not only very nice, of great Difficulty, but of important Conſequence. Mine, amongſt the reſt, was, that they ſhould by all Means avoid giving any Sign of Suſpicion, but that the Officers who were moſt in Danger ſhould boldly go, and with cheerful and erect Countenances ride boldly and confidently through the Files and Diviſions, and that inſtead of ſparing Fire (which the Advice of the major Part tended to) they ſhould deſire the Captains to command the Soldiers to give round and full Volleys in Honour of the Spectators, and not to ſave their Powder: Which was accordingly done, and had ſo good an Effect as not only to pleaſe and gratify the ſuſpected Troops, but from thenceforth to beget a mutual and ſalutary Confidence and Intelligence amongſt them. I look upon *Julius Cæſar*'s Way of gaining Mens Affections to him, as the beſt, and moſt plauſible, that can poſſibly be put in Practice. Firſt, he try'd by Clemency to make himſelf belov'd even by his very Enemies, contenting himſelf in detected Conſpiracies, only publickly to declare, that he was pre-acquainted with them; which being done, he took a noble Reſolution to expect, without Solicitude or Fear, whatever might be the Event, wholly reſigning himſelf up to the Protection of the Gods and Fortune: For queſtionleſs in this very Eſtate he was at the Time when he was kill'd. A Stranger having publickly ſaid, that he could teach *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant of *Syracuſe*, an infallible way to find out and diſcover all the Conſpiracies his Subjects ſhould contrive againſt him, if he would give him a good Sum of Money for his Pains; *Dionyſius*, hearing of it, caus'd the Man to be brought to him, that he might learn an Art ſo neceſſary to his Preſervation; and having aſked him by what Art he might make ſuch Diſcoveries, the Fellow made Anſwer, That all the Art he knew, was, That he ſhould give him a Talent, and afterwards boaſt, that he had obtain'd a ſingular Secret from him. *Dionyſius* lik'd the Invention, and accordingly caus'd ſix hundred Crowns to be counted out to him. It was not likely he ſhould give ſo great a Sum to a Perſon unknown, but upon the Account of ſome extraordinary

dinary Discovery, the Belief of which serv'd to keep his Enemies in Awe. Princes however do very wisely, to publish the Informations they receive of all the Practices against their Lives, to possess Men with an Opinion that they have such good Intelligence, and so many Spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted against them, but they have immediate Notice of it. The Duke of *Athens* did a great many ridiculous Things to establish his new Tyranny over *Florence:* But this especially was most remarkable, that having receiv'd the first Intimation of the Conspiracies the People were hatching against him, from *Mattheo di Morosi*, one of the Conspirators, he presently put him to Death, to stifle that Rumour, that it might not be thought any of the City disslik'd his Government. I remember to have formerly read a Story of some *Roman* of great Quality, who, flying the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, had a thousand Times, by the Subtilty of as many Inventions, escap'd from falling into the Hands of those that pursu'd him. It happened one Day, that a Troop of Horse which was sent out to take him pass'd close by a Brake where he was squat, and miss'd very narrowly of spying him: But he considering, upon the Instant, the Pains and Difficulties wherein he had so long continued, to evade the strict and continual Searches every Day made for him, the little Pleasure he could hope for in such a Kind of Life, and how much better it was for him to die once for all, than to be perpetually at this Pass, he started from his Seat himself, call'd them back, shew'd them his Hiding-Place, and voluntarily deliver'd himself up to their Cruelty, by that Means to free both himself and them from farther Trouble. To invite a Man's Enemies to come and cut his Throat was a Resolution that appears a little extravagant and odd; and yet I think he did better to take that Course, than to live in a *Quotidian* Ague, for which there was no Cure. But seeing all the Remedies a Man can apply to such a Disease are full of Unquietness and uncertain, 'tis better with a manly Courage to prepare one's self for the worst that can happen, and to extract some Consolation from this, that we are not certain the Thing we fear will ever come to pass.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of Pedantry.

I Was often, when a Boy, wonderfully concern'd to ſee in the *Italian* Farces a *Pedant* always brought in for the Fool of the Play, and that the Title of *Magiſter* was in no greater Reverence amongſt us; for being deliver'd up to their Tuition, what could I do leſs than to be jealous of their Honour and Reputation? I ſought, I confeſs, to excuſe them by the natural Incompatibility betwixt the vulgar Sort, and Men of a finer Thread, both in Judgment and Knowledge, foraſmuch as they go a quite contrary Way to one another: But in this, the Thing I moſt ſtumbled at was, that the braveſt Men were thoſe who moſt deſpis'd them; witneſs our famous Poet *Du Bellay*,

Mais je hay par ſur tout un ſcavoir pedanteſque *.

But of all Sorts of Learning, that
Of the Pedant I moſt do hate.

And they us'd to do ſo in former Times; for *Plutarch* ſays, that *Græcian* and *Scholar* were Names of Reproach and Contempt amongſt the *Romans*: But ſince, with the better Experience of Age, I find they had very great Reaſon to do ſo, and that *magis magnos Clericos non ſunt magis magnos ſapientes* †. *The greateſt Clerks are not the wiſeſt Men.* But whence it ſhould come to paſs, that a Mind enrich'd with the Knowledge of ſo many Things ſhould not become more quick and ſpritely, and that a groſs and vulgar Underſtanding ſhould yet inhabit there, without correcting and improving itſelf, where all the Diſcourſes and Judgments of the greateſt Wits the World ever had are collected and ſtor'd up, I am yet to ſeek. To admit ſo many ſtrange Conceptions, ſo great and ſo high Fancies, it is neceſſary,

* *Du Bellay.* † *Rabelais.*

(as

(as a young Lady, and one of the greateſt Princeſſes of the Kingdom, ſaid once to me) that a Man's own be crowded, and ſqueez'd together into a leſs Compaſs, to make Room for the other. I ſhould be apt to conclude, that as Plants are ſuffocated and drown'd with too much Nouriſhment, and Lamps with too much Oil, ſo is the active Part of the Underſtanding with too much Study and Matter, which being embarraſs'd and confounded with the Diverſity of Things, is depriv'd of the Force and Power to diſengage itſelf; and that by the Preſſure of this Weight, it is bow'd, ſubjected, and rendred of no Uſe. But it is quite otherwiſe, for a Soul ſtretches and dilates itſelf proportionably as it fills. And in the Examples of elder Times we ſee, quite contrary, Men very proper for publick Buſineſs, great Captains, and great Stateſmen, very learned withal; whereas the Philoſophers, a Sort of Men retir'd from all publick Affairs, have been ſometimes alſo deſpis'd, and render'd contemptible by the comical Liberty of their own Times; their Opinions and Singularity of Manners making them appear, to Men of another Method of Living, ridiculous and abſurd. Would you make them Judges of a Controverſy of common Right, or of the Actions of Men? They are ready to take it upon them, and ſtraight begin to examine, if he has Life, if he has Motion, if Man be any other than an Ox? What it is to do, and to ſuffer? And what Animals, Law, and Juſtice are? Do they ſpeak of the Magiſtrates? 'Tis with a rude, irreverent, and indecent Liberty. Do they hear a Prince, or a King commended for his Virtue? They make no more of him than of a Shepherd, Goatherd, or Neatherd; a lazy *Corydon*, that buſies himſelf only about milking and ſhearing his Herds and Flocks, and that after the rudeſt Manner. Do you repute any Man the greater for being Lord of two thouſand Acres of Land? They laugh at ſuch a pitiful Pittance, as laying Claim themſelves to the whole World for their Poſſeſſion. Do you boaſt of your Nobility and Blood, being deſcended from ſeven rich ſucceſſive Anceſtors? They will look upon you with an Eye of Contempt, as Men who have not a right Idea of the univerſal Image of Nature, and that do not conſider how many Predeceſſors every one of us has had, Rich, Poor, Kings, Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*. And though you were the fiftieth Deſcent from *Hercules*, they

look upon it as a great Vanity, ſo highly to value this, which is only a Gift of Fortune. And even thus did the vulgar Sort of Men nauſeate them, as Men ignorant of the Beginning of Things, where all Things were common, accuſing them of Preſumption and Inſolence. But this *Platonick* Picture is far different from that theſe Pedants are preſented by: For thoſe were envied for raiſing themſelves above the common Sort of Men, for deſpiſing the ordinary Actions and Offices of Life, for having aſſumed a particular and inimitable Way of living, and for uſing a certain Method of Bombaſt and obſolete Language, quite different from the ordinary Way of Speaking; But theſe are contemn'd for being as much below the uſual Form, as incapable of publick Employment, for leading a Life, and conforming themſelves to the mean and vile Manners of the Vulgar. *Odi homines, ignava opera, Philoſophica Sententia* *. *I hate Men who talk like Philoſophers, but do worſe than the moſt ſlothful of Men.* For what concerns thoſe true Philoſophers, I muſt needs ſay, that if they were great in Science, they were yet much greater in Action. And, as it is ſaid of the Geometrician of *Syracuſe* †, who having been diſturb'd from his Contemplation, to put ſome of his Skill in Practice for the Defence of his Country, that he ſuddenly ſet on Foot dreadful and prodigous Engines, and that wrought Effects beyond all human Expectation; himſelf notwithſtanding diſdain'd his own handy-work, thinking in this he had play'd the Mechanick, and violated the Dignity of his Art, of which theſe Performances of his, (though ſo highly cry'd up by the publick Voice) he accounted but trivial Experiments, and inferior Models: So they, whenever they have been put upon the Proof of Action, have been ſeen to fly to ſo high a Pitch, as made it very well appear, their Souls were ſtrangely elevated, and enrich'd with the Knowledge of Things. But ſome of them ſeeing the Reins of Government in the Hands of ignorant and unſkilful Men, have avoided all Places and Intereſt in the Management of Affairs; and he who demanded of *Crates*, How long it was neceſſary to philoſophize, receiv'd this Anſwer, 'Till our Armies (ſaid he) are no more commanded by Fools and

* *Pacuvius.* † *Archimedes.*

Coxcombs.

Coxcombs. *Heraclitus* reſign'd the Royalty to his Brother; and to the *Epheſians*, who reproach'd him that he ſpent his Time in playing with Boys before the Temple; *Is it not better*, ſaid he, *to do ſo than to ſit at the Helm of Affairs in your Company?* Others having their Imagination advanc'd above the Thoughts of the World and Fortune, have look'd upon the Tribunals of Juſtice, and even the Thrones of Kings, with an Eye of Contempt and Scorn; inſomuch that *Empedocles* refus'd the Royalty that the *Agrigentines* offer'd to him. *Thales*, once inveighing in Diſcourſe againſt the Pains and Care Men put themſelves to to become rich, was anſwer'd by one in the Company, that he did like the Fox, who found Fault with what he could not obtain. Whereupon he had a Mind, for the Jeſt's Sake, to ſhew them the contrary; and having upon this Occaſion for once made a Muſter of all his Wits, wholly to employ them in the Service of Profit, he ſet a Traffick on Foot, which in one Year brought him in greater Riches than the moſt experienced in that Trade could, with all their Induſtry, have raked together in the whole Courſe of their Lives. That which *Ariſtotle* reports of ſome who ſaid of him, *Anaxagoras*, and others of their Profeſſion, that they were wiſe but not prudent, in not applying their Study to more profitable Things (though I do not well digeſt this nice Diſtinction) will not however ſerve to excuſe my pedantick Sort of Men; for to ſee the low and neceſſitous Fortune wherewith they are content, we have rather Reaſon to pronounce that they are neither wiſe nor prudent. But letting this firſt Reaſon alone, I think it better to ſay, that this Inconvenience proceeds from their applying themſelves the wrong Way to the Study of Sciences; and that after the Manner we are inſtructed, it is no Wonder if neither the Scholars nor the Maſters become, though more learned, ever the wiſer, or more fit for Buſineſs. In plain Truth, the Cares and Expence our Parents are at in our Education point at nothing, but to furniſh our Heads with Knowledge; but not a Word of Judgment and Virtue. Cry out of one that paſſes by, to the People, O! what a learned; and of another, O! what a good Man goes there! They will not fail to turn their Eyes, and addreſs their Reſpect to the former. There ſhould then be a third Crier, O the Puppies and Coxcombs! Men are apt preſently to enquire,

Does ſuch a one underſtand *Greek?* Is he a Critick in *Latin?* Is he a Poet? Or does he only pretend to Proſe? But whether he be grown better or more diſcreet, which are Qualities of greater Value and Concern, thoſe are never enquir'd into; whereas, we ſhould rather examine who is *better learned, than who is more learned.* We only toil and labour to ſtuff the Memory, and in the mean time leave the Conſcience and the Underſtanding unfurniſh'd and void. And, like Birds who fly Abroad, to forage for Grain, bring it home in their Beak, without taſting it themſelves, to feed their Young; ſo our Pedants go picking Knowledge here and there, out of ſeveral Authors, and hold it at the Tongue's End, only to ſpit out, and diſtribute it amongſt their Pupils. And here I cannot but ſmile to think how I have paid myſelf in ſhewing the Foppery of this kind of Learning, who myſelf am ſo manifeſt an Example; for, do I not the ſame Thing throughout almoſt this whole Treatiſe? I go here and there, culling out of ſeveral Books the Sentences that beſt pleaſe me, not to keep them (for I have no Memory to retain them in) but to tranſplant them into this; where, to ſay the Truth, they are no more mine, than in their firſt Places. We are, I conceive, knowing only in preſent Knowledge, and not at all in what is paſt, no more than in that which is to come. But the worſt of it is, their Scholars and Pupils are no better nouriſh'd by this kind of Inſpiration; it makes no deeper Impreſſion upon them, than the other, but paſſes from Hand to Hand, only to make a Shew, to be tolerable Company, and to tell pretty Stories, like a Counterfeit Coin in Counters, of no other Uſe nor Value, but to reckon with, or to ſet up at Cards. *Apud alios loqui didicerunt, non ipſi ſecum. Non eſt loquendum, ſed gubernandum*; they have learn'd to ſpeak from others, not from themſelves. Speaking is not ſo neceſſary as Governing.* Nature, to ſhew that there is nothing barbarous where ſhe has the ſole Command, does oftentimes, in Nations where Art has the leaſt to do, cauſe Productions of Wit, ſuch as may rival the greateſt Effects of Art whatever. As in Relation to what I am now ſpeaking of, the *Gaſ-*

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 105.

con

em Proverb, derived from a Corn-pipe, is very quaint and ſubtle, *Bouba prou bouba, mas a remuda lous dits qu'em. You may blow till your Eyes ſtart out; but if once you offer to ſtir your Fingers, you will be at the End of your Leſſon.* We can ſay, *Cicero* ſays thus: that theſe were the Manners of *Plato*; and that theſe are the very Words of *Ariſtotle:* But what do we ſay ourſelves that is our own? What do we do? What do we judge? A Parrot would ſay as much as that. And this kind of Talking puts me in Mind of that rich Gentleman of *Rome*, who had been ſolicitous, with very great Expence, to procure Men that were excellent in all Sorts of Science, whom he had always attending his Perſon, to the End, that when amongſt his Friends, any Occaſion fell out of ſpeaking of any Subject whatſoever, they might ſupply his Place, and be ready to prompt him, one with a Sentence of *Seneca*, another with a Verſe of *Homer*, and ſo forth, every one according to his Talent; and he fancied this Knowledge to be his own, becauſe in the Heads of thoſe who lived upon his Bounty: As they alſo do, whoſe Learning conſiſts in having noble Libraries. I know one, who, when I queſtion him about his Reading, he preſently calls for a Book to ſhew me, and dare not venture to tell me ſo much, as that he has Piles in his Poſteriors, till firſt he has conſulted his Dictionary, what Piles and Poſteriors are. We take other Men's Knowledge and Opinions upon Truſt, which is an idle and ſuperficial Learning: We muſt make it our own. We are in this very like him, who having Need of Fire, went to a Neighbour's Houſe to fetch it; and finding a very good one there, ſat down to warm himſelf, without remembering to carry any with him Home. What Good does it do us to have the Stomach full of Meat, if it does not digeſt and be incorporated with us, if it does not nouriſh and ſupport us? Can we imagine that *Lucullus*, whom Letters, without any Manner of Experience, made ſo great and ſo exact a Leader, learn'd to be ſo after this perfunctory Manner? We ſuffer ourſelves to lean and rely ſo very ſtrongly upon the Arm of another, that by ſo doing we prejudice our own Strength and Vigour. Would I fortify myſelf againſt the Fear of Death? It muſt be at the Expence of *Seneca:* Would I extract Conſolation for myſelf, or my Friend?

Friend? I borrow it from him, or *Cicero*; whereas I might have found it in myſelf, had I been trained up to make Uſe of my own Reaſon. I have no Taſte for this relative, mendicant, and precarious Underſtanding; for though we could become learned by other Men's Reading, I am ſure a Man can never be wiſe, but by his own Wiſdom.

Μισῶ σοφιστὴν ὅστις οὐχ αὑτῷ σοφός *.

Who in his own Concern's not wiſe,
I that Man's Wiſdom do deſpiſe:

From whence *Ennius*, *Nequidquam ſapere ſapientem, qui ipſi ſibi prodeſſe non quiret* †; *That wiſe Man knows nothing, who cannot profit himſelf by his Wiſdom. Non enim paranda nobis ſolum, ſed fruenda ſapientia eſt* ‡; *For Wiſdom is not only to be acquired, but enjoyed. Dionyſius* laughed at the *Grammarians*, who cudgelled their Brains to enquire into the Miſeries of *Ulyſſes*, and were ignorant of their own; at Muſicians, who were ſo exact in tuning their Inſtruments, and never tuned their Manners; and at Orators, who ſtudied to declare what was Juſtice, but never took Care to do it. If the Mind be not better diſpoſed, if the Judgment be no better ſettled, I had much rather my Scholar had ſpent his Time at Tennis, for at leaſt his Body would by that Means be in better Exerciſe and Breath. Do but obſerve him when he comes back from School, after fifteen or ſixteen Years that he has been there, there is nothing ſo aukward and maladroit, ſo unfit for Company or Employment; and all that you ſhall find he has got, is, that his *Latin* and *Greek* have only made him a greater and more conceited Coxcomb than when he went from home. He ſhould bring his Soul replete with good Literature, and he brings it only ſwelled and puffed up with vain and empty Shreds and Snatches of Learning: He has really nothing more in him than he had before. Theſe Pedants of ours, as *Plato* ſays of the *Sophiſts*, their Couſin-Germans are, of all Men living, they who moſt pretend to be uſeful to Mankind, and who, alone, of all Men, not only do not better, and improve what is committed to them, as a Car-

* *Proverb. Iamb.* † *Cicero Epiſt.* 6. *l.* 7. *ex Ennio.*
‡ *Cicero de Finib. l.* 1.

penter

penter or a Maſon would do, but make them much worſe, and make them pay for being made ſo to boot. If the Rule which *Protagoras* propoſed to his Pupils were followed, either that they ſhould give him his own Demand, or declare upon Oath in the Temple how much they valued the Profit they had received under his Tuition, and accordingly ſatisfy him; our Pedagogues would find themſelves baſely gravelled, eſpecially if they were to be judged by the Teſtimony of my Experience. Our vulgar *Perigordin Patois* does pleaſantly call them, Pretenders to Learning, *Lettre-ferits*, as a Man ſhould ſay, Letter-marked; a Man on whom Letters have been ſtamped by the Blow of a Mallet; and, in Truth, for the moſt Part, they appear to have a ſoft Place in their Skulls, and to be deprived even of common Senſe. For you ſee the Huſband-man and the Cobler go ſimply and honeſtly about their Buſineſs, ſpeaking only of what they know and underſtand; whereas theſe Fellows, to make Parade and to get Opinion, muſtering this ridiculous Knowledge of theirs, that ſwims and floats in the Superficies of the Brain, are perpetually perplexing and entangling themſelves in their own Nonſenſe. They ſpeak fine Words ſometimes, 'tis true, but let ſome body that is wiſer apply them. They are wonderfully well acquainted with *Galen*, but not at all with the Diſeaſe of the Patient; they have already ſtunned you with a long ribble-row of Laws, but underſtand nothing of the Caſe in Hand; they have the Theories of all Things, let who will put them in Practice. I have ſat by, when a Friend of mine, in my own Houſe, for Sport Sake, has with one of theſe Fellows counterfeited a canting Galimatias, patched up of ſeveral Expreſſions without Head or Tail, ſaving, that he now and then interlarded here and there ſome Terms that had Relation to their Diſpute, and held the Coxcomb in Play a whole Afternoon together, who, all the while, thought he had anſwered pertinently and learnedly to all his Objections. And yet this was a Man of Letters and Reputation, and no worſe than one of the long Robe.

Vos O patricius ſanguis quos vivere par eſt
Occipiti cæco, poſticæ occurrite ſannæ *.

* *Perſius, Sat.* 1.

O you

O you Patrician Bloods, whoſe Laws commend
To have your Heads from Retroſpection blind,
Take this poor Counſel of a faithful Friend,
Beware of having a *Caldeſe* behind.

Whoſoever ſhall narrowly pry into, and thoroughly ſift this Sort of People, wherewith the World is ſo peſtered, will, as I have done, find that, for the moſt Part, they neither underſtand others, nor themſelves; and that their Memories are full enough, 'tis true, but the Judgment totally void and empty; ſome excepted, whoſe own Nature has of itſelf formed them into better Faſhion. As I have obſerved for Example in *Adrianus Turnebus*, who having never made other Profeſſion, than that of mere Learning only, and in that, in my Opinion, the greateſt Man that has been theſe thouſand Years, had nothing at all in him of the Pedant, but the Wearing of his Gown, and a little exterior Behaviour, that could not be civilized to the Garb, which are nothing: I hate our People, who can worſe endure a pedantick Model than an ill-contrived Mind, and by the Leg a Man makes, by his Behaviour, and even by the very Shape of his Boots, will pretend to tell what Sort of Man he is. For within all this, there was not a more illuſtrious and polite Soul living upon Earth. I have often purpoſely put him upon Arguments quite wide of his Profeſſion, wherein I found he had ſo clear an Inſight, ſo quick an Apprehenſion, and ſo ſolid a Judgment, that a Man would have thought he had never practiſed any other Thing but Arms, and been all his Life employ'd in Affairs of State. And theſe are great and vigorous Natures;

Teſtimony of Adrianus Turnebus.

——— *Quis arte benigna,*
Et melior luto finxit præcordia Titan *.

———With greater Art whoſe Mind
The Sun has made of Clay much more refin'd;

that can keep themſelves upright in Defiance of a pedantick Education. But it is not enough that our Education does not ſpoil us; it muſt moreover alter us for the better. Some

* *Juven. Sat.* 14.

of

of our Parliaments when they are to admit Officers, examine only their Talent of Learning; to which ſome of the others alſo add, the Trial of Underſtanding, by aſking their Judgment of ſome Caſe in Law, of which the latter, methinks, proceeds with the better Method: For, although both are neceſſary, and that it is very requiſite they ſhould be defective in neither; yet, in Truth, Knowledge is not ſo abſolutely neceſſary as Judgment, and the laſt may make Shift without the other, but the other never without this. For as the *Greek* Verſe ſays,

Ὡς ὐδὲν ἡ μάθησις ἢν μὴ νοῦς παρῇ*.

Learning is nothing worth, if Wit
And Underſtanding be not join'd with it.

To what Uſe ſerves Learning, if the Underſtanding be away? Would to God, that, for the Good of our Judicature, thoſe Societies were as well furniſhed with Underſtanding and Conſcience, as they are with Knowledge. *Non Vitæ, ſed Scholæ dicimus* †; *we do not ſtudy for the Service of our future Life, but only for the preſent Uſe of the School.* Whereas we are not to tie Learning to the Soul, but to work and incorporate them together; not to tincture it only, but to give it a thorough and perfect Dye; but, if it will not take Colour, and meliorate it's imperfect State, we ſhould, without Doubt, do much better in letting it alone. Learning is a dangerous Weapon, and very likely to wound it's Maſter, if put into an aukward and unſkilful Hand: *Ut fuerit melius non didiciſſe, ſo that it were better never to have learned at all.* And this, perhaps, is the Reaſon why neither we, nor indeed Chriſtian Religion, require much Learning in Women; and that *Francis*, Duke of *Britany*, Son of *John* the Fifth (one being talking with him about his Marriage with *Iſabella*, the Daughter of *Scotland*, and adding that ſhe was homely bred, and without any Manner of Learning) made Anſwer, That he liked her the better, and that a Woman was wiſe enough, if ſhe could diſtinguiſh her Huſband's Shirt and his Doublet. So that it is not ſo great a Wonder as ſome People make of it, that our Anceſtors had Letters in no greater Eſteem, and that

* *Menander in Gnom.* † *Sen. Epiſt.* 106.

even

even to this Day, they are but rarely met with in the Privy-Councils of Princes: If this End and Deſign of acquiring Riches (which is the only Thing we propoſe to ourſelves, by the Means of Law, Phyſick, Pedantry, and even Divinity itſelf) did not uphold and keep them in Credit, you would, without Doubt, ſee them as poor and unregarded as ever. And what Loſs would it be if they neither inſtruct us to think well, nor to do well. *Poſtquam docti prodierunt, boni deſinunt; after once they become learned, they ceaſe to be good.* All other Knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the Science of Honeſty and Good-nature. But the Reaſon I glanced upon but now, may it not alſo proceed from hence, that our Study, having almoſt no other Aim but Profit, fewer of thoſe, who by Nature are born to Offices and Employments, rather of Glory than Gain, addict themſelves to Letters; or for ſo little a while (being taken from their Studies before they can come to have any Taſte of them, to a Profeſſion that has nothing to do with Books) that there commonly remain no other to apply themſelves wholly to learning, but People of mean Condition, who in that only ſtudy to live, and have Preferment only in their Proſpect; and by ſuch People, whoſe Souls are both by Nature and Education, and domeſtick Example, of the baſeſt Metal and Allay, the Fruits of Knowledge are not only immaturely gathered, but ill digeſted, and delivered to their Pupils quite another Thing from what they ſhould be. For it is not the proper Buſineſs of Knowledge to enlighten a Soul that is dark of itſelf; nor to make a blind Man to ſee. Her Buſineſs is not to find a Man Eyes, but to guide, govern, and direct his Steps, provided he has ſound Feet and ſtraight Legs to go upon. Knowledge is an excellent Drug, but no Drug has Virtue enough to preſerve itſelf from Corruption and Decay, if the Veſſel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep. Such a one may have a Sight clear and good enough, who looks aſquint, and conſequently ſees what is good, but does not follow it, and ſees Knowledge, but makes no Uſe of it. *Plato*'s principal Inſtitution in his Republick, is to fit his Citizens with Employments ſuitable to their Nature. Nature can do all, and does all. Cripples are very unfit for Exerciſes of the Body, and lame Souls for Exerciſes of the Mind. Degenerate and vulgar Souls are unworthy

worthy of Philoſophy. If we ſee a Shoe-maker with his Shoes out at the Toes, we ſay, 'tis no Wonder; for, commonly, none go worſe ſhod than their Wives and they. In like Manner, Experience does often preſent us a Phyſician worſe phyſicked, a Divine worſe reformed, and frequently a Scholar of leſs Sufficiency than another. *Ariſto* of *Chios* had anciently Reaſon to ſay, that Philoſophers did their Auditories harm, foraſmuch as moſt of the Souls of thoſe that heard them were not capable of making any Benefit of their Inſtructions, and if they did not apply them to good, would certainly apply them to ill: ἀσώτους *ex Ariſtippi, acerbos ex Zenonis Schola exire**. *They grew effeminate Prodigals from the School of* Ariſtippus, *and Churls and Cynicks from that of* Zeno. In that excellent Inſtitution that *Xenophon* attributes to the *Perſians*, we find, that they taught their Children Virtue, as other Nations do Letters. *Plato* tells us, that the eldeſt Son in their Royal Succeſſion was thus brought up; as ſoon as he was born he was delivered, not to Women, but to Eunuchs of the greateſt Authority about their Kings for their Virtue, whoſe Charge it was to keep his Body healthful and in good Plight; and after he came to ſeven Years of Age, to teach him to ride, and to go a hunting; when he arrived at fourteen, he was transferred into the Hands of four Men, the moſt noted of the Kingdom for Wiſdom, Juſtice, Temperance and Valour; of which Number the firſt was to inſtruct him in Religion, the ſecond to be always upright and ſincere, the third to ſubdue his Appetites and Deſires, and the fourth to deſpiſe all Danger. 'Tis a Thing worthy of very great Conſideration, that in that excellent, and, in Truth, for it's Perfection, prodigious Form of civil Government ſet down by *Lycurgus*, though ſolicitous of the Education of Children, as a thing of the greateſt Concern, and even in the very Seat of the Muſes, he ſhould make ſo little Mention of Learning; as if their generous Youths diſdaining all other Subjection, but that of Virtue only, ought to be ſupplied, inſtead of Tutors to read to them Arts and Sciences, with ſuch Maſters, as ſhould only inſtruct them in Valour, Prudence and Juſtice. An

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l.* 2.

Example

Example that *Plato* has followed in his Laws; the Manner of whoſe Diſcipline was to propound to them Queſtions upon the Judgment of Men, and of their Actions; and if they commended or condemned this or that Perſon, or Fact, they were to give a Reaſon for ſo doing: By which Means, they at once ſharpened their Underſtanding, and became ſkillful in the Laws. *Mandane*, in *Xenophon*, aſking her Son *Cyrus* how he would do to learn Juſtice, and the other Virtues amongſt the *Medes*, having left all his Maſters behind him in *Perſia?* He made Anſwer, that he had learned thoſe Things long ſince; that his Maſter had often made him a Judge of the Differences among his School-Fellows, and had one Day whip'd him for giving a wrong Sentence; and thus it was: A great Boy in the School, having a little ſhort Caſſock, by Force took a longer from another that was not ſo tall as he, and gave him his own in Exchange; whereupon I being appointed Judge of the Controverſy, gave Judgment, that I thought it beſt either of them ſhould keep the Coat he had, for that they were both better fitted with that of one another, than with their own: Upon which, my Maſter told me I had done ill, in that I had only conſidered the Fitneſs and Decency of the Garments, whereas I ought to have conſidered the Juſtice of the Thing, which requires, that no one ſhould have any Thing forcibly taken from him that is his own. But it ſeems, poor *Cyrus* was whip'd for his Pains, as we are in our Villages for forgetting the firſt Aoriſt of τυπτω. My Pedant muſt make me a very learned Oration, *in genere demonſtrativo*, before he can perſuade me, that his School is like unto that. They knew how to go the readieſt Way to Work: And ſeeing that Science, when moſt rightly applied and beſt underſtood, can do no more but teach us Prudence, moral Honeſty, and Reſolution; they thought fit to initiate their Children with the Knowledge of Effects, and to inſtruct them, not by Hear-ſay and by Rote, but by the Experiment of Action, in lively forming and moulding them; not only by Words and Precepts, but chiefly Works and Examples; to the End, it might not be a Knowledge of the Mind only, but a Complexion and a Habit; and not an Acquiſition, but a natural Poſſeſſion. One aſking, to this Purpoſe, *Ageſilaus*, what he thought moſt proper for Boys to learn? What they ought to do

when they come to be Men, ſaid he. It is therefore no Wonder, if ſuch an Inſtitution has produc'd ſuch admirable Effects. They us'd to go, 'tis ſaid, in the other Cities of *Greece*, to enquire out Rhetoricians, Painters, and Muſick-maſters; but in *Lacedæmon*, Legiſlators, Magiſtrates, and Generals of Armies, at *Athens* they learn'd to ſpeak well, and here to do well; there to diſingage themſelves from a ſophiſtical Argument, and to unravel Syllogiſms; here to evade the Baits and Allurements of Pleaſure, and with a noble Courage and Reſolution to confute and conquer the Menaces of Fortune and Death; thoſe cudgell'd their Brains about Words, theſe made it their Buſineſs to enquire into Things; there was an eternal Babble of the Tongue, here a continual Exerciſe of the Soul. And therefore it is nothing ſtrange, if, when *Antipater* demanded of them fifty Children for Hoſtages, they made Anſwer, quite contrary to what we ſhould do, That they would rather give him twice as many full grown Men, ſo much did they value the Loſs of their Country's Education. When *Ageſilaus* courted *Xenophon* to ſend his Children to *Sparta* to be bred, It is not, ſaid he, there to learn Logick or Rhetorick, but to be inſtructed in the nobleſt of all Sciences, namely, the Science to obey and to command. It is very pleaſant to ſee *Socrates*, after his Manner, rallying *Hippias*, who recounts to him what a World of Money he has got, eſpecially in certain little Villages of *Sicily*, by teaching School, and that he got never a Penny at *Sparta*. What a ſottiſh and ſtupid People (ſays *Socrates*) are they, without Senſe or Underſtanding, that make no Account either of Grammar, or Poetry, and only buſy themſelves in ſtudying the Genealogies and Succeſſions of their Kings, the Foundations, Riſes, and Declenſions of States, and ſuch Tales of a Tub! After which, having made *Hippias* particularly to acknowledge the Excellency of their Form of publick Adminiſtration, and the Felicity and Virtue of their private Life, he leaves him to gueſs at the Concluſion he makes of the Inutilities of his pedantick Arts. Examples have demonſtrated unto us, that in military Affairs, and all others of the like active Nature, the Study of Sciences does more ſoften and enervate the Courages of Men, than any way fortify and incite them. The moſt potent Empire that at this Day appears to be in the whole World, is that of

the *Turks*, a People equally inclin'd to the Eſtimation of Arms, and the Contempt of Letters. I find *Rome* was more valiant before ſhe grew ſo learned; and the moſt warlike Nations at this Time in Being, are the moſt ignorant; of which the *Scythians*, *Parthians*, and the great *Tamerlane*, may ſerve for ſufficient Proof. When the *Goths* over-ran *Greece*, the only Thing that preſerv'd all the Libraries from the Fire, was, that ſome one poſſeſs'd them with an Opinion, that they were to leave this kind of Furniture entire to the Enemy, as being moſt proper to divert them from the Exerciſe of Arms, and to fix them to a lazy and ſedentary Life. When our King *Charles* the Eighth, almoſt without ſtriking a Blow, ſaw himſelf poſſeſs'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and a conſiderable Part of *Tuſcany*, the Nobility about him attributed this unexpected Facility of Conqueſt to this, that the Princes and Nobles of *Italy* more ſtudied to render themſelves ingenious and learned, than vigorous and warlike.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Education of Children. To Madam Diana *of* Foix, *Counteſs of* Gurſon.

I Never yet ſaw that Father, but, let his Son be never ſo decrepid or deform'd, would notwithſtanding own him: Nevertheleſs, if he were not totally beſotted, and blinded with his paternal Affection, that he did not well enough diſcern his Defects: Notwithſtanding all Defaults, he is ſtill his. Juſt ſo do I, I ſee better than any other, that all I write are but the idle Whimſies of a Man that has only nibbled upon the outward Cruſt of Science in his Nonage, and only retain'd a general and formleſs Image of them, who has got a little Snatch of every Thing, and nothing of the whole *a la mode de France*; For I know in general, that there is ſuch a Thing as Phyſick, a Knowledge in the Laws, four Parts in Mathematicks, and, in Part, what all theſe aim

him and point at; and peradventure I yet know farther, what Sciences in general pretend unto, in order to the Services of human Life; but to dive farther than that, and to have cudgell'd my Brains in the Study of *Ariſtotle*, the Monarch of all modern Learning; or particularly addicted myſelf to any one Science, I have never done it; neither is there any one Art of which I am able to draw the firſt Lineaments and dead Colour; inſomuch that there is not a Boy of the loweſt Form in a School, that may not pretend to be wiſer than I, who am not able to poſe him in his firſt Leſſon, which, if I am at any Time forc'd upon, I am neceſſitated in my own Defence to aſk him ſome univerſal Queſtions, ſuch as may ſerve to try his natural Underſtanding; a Leſſon as ſtrange and unknown to him, as his is to me. I never ſeriouſly ſettled myſelf to the Reading of any Book of ſolid Learning, but *Plutarch* and *Seneca*; and there, like the *Danaides*, I eternally fill, and it as conſtantly runs out; ſomething of which drops upon this Paper, but very little or nothing ſtays behind. Hiſtory is my Delight, as to Matter of Reading, or elſe Poetry, for which I have, I confeſs, a particular Kindneſs and Eſteem: For, as *Cleanthes* ſaid, as the Voice, forc'd through the narrow Paſſage of a Trumpet, comes out more forceable and ſhrill; ſo, methinks, a Sentence, couch'd in the Harmony of Verſe, darts more briſkly upon the Underſtanding, and ſtrikes both my Ear and Apprehenſion with a ſmarter and more pleaſing Power. As to the natural Parts I have, of which this is the Eſſay, I find them to bow under the Burthen; my Fancy and Judgment do but grope in the Dark, trip and ſtumble in their Way, and when I have gone as far as I can, I diſcover ſtill a new and greater Extent of Land before me, but with troubled and imperfect Sight, and wrapt up in Clouds, that I am not able to penetrate. And taking upon me to write indifferently of whatever comes into my Head, and therein making Uſe of nothing but my own proper and natural Force and Ammunition, if I happen'd, as I often do, accidentally to meet in any good Author, the ſame Heads and common-Places upon which I have attempted to write, (as I did but a little before in *Plutarch*'s Diſcourſe *of the Force of Imagination*) to ſee myſelf ſo weak and ſo forlorn, ſo heavy and ſo flat, in Compariſon of thoſe better Writers, I at once pity and deſpiſe myſelf. Yet do I flatter and pleaſe

myſelf with this, that my Opinions have often the Honour and good Fortune to jump with theirs, and that I follow in the ſame Paths, though at a very great Diſtance; I am farther ſatisfied to find, that I have a Quality, which every one is not bleſt withal, which is, to diſcern the vaſt Difference betwixt them and me; and notwithſtanding all that, ſuffer my own Inventions, low and contemptible as they are, to run on in their Career, without mending or plaiſtering up the Defects that this Compariſon has laid open to my own View; and in plain Truth, a Man had need of a good ſtrong Back to keep Pace with theſe People. The indiſcreet Scribblers of our Times, who amongſt their laborious Nothings, inſert whole Sections, Paragraphs, and Pages, out of ancient Authors, with a Deſign by that Means to illuſtrate their own Writings, do quite contrary; for this infinite Diſſimilitude of Ornaments renders the Complexions of their own Compoſitions ſo pale, ſallow, and deform'd, that they loſe much more than they get. The Philoſophers, *Chryſippus* and *Epicurus*, were, in this, of two quite contrary Humours; for the firſt did not only in his Books mix the Paſſages and Sayings of other Authors, but entire Pieces, and in one the whole *Medea* of *Euripides*; which gave *Apollodorus* Occaſion to ſay, That ſhould a Man pick out of his Writings all that was none of his, he would leave him nothing but blank Paper: Whereas the latter, quite contrary, in three hundred Volumes that he left behind him, has not ſo much as one Quotation. I happened the other Day upon this Piece of Fortune; I was reading a *French* Book, where after I had a long Time run dreaming over a great many Words, ſo dull, ſo inſipid, ſo void of all Wit, or common Senſe, that indeed they were only Words; after a long and tedious Travel, I came at laſt to meet with a Piece that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very Clouds; of which, had I found either the Declivity eaſy, or the Aſcent acceſſible, there had been ſome Excuſe; but it was ſo perpendicular a Precipice, and ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the Work, that by the firſt Words I found myſelf flying into the other World, and from thence diſcover'd the Vale from whence I came ſo deep and low, that I had never ſince the Heart to deſcend into it any more. If I ſhould ſet out my Diſcourſes with ſuch rich Spoils as theſe, the Plagiary would be too manifeſt in his own Defects, and I ſhould

I ſhould too much diſcover the Imperfection of my own Writing. To reprehend the Fault in others, that I am guilty of myſelf, appears to me no more unreaſonable, than to condemn, as I often do, thoſe of others in myſelf. They are to be every where reprov'd, and ought to have no Sanctuary allow'd them. I know very well how imprudently I myſelf at every Turn attempt to equal myſelf to my Thefts, and to make my Stile go Hand in Hand with them, not without a temerarious Hope of deceiving the Eyes of my Reader from diſcerning the Difference; but withal, it is as much by the Benefit of my Application, that I hope to do it, as by that of my Invention, or any Force of my own. Beſides, I do not offer to contend with the whole Body of theſe Champions, nor Hand to Hand with any one of them, 'tis only by Slights and little light Skirmiſhes that I engage them; I do not grapple with them, but try their Strength only, and never engage ſo far as I make a Shew to do; and if I could hold them in Play, I were a brave Fellow; for I never attack them, but where they are moſt ſinewy and ſtrong. To cover a Man's ſelf (as I have ſeen ſome do) with another Man's Arms, ſo as not to diſcover ſo much as their Fingers Ends; to carry on a Deſign (as it is not hard for a Man that has any Thing of a Scholar in him, in an ordinary Subject to do) under old Inventions, patcht up here and there with his own Trumpery: And then to endeavour to conceal the Theft, and to make it paſs for his own, is firſt Injuſtice, and Meanneſs of Spirit in whoever does it, who having nothing in them of their own fit to procure them a Reputation, endeavour to do it by attempting to impoſe Things upon the World in their own Name, which they have really no Manner of Title to; and then a ridiculous Folly to content themſelves with acquiring the ignorant Approbation of the Vulgar by ſuch a pitiful Cheat, at the Price, at the ſame Time, of diſcovering their Inſufficiency to Men of Underſtanding, who will ſoon ſmell out, and trace them in thoſe borrow'd Allegories, and from whom alone they are to expect a legitimate Applauſe. For my own Part, there is nothing I would not ſooner do than that, neither have I ſaid ſo much of others, but to get a better Opportunity to excuſe myſelf: Neither in this do I in the leaſt Glance at the Compoſers of Canto's, who declare themſelves for ſuch; of which Sort of Writers,

I have in my Time known many very ingenious, and have their Rhapsodies in very great Esteem, and particularly one, under the Name of *Capilulus*, besides the Ancients. These are really Men of Wit, and that make it appear they are so, both by that and other Ways of Writing; as for Example, *Lipsius*, in that learned and laborious Contexture of his Politicks. But, be it how it will, and how inconsiderable soever these Essays of mine may be, I will ingenuously confess, I never intended to conceal them, no more than my old bald grisled Picture before them, where the Graver has not presented you with a perfect Face, but the Resemblance of mine. And these also are but my own particular Opinions and Fancies, and I deliver them for no other, but only what I myself believe, and not for what is really to be believ'd. Neither have I any other End in this Writing, but only to discover myself, who also shall peradventure be another Thing To-morrow, if I chance to meet any Book or Friend, to convince me in the mean Time. I have no Authority to be believ'd, neither do I desire it, being too conscious of my own Inerudition to be able to instruct others.

A Friend of mine then, having read the precedent Chapter the other Day, told me, that I should have insisted a little longer upon the Education of Children; and have extended my Discourse upon so necessary a Point: Which, how fit I am to do, let my Friends flatter me if they please, I have in the mean Time no such Opinion of my own Talent, as to promise myself any very good Success from my Endeavour; but (Madam) were my Abilities equal to the Subject, I could not possibly employ them better than in presenting my best Instructions to the little Gentleman, whose happy Birth you shortly expect, and your Friends are in daily Hopes of; for, Madam, you are too generous to begin otherwise than with a Male: Having had so great a Hand in your Marriage, I have a Sort of particular Right and Interest in the Greatness and Prosperity of the Issue that shall proceed from it; besides, as you have been so long in Possession of the best of my Wishes and Services, I am oblig'd to desire and contribute to the Honour and Advantage of every Thing that concerns you. But, in Truth, all I understand as to that Particular, is only this, that the greatest and most important Difficulty of human Science is the Education of Children. For as in Agriculture, the Husbandry

Huſbandry that is to precede Planting, as alſo planting it ſelf, is certain, plain, eaſy, and very well known; but after that which is planted comes to take Root, to ſpread, and ſhoot up, there is a great deal more to be done, more Art to be us'd, more Care to be taken, and much more Difficulty to cultivate and bring it to Perfection: So it is with Men; it is no hard Matter to get Children; but after they are born, then begins the Trouble, Solicitude and Care, virtuouſly to train, principle, and bring them up. The Symptoms of their Inclinations in that young and tender Age are ſo obſcure, and the Promiſes ſo uncertain and fallacious, that it is very hard to eſtabliſh any ſolid Judgment or Conjecture upon them. As *Simon*, for Example, and *Themiſtocles*, and a thouſand others, who have very much deceiv'd the little Expectation the World had of them: Bears Cubs, and Bitches Puppies, do truly, and indeed diſcover their natural Inclination; but Men, ſo ſoon as ever grown up, immediately applying themſelves to certain Habits, engaging themſelves in certain Opinions, and conforming themſelves to particular Laws and Cuſtoms, do eaſily change, or at leaſt diſguiſe their true and real Diſpoſition. And yet it is hard to force the Propenſity of Nature; whence it comes to paſs, that for not having choſen the right Courſe, a Man often takes very great Pains, and conſumes great Part of his Age in training up Children to Things, for which, by their natural Averſion, they are totally unfit. In this Difficulty, nevertheleſs, I am clearly of Opinion, that they ought to be elemented in the beſt and moſt advantageous Studies, without taking too much Notice of, or being too ſuperſtitious in thoſe light Prognoſticks they give of themſelves in their tender Years; to which *Plato*, in his Republick, gives, methinks, too much Authority. But, *Madam*, Science is doubtleſs a very great Ornament, and a Thing of marvellous Uſe, eſpecially in Perſons rais'd to that Degree of Fortune in what you are placed; and in Truth, in Perſons of mean and low Condition, cannot perform it's true and genuine Office, being naturally more prompt to aſſiſt in the Conduct of War, in the Government of Armies and Provinces, and in negotiating the Leagues and Friendſhips of Princes and foreign Nations, than in forming a Syllogiſm in Logick, in pleading a Proceſs in Law, or in preſcribing a Doſe of Pills in Phyſick. Wherefore,

Madam, believing you will not omit this ſo neceſſary Embelliſhment in the Education of your Poſterity, yourſelf having taſted the Fruits of it, and being of a learned Extraction (for we yet have the Writings of the ancient Counts of *Foix*, from whom my Lord your Huſband, and yourſelf are both of you deſcended, and *Monſieur de Candale*, your Uncle, does every Day oblige the World with others, which will extend the Knowledge of this Quality in your Family to many ſucceeding Ages) I will, upon this Occaſion, preſume to acquaint your Ladyſhip with one particular Fancy of my own, contrary to the common Method, which likewiſe is all I am able to contribute to your Service in this Affair. The Charge of the Tutor or Governor you ſhall provide for your Son, upon the Choice of whom depends the whole Succeſs of his Education, has ſeveral other great and conſiderable Parts and Duties requir'd in ſo important a Truſt, beſides that of which I am about to ſpeak, which however I ſhall not mention, as being unable to add any Thing of Moment to the common Rules, that every one who is qualified for a Governor is perfect in: And alſo in this, wherein I take upon me to adviſe, he may follow it ſo far only as it ſhall appear rational and conducing to the End, at which he aims and intends.

For a Boy of Quality then, who pretends to Letters not upon the Account of Profit, (for ſo mean an Object as that is unworthy of the Grace and Favour of the Muſes; and moreover, in that a Man directs his Service to, and profeſſes to depend upon others) nor ſo much for outward Ornament, as for his own proper and peculiar Uſe, and to furniſh and enrich himſelf within, having rather a Deſire to go out an accompliſhed Cavalier, and a fine Gentleman, than a mere Scholar and a learned Man; for ſuch a one, I ſay, I would alſo have his Friends ſolicitous to find him out a Tutor, who has rather an elegant than a learned Head, and both, if ſuch a Perſon can be found; but however, to prefer his Manners and his Judgment before his Reading, and that this Man ſhould purſue the Exerciſe of his Charge after a new Method. 'Tis the Cuſtom of School-Maſters, to be eternally thundring in their Pupils Ears, as they were pouring into a Funnel, whilſt their Buſineſs is only to repeat what the other have ſaid before: Now, I would have a Tutor to correct this Error, and that at the very firſt,

firſt, he ſhould according to the Capacity he has to deal with, put it to the Teſt, permitting his Pupil himſelf to taſte and reliſh Things, and of himſelf to chooſe and diſcern them, ſometimes opening the Way to him, and ſometimes making him to break the Ice himſelf; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and ſpeak, but that he ſhould alſo hear his Pupil ſpeak in Turn. *Socrates*, and ſince him *Arceſilaus*, made firſt their Scholars ſpeak, and then ſpoke to them. *Obeſt plerumque iis qui diſcere volunt, authoritas eorum qui docent* * ; *The Authority of thoſe who teach, is very oft an Impediment to thoſe who deſire to learn.* It is good to make him like a young Horſe trot before him, that he may judge of his going, and how much he is to abate of his own Speed, to accommodate himſelf to the Vigour and Capacity of the other. For Want of which due Proportion, we ſpoil all; which alſo to know how to adjuſt, and to keep within an exact and due Meaſure, is one of the hardeſt Things I know in the educating Youth, and an Effect of a judicious and well tempered Soul, to know how to condeſcend to his Puerile Motions, and to govern and direct them. I walk firmer and more ſecure up Hill than down, and ſuch as according to our common Way of Teaching undertake, with one and the ſame Leſſon, and the ſame Meaſure of Direction, to inſtruct ſeveral Boys of ſo differing and unequal Capacities, are infinitely miſtaken in their Method; and at this Rate, 'tis no Wonder, if in a Multitude of Scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good Account of their Time and Diſcipline. Let the Maſter not only examine him about the grammatical Conſtruction of the bare Words of his Leſſon, but of the Senſe and Meaning of them, and let him judge of the Profit he has made, not by the Teſtimony of his Memory, but by that of his Underſtanding. Let him make him put what he hath learned into an hundred ſeveral Forms, and accommodate it to ſo many ſeveral Subjects, to ſee if he yet rightly comprehend it, and had made it his own; taking Inſtruction by his Progreſs from the Inſtitutions of *Plato*. 'Tis a Sign of Crudity and Indigeſtion to vomit up what we eat in the

* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. l.* 1.

ſame Condition it was ſwallowed down, and the Stomach has not performed it's Office, unleſs it hath altered the Form and Condition of what was committed to it to concoct: So our Minds work only upon Truſt, being bound and compelled to follow the Appetite of another's Fancy, enſlaved and captivated under the Authority of another's Inſtruction, we have been ſo ſubjected to the Tramel, that we have no free nor natural Pace of our own, our own Vigour and Liberty is extinct and gone. *Nunquam tutelæ ſuæ ſiunt* *; *They are never in Wardſhip, and never left to their own Tuition.* I was privately at *Piſa* carried to ſee a very honeſt Man, but ſo great an *Ariſtotelian*, that his moſt uſual Theſis was, *That the Touch-ſtone and Square of all ſolid Imagination, and of the Truth, was an abſolute Conformity to* Ariſtotle's *Doctrine; and that all beſides was nothing but Inanity and* Chimæra; *for that he had ſeen all, and ſaid all.* A Poſition, that for having been a little too injuriouſly and maliciouſly interpreted, brought him firſt into, and afterwards long kept him in great Trouble in the Inquiſition at *Rome*. Let him, make him examine, and thoroughly ſift every thing reads, and lodge nothing in his Fancy upon ſimple Authority, and upon Truſt. *Ariſtotle*'s Principles will then be no more Principles to him, than thoſe of *Epicurus* and the *Stoicks:* Only let this Diverſity of Opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himſelf chooſe, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

Che non menche ſaper dubiar m' aggrada †.

I love ſometimes to doubt, as well as know.

For if he embrace the Opinions of *Xenophon* and *Plato*, by maintaining them, they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay is inquiſitive after nothing. *Non ſumus ſub Rege, ſibi quiſque ſe vindicet*; Let him at leaſt know, that he knows. It will be neceſſary that he imbibe their Knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their Precepts; and no matter if he forgets where he had his Learning provided he knows how to apply it to his own Uſe; Truth and Reaſon are common to every one, and are no

* *Sen. Ep.* 33. † *Dante inferno, Canto* 12.

more

more his who ſpoke them firſt, than his who ſpake them after. 'Tis no more according to *Plato*, than according to me, ſince both he and I equally ſee and underſtand them. Bees cull their ſeveral Sweets from this Flower, and that Bloſſom, here and there where they find them, but themſelves after make the Honey, which is all, and purely their own, and no more Thime and Marjoram: So the ſeveral Fragments he borrows from others, he will tranſform and ſhuffle together to compile a Work that ſhall be abſolutely his own; that is to ſay, his Judgment, his Inſtruction, Labour, and Study, tend to nothing elſe but to incline, and make him capable ſo to do. He is not obliged to diſcover whence he had his Ammunition, but only to produce what he has himſelf compoſed. Men that live upon Rapine, and borrowing, expoſe their Purchaſes and Buildings to every one's Knowledge and View; but do not proclaim how they came by the Money. We do not ſee the Fees and Perquiſites belonging to the Function and Offices of a Gentleman of the long Robe; but we ſee the noble Alliances wherewith he fortifies himſelf and his Family, and the Titles and Honours he has obtained for him and his. No Man divulges his Revenue; or at leaſt which Way it comes in; but every one publiſhes his Purchaſes, and is content the World ſhould know his good Condition. The Advantages of our Study are to become better and wiſer. 'Tis (ſays *Epicharmus*) the Underſtanding that ſees and hears, 'tis the Underſtanding that improves every thing, that orders every thing, and that acts, rules, and reins: All other Faculties are blind and deaf, and without Soul; and certainly, we render it timorous and ſervile, in not allowing it the Liberty and Privilege to do any thing of itſelf. Who ever aſked his Pupil what he thought of Grammar and Rhetorick, or of ſuch and ſuch a Sentence of *Cicero*? Our Maſters dart and ſtick them full feathered in our Memories, and there eſtabliſh them like Oracles, of which the very Letters and Syllables are of the Subſtance of the Thing. To know by rote, is no Knowledge, and ſignifies no more but only to retain what one has intruſted to his Memory. That which a Man rightly knows and underſtands, he is the free Diſpoſer of at his own full Liberty, without any Regard to the Author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the Leaves of his Book.

A mere

A mere bookiſh Learning is both troubleſom and ungrateful; and though it may ſerve for ſome Kind of Ornament, there is yet no Foundation for any Superſtructure to be built upon it, according to the Opinion of *Plato*, who ſays, that Conſtancy, Faith, and Sincerity, are the true Philoſophy, and the other Sciences, that are directed to other Ends, to be adulterate and falſe. I could wiſh, that *Paluel* or *Pompey*, the two famous Dancing-Maſters of my Time, could have taught us to cut Capers, by only ſeeing them do it, without ſtirring from our Places, as theſe Men pretend to inform the Underſtandings, without ever ſetting them to work; or that we could learn to ride, handle a Pike, touch a Lute, or ſing, without the Trouble of Practice, as theſe attempt to make us judge, and ſpeak well, without exerciſing us in Judging and Speaking. Now in this Initiation of our Studies, and in the Progreſs of them, whatſoever preſents itſelf before us, is Book ſufficient: An arch or waggiſh Trick of a Page, a ſottiſh Miſtake of a Servant, or a Jeſt at the Table, are ſo many new Subjects. And for this very Reaſon, Converſation with Men is of very great Uſe, and Travel into foreign Countries of ſingular Advantage; not to bring back (as moſt of our young Monſieurs do) an Account only of how many Paces *Santa Rotonda* is in Circuit; or of the Richneſs of *Signiora Livia*'s Attire; or, as ſome others, how much *Nero*'s Face, in a Statue in ſuch an old Ruin, is longer and broader than that made for him at ſuch another Place: But to be able chiefly to give an Account of the Humours, Manners, Cuſtoms and Laws of thoſe Nations where he has been. And, that we may whet and ſharpen our Wits, by rubbing them upon thoſe of others, I would that a Boy ſhould be ſent abroad very young (and principally to kill two Birds with one Stone) into thoſe neighbouring Nations whoſe Language is moſt differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the Tongue will be grown too ſtiff to bend. And alſo 'tis the general Opinion of all, that a Child ſhould not be brought up in his Mother's Lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural Affection is apt to make the moſt diſcreet of them all ſo over-fond, that they can neither find in their Hearts to give them due Correction for the Faults they commit, nor ſuffer them to be brought up

What true Philoſophy is, according to Plato.

up in thoſe Hardſhips and Hazards they ought to be. They would not endure to ſee them return all Duſt and Sweat from their Exerciſe, to drink cold Drink when they are hot, nor ſee them mount an unruly Horſe, nor take a File in Hand againſt a rude Fencer, or ſo much as to diſcharge a Carbine: And yet there is no Remedy; whoever will breed a Boy to be good for any Thing when he comes to be a Man, muſt by no Means ſpare him, even when ſo young, and muſt very often tranſgreſs the Rules of Phyſick:

Fondneſs of Mothers pernicious to Education.

Vitamque ſub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus *.

He muſt ſharp Cold and ſcorching Heat deſpiſe,
And moſt tempt Danger, where moſt Danger lyes.

It is not enough to fortify his Soul, you are alſo to make his Sinews ſtrong; for the Soul will be oppreſt, if not aſſiſted by the Members, and would have too hard a Taſk to diſcharge two Offices alone. I know very well, to my Coſt, how much mine groans under the Burthen, for being accommodated with a Body ſo tender and indiſpoſed, as eternally leans and preſſes upon her; and often in my Reading perceive, that our Maſters, in their Writings, make Examples paſs for Magnanimity and Fortitude of Mind, which really is rather Toughneſs of Skin and Hardneſs of Bones; for I have ſeen Men, Women, and Children, naturally born of ſo hard and inſenſible a Conſtitution of Body, that a ſound Cudgelling has been leſs to them, than a Flirt with a Finger would have been to me, and that would neither cry out, wince, nor quitch for a good ſwinging Beating; and when Wreſtlers counterfeit the Philoſophers in Patience, 'tis rather Strength of Nerves than Stoutneſs of Heart. Now to be inured to undergo Labour, is to be accuſtomed to endure Grief. *Labor callum obducit dolori* †: *Labour ſupplies Grief with a certain Callus, that defends it from the Blow.* A Boy is to be inured to the Toil and Vehemency of Exerciſe, to train him up to the Pain and Suffering of Diſlocations, Colicks, Cauteries, and even Impriſonment, and the Rack itſelf,

* *Horat. l.* 1. *Ode* 2. † *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 2.

itſelf, for he may come, by Misfortune, to be reduced to the worſt of theſe, which (as this World goes) is ſometimes inflicted on the Good, as well as the Bad. As for Proof, in our preſent Civil War, whoever draws his Sword againſt the Laws, threatens all honeſt Men with the Whip and the Halter. And moreover, by living at home, the Authority of this Governor, which ought to be ſovereign over the Boy he has received into his Charge, is often check'd, interrupted, and hindred by the Preſence of Parents; to which may alſo be added, that the Reſpect the whole Family pay him, as their Maſter's Son, and the Knowledge he has of the Eſtate and Greatneſs he is heir to, are, in my Opinion, no ſmall Inconveniencies in theſe tender Years. And yet even in this converſing with Men I ſpoke of but now, I have obſerved this Vice, That inſtead of gathering Obſervations from others, we make it our whole Buſineſs to lay ourſelves open to them, and are more concerned how to expoſe and ſet out our own Commodities, than how to encreaſe our Stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore and Modeſty are very advantageous Qualities in Converſation: And one ſhould therefore train up this Boy to be ſparing, and a good Huſband of his Talent of Underſtanding, when once acquired; and to forbear taking Exceptions at, or reproving every idle Saying, or ridiculous Story, ſpoke or told in his Preſence; for it is a Rudeneſs to controvert every Thing that is not agreeable to our own Palate. Let him be ſatisfied with correcting himſelf, and not ſeem to condemn every Thing in another he would not do himſelf, nor diſpute againſt common Cuſtoms. Let him be wiſe without Arrogancy, without Envy. Let him avoid theſe vain and uncivil Images of Authority, this childiſh Ambition of Coveting to appear better bred and more accompliſhed than he really will by ſuch Carriage diſcover himſelf to be, and as if Opportunities of interrupting and reprehending were not to be omitted, to deſire from thence to derive the Reputation of ſomething more than ordinary; for, as it becomes none but great Poets to make Uſe of the poetical Licence, allowed only to thoſe of celebrated Art; it is alſo intolerable, that any but Men of great and illuſtrious Souls ſhould be priviledged above the Authority of Cuſtom; *Si quid Socrates, & Ariſtippus contra morem, & conſuetudinem fecerunt, idem ſibi ne arbitretur licere: magis enim illi, & divinis*

divinis bonis hanc licentiam aſſequebantur *, *If* Socrates *and* Ariſtippus *have tranſgreſſed the Rules of Cuſtom, let him not imagine that he is licenſed to do the ſame; for it was by great and ſovereign Virtues that they obtained this Privi-ledge.* Let him be inſtructed not to engage in Diſcourſe, or diſpute but with a Champion worthy of him, and even there, not to make Uſe of all the little Fallacies and Subtleties that are pat for his Purpoſe; but only ſuch as may beſt ſerve him upon that Occaſion. Let him be taught to be curious in the Election and Choice of his Reaſons, to abominate Impertinence, and conſequently, to affect Brevity; but above all, let him be leſſoned to acquieſce and ſubmit to Truth as ſoon as ever he ſhall diſcover it, whether in his Opponent's Argument, or upon better Conſideration of his own; for he ſhall never be preferred to the Chair for a mere Clatter of Words and Syllogiſms, and is no farther engaged to any Argument whatever, than as he ſhall in his own Judgment approve it: Nor yet is Arguing a Trade, where the Liberty of Recantation, and getting off upon better Thoughts are to be ſold for ready Money. *Neque ut omnia, quæ præſcripta & imperata ſint, defendat, neceſſitate ulla cogitur* †: *Neither is there any Neceſſity or Obligation upon him at all, that he ſhould defend all Things that are recommended to and enjoined him.* If his Governor be of my Humour, he will form his Will to be a very good and loyal Subject to his Prince, very affectionate to his Perſon, and very ſtout in his Quarrel; but withal, he will cool in him the Deſire of having any other Tie to his Service, than merely a publick Duty; becauſe, beſides ſeveral other Inconveniencies, that are very inconſiſtent with the honeſt Liberty every honeſt Man ought to have, a Man's Judgment being bribed and pre-poſſeſſed by theſe particular Obligations and Favours, is either blinded and leſs free to exerciſe it's Function, or ſhall be blemiſhed either with Ingratitude or Indiſcretion. A Man that is purely a Courtier, can neither have Power nor Wit to ſpeak or think otherwiſe than favourably and well of a Maſter, who, amongſt ſo many Millions of other Subjects has pick'd out him with his own Hand to

Dependance upon Princes.

* *Cic. de Offic. l.* 1. † *Cic. Acad. l.* 4.

nouriſh

nouriſh and advance him. This Favour, and the Profit flowing from it, muſt needs, and not without ſome Shew of Reaſon, corrupt his Underſtanding, and deprive him of the Freedom of Speaking: And alſo we commonly ſee theſe People ſpeak in another Kind of Phraſe than is ordinarily ſpoken by others of the ſame Nation, though what they ſay in that courtly Language, is not much to be believed in ſuch Caſes. Let his Conſcience and Virtue be eminently manifeſt in his Speaking, and have only Reaſon for their Guide. Make him underſtand, that to acknowledge the Error he ſhould diſcover in his own Argument, though only found out by himſelf, is an Effect of Judgment and Sincerity, which are the principal Things he is to ſeek after. That Obſtinacy and Contention are common Qualities, moſt appearing in and beſt becoming a mean and illiterate Soul. That to recollect, and to correct himſelf, and to forſake an unjuſt Argument in the Height and Heat of Diſpute, are great and philoſophical Qualities. Let him be adviſed, being in Company, to have his Eye and Ear in every Corner of the Room; for I find that the Places of greateſt Honour are commonly poſſeſt by Men that have leaſt in them, and that the greateſt Fortunes are not always accompanied with the ableſt Parts. I have been preſent, when, whilſt they at the upper End of the Chamber have been only commending the Beauty of the *Arras*, or the Flavour of the Wine, many Things that have been very finely ſaid, have been loſt and thrown away at the lower End of the Table. Let him examine every Man's Talent, a Peaſant, a Bricklayer, or a Paſſenger; a Man may learn ſomething from every one of theſe in their ſeveral Capacities, and ſomething will be picked out of their Diſcourſe, whereof ſome Uſe may be made at one time or another; nay, even the Folly and Impertinence of others will contribute to his Inſtruction. By obſerving the Graces and Faſhions of all he ſees, he will create to himſelf an Emulation of the Good, and a Contempt of the Bad. Let an honeſt Curioſity be ſuggeſted to his Fancy of being inquiſitive after every thing, and whatever there is of ſingular and rare near the Place where he ſhall reſide, let him go and ſee it; a fine Houſe, a delicate Fountain, an eminent Man, the Place where a Battle has been anciently fought, and the Paſſages of *Cæſar* and *Charlemain*.

Quæ Tellus ſit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æſtu,
Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat *.

What Countries to the Bear objected lye,
What with the Dog-ſtar Heats are parch'd and dry,
And what Wind faireſt ſerves for *Italy*.

Let him enquire into the Manners, Revenues, and Alliances of Princes, Things in themſelves very pleaſant to learn, and very uſeful to know. In thus converſing with Men, I mean, and principally, thoſe who only live in the Records of Hiſtory; he ſhall, by Reading thoſe Books, converſe with thoſe great and heroick Souls of former and better Ages. 'Tis an idle and vain Study, I confeſs, to thoſe who make it ſo, by doing it after a negligent Manner, but to thoſe who do it with Care and Obſervation, 'tis a Study of ineſtimable Fruit and Value; and the only one, as *Plato* reports, the *Lacedæmonians* reſerved to themſelves. What Profit ſhall he not reap as to the Buſineſs of Men, by Reading the Lives of *Plutarch*? But withal, let my Governor remember to what End his Inſtructions are principally directed, and that he do not ſo much imprint in his Pupil's Memory the Date of the Ruin of *Carthage*, as the Manners of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*; nor ſo much where *Marcellus* died, as why it was unworthy of his Duty that he died there. That he do not teach him ſo much the narrative Part, as the Buſineſs of Hiſtory. The Reading of which, in my Opinion, is a Thing which of all others we apply ourſelves unto with the moſt differing and uncertain Meaſures. I have read an hundred Things in *Livy*, that another has not, or not taken Notice of at leaſt; and *Plutarch* has read an hundred more than ever I could find, or than peradventure that Author ever writ. To ſome it is merely a Grammar-Study; to others, the very Anatomy of Philoſophy; by which the moſt ſecret and abſtruſe Parts of our human Nature are penetrated into. There are in *Plutarch* many long Diſcourſes † very worthy to be carefully read and obſerved, for he is, in my Opinion, of all other, the greateſt Maſter in that Kind of Writing; but withal, there are a thouſand others which he has only

* *Propert. l.* 4. *Eleg.* 39.
† *Elegy of* Plutarch.

touched and glanced upon, where he only points with his Finger to direct us which Way we may go if we will, and contents himself sometimes with only giving one brisk Hit in the nicest Article of the Question, from whence we are to grope out the rest; as for Example, where he says, *That the Inhabitants of* Asia *came to be Vassals to one only, for not having been able to pronounce one Syllable, which is* No. Which Saying of his gave perhaps Matter and Occasion to *Boëtius* to write his *Voluntary Servitude*. Even this, but to see him pick out a light Action in a Man's Life, or a Word, that does not seem to be of any such Importance, is itself a whole Discourse. 'Tis to our Prejudice that Men of Understanding should so immoderately affect Brevity; no Doubt but their Reputation is the better by it: But in the mean Time we are the worse. *Plutarch* had rather we should applaud his Judgment, than commend his Knowledge, and had rather leave us with an Appetite to read more, than glutted with that we have already read. He knew very well, that a Man may say too much even upon the best Subjects, and that *Alexandrides* did justly reproach him who made very elegant, but too long Speeches to the *Ephori*, when he said, *O Stranger! thou speakest the Things thou oughtest to speak, but not after the Manner thou shouldest speak them.* Such as have lean and spare Bodies, stuff themselves out with Clothes; so they who are defective in Matter, endeavour to make amends with Words. Human Understanding is marvellously enlightened by daily Conversation with Men, for we are otherwise of ourselves so stupid as to have our Sight limited to the Length of our own Noses. One asking *Socrates* of what Country he was, he did not make Answer, *Of Athens*, but, *Of the World*; thus he whose Imagination was better levelled could carry farther; he embraced the whole World for his Country, and extended his Society and Friendship to all Mankind; not as we do, who look no farther than our Feet. When the Vines of our Village are nipped with the Frost, the Parish-Priest presently concludes, that the Indignation of God is gone out against all the human Race, and that the *Cannibals* have already got the Pip. Who is it, that seeing the bloody Havock of these Civil Wars of ours, does not cry out, That the Machine of the World is near Dissolution, and that the Day of

Judgment is at Hand; without conſidering, that many worſe Revolutions have been ſeen, and that, in the mean Time, People are very merry in a thouſand other Parts of the Earth for all this? For my Part, conſidering the Licenſe and Impunity that always attend ſuch Commotions, I admire they are ſo moderate, and that there is no more Miſchief done. To him that feels the Hail-ſtones patter about his Ears, the whole Hemiſphere appears to be in Storm and Tempeſt; like the ridiculous *Savoyard*, who ſaid very gravely, That if that ſimple King of *France* could have managed his Fortune as he ſhould have done, he might in Time have come to have been Steward of the Houſhold to the Duke his Maſter. The Fellow could not, in his ſhallow Imagination, conceive that there could be any Thing greater than a Duke of *Savoy*. And, in Truth, we are all of us inſenſibly in this Error, an Error of a very great Train and very pernicious Conſequence. But whoever ſhall repreſent to his Fancy, as in a Picture, that great Image of our Mother Nature, pourtrayed in her full Majeſty and Luſtre, whoever in her Face ſhall read ſo general and ſo conſtraint a Variety, whoever ſhall obſerve himſelf in that Figure, and not himſelf but a whole Kingdom, no bigger than the leaſt Touch or Prick of a Pencil, in Compariſon of the Whole, that Man alone is able to value Things according to their true Eſtimate and Grandeur. This great World, which ſome do yet multiply as ſeveral *Species* under one *Genus*, is the Mirror wherein we are to behold ourſelves, to be able to know ourſelves as we ought to do. In ſhort, I would have this to be the Book my young Gentleman ſhould ſtudy with the moſt Attention; for ſo many Humours, ſo many Sects, ſo many Judgments, Opinions, Laws, and Cuſtoms, teach us to judge aright of our own, and inform our Underſtandings to diſcover their Imperfection and natural Infirmity, which is no trivial Speculation. So many Mutations of States and Kingdoms, and ſo many Turns and Revolutions of publick Fortune, will make us wiſe enough to make no great Wonder of our own. So many great Names, ſo many famous Victories and Conqueſts drowned and ſwallowed in Oblivion, render our Hopes ridiculous, of eternizing our Names by the taking of half a Score light Horſe, or a paultry Turret, which only derives it's Memory from it's Ruin. The Pride and

Arrogancy of ſo many foreign Pomps and Ceremonies, the tumorous Majeſty of ſo many Courts and Grandeurs, accuſtom and fortify our Sight without Aſtoniſhment, to behold and endure the Luſtre of our own. So many Millions of Men buried before us encourage us not to fear to go ſeek ſo good Company in the other World, and ſo of all the reſt. *Pythagoras* was wont to ſay, That our Life retires to the great and populous Aſſembly of the *Olympick* Games, wherein ſome exerciſe the Body, that they may carry away the Glory of the Prize in thoſe Contentions, and others carry Merchandiſe to ſell for Profit. There are alſo ſome (and thoſe none of the worſt Sort) who purſue no other Advantage than only to look on, and conſider how, and why every Thing is done, and to be unactive Spectators of the Lives of other Men, thereby the better to judge of, and regulate their own; and indeed, from Examples, all the Inſtruction couched in philoſophical Diſcourſes, may naturally flow, to which all human Actions, as to their beſt Rule, ought to be eſpecially directed: Where a Man ſhall be taught to know,

——Quid fas optare, quid aſper
Utile nummus habet, patriæ chariſque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus eſſe
Juſſit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re,
Quid ſumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur.*

What he may wiſh, what's Money's natural Uſe,
What to be liberal is, and what profuſe,
What God commands, an honeſt Man ſhould be,
And here on Earth, to know in what Degree
That God has plac'd thee, what we are, and why,
He gave us Being and Humanity.

what it is to know, and what to be ignorant, what ought to be the End and Deſign of Study, what Valour, Temperance, and Juſtice are, the Difference betwixt Ambition and Avarice, Servitude and Subjection, Licenſe and Liberty, by what Token a Man may know the true and ſolid Contentation, how far Death, Affliction, and Diſgrace are to be apprehended.

* *Perſius, Sat.* 3.

Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem *.

And what Way every one may know
Labour t'avoid or undergo.

By what ſecret Springs we move, and the Reaſon of our various Agitations and Irreſolutions: For, methinks, the firſt Doctrine with which one ſhould ſeaſon his Underſtanding, ought to be that which regulates his Manners and his Senſe; that teaches him to know himſelf, and how both well to die, and well to live. Amongſt the liberal Sciences, let us begin with that which makes us free; not that they do not all ſerve in ſome Meaſure to the Inſtruction and Uſe of Life, as all other Things in ſome ſort alſo do; but let us make Choice of that which directly and profeſſedly ſerves to that End. If we are once able to reſtrain the Offices of human Life within their juſt and natural Limits, we ſhall find that moſt of the Sciences in Uſe are of no great Uſe to us, and even in thoſe that are, that there are many very unneceſſary Cavities and Dilatations which we had better let alone, and following *Socrates*'s Direction, limit the Courſe of our Studies to thoſe Things only where a true and real Utility and Advantage are to be expected and found.

——*Sapere aude.*
Incipe; vivendi, qui recte proroget horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum †.

Dare to be wiſe; begin, who to their wrong,
The Hour of living well defer too long,
Like ruſtick Fools, ſit with a patient Eye
Expecting when the murm'ring Brook runs dry,
Whoſe Springs can never fail, 'till the laſt Fire
Lick up the Ocean, and the World expire,

'Tis a great Foolery to teach our Children

Quid moveant Piſces, animoſaque ſigna Leonis,
Lotus, & Heſperia quid Capricornus aqua ‡.

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* *Virg. Æn. l.* 6. † *Horat. Epiſt.* 2. ‡ *Propert. l.* 4. *Eleg.* 1.

What Influence *Piſces* have, o'er what the Ray
Of angry *Leo* bears the greateſt Sway,
Or *Capricornus* Province, who ſtill laves
His threat'ning Forehead in the *Heſperian* Waves.

The Knowledge of the Stars, and the Motion of the eighth Sphere, before their own.

Τί πλειάδος ἀκάμας
Τί δ' ἀρκάσιν βαίτης *.

How ſwift the ſeven Sifters Motions are,
Or the dull Churls how ſlow, what need I care.

Anaximenes writing to *Pythagoras*, *To what Purpoſe*, ſaid he, *ſhould I trouble myſelf in ſearching out the Secrets of the Stars, having Death or Slavery continually before my Eyes?* For the Kings of *Perſia* were at that Time preparing to invade his Country. Every one ought to ſay the ſame, *Being aſſaulted, as I am, by Ambition, Avarice, Temerity, and Superſtition, and having within ſo many other Enemies of Life, ſhall I go cudgel my Brains about the World's Revolutions?* After having taught him what will make him more wiſe and good, you may then entertain him with the Elements of Logick, Phyſick, Geometry, and Rhetorick, and the Science which he ſhall then himſelf moſt incline to, his Judgment being beforehand formed and fit to chuſe, he will quickly make his own. The Way of inſtructing him ought to be ſometimes by Diſcourſe, and ſometimes by Reading, ſometimes his Governor ſhall put the Author himſelf, which he ſhall think moſt proper for him, into his Hands, and ſometimes only the Marrow and Subſtance of it; and if the Governor himſelf be not converſant enough in Books, to turn to all the fine Diſcourſes the Book contains, there may ſome Men of Learning be joined to him, that upon every Occaſion ſhall ſupply him with what he deſires, and ſtand in Need of, to recommend to his Pupil. And who can doubt, but that this Way of Teaching is much more eaſy and natural than that of *Gaza*? In which the Precepts are ſo intricate, and ſo harſh, and the Words ſo vain, lean, and inſignificant, that there is no Hold to be taken of

* *Anacreon*, *Ode* 17.

them;

them; nothing that quickens and elevates the Wit and Fancy; whereas, here the Mind has what to feed upon, and to digeſt: This Fruit therefore is not without Compariſon, much more fair and beautiful; but will alſo be much more early and ripe. 'Tis a thouſand Pities that Maſters ſhould be at ſuch a Paſs in this Age of ours, that Philoſophy, even with Men of Underſtanding, ſhould be looked upon as a vain and fantaſtick Name, a Thing of no Uſe, no Value, either in Opinion or Effect, of which I think thoſe louſy Ergotiſms, and little Sophiſtry, by prepoſſeſſing the Avenues unto it, are the Cauſe. And People are much to blame to repreſent it to Children for a Thing of ſo difficult Acceſs, and with ſuch a frowning, grim, and formidable Aſpect: Who has diſguiſed it thus with this falſe, pale, and ghoſtly Countenance? There is nothing more airy, more gay, more frolick, and I had like to have ſaid, more wanton. She preaches nothing but Feaſting and Jollity; a melancholick thoughtful Look ſhews that ſhe does not inhabit there. *Demetrius*, the Grammarian, finding in the Temple of *Delphos* a Knot of Philoſophers ſet chattering together, ſaid to them, *Either I am much deceived, or by your chearful and pleaſant Countenance, you are ingaged in no very deep Diſcourſe.* To which one of them, *Heracleon*, the Magician, replied, 'Tis for ſuch as are puzzled about enquiring whether the future Tenſe of the Verb Βάλλω, be ſpelt with a double λ, or that hunt after the Derivation of the Comparatives χείρων, βέλτιον, and the Superlatives Χείριστον, Βέλτιστον, to knit their Brows whilſt diſcourſing of their Science; but as to philoſophical Diſcourſes, they always divert and cheer up thoſe they entertain, and never deject them, or make them ſad.

Deprendas animi tormenta latentis in ægro
Corpore, deprendas, & gaudia; ſumit utrumque
*Inde habitum facies**.

Th' internal Anguiſh of a ſick Man's Mind
Your Eye may ſoon diſcern, and alſo find
The Joys of thoſe in better Health that are,
For ſtill the Face does the Mind's Livery wear.

* *Juven. Sat.* 9.

The Soul that entertains Philoſophy ought to be of ſuch a Conſtitution of Health, as to render the Body in like Manner healthful too; ſhe ought to make her Tranquillity and Satisfaction ſhine, ſo as to appear without, and her Contentment ought to faſhion the outward Behaviour to her own Mould, and conſequently to fortify it with a graceful Confidence, active Carriage, and with a ſerene and contented Countenance. The moſt manifeſt Sign of Wiſdom is a continual Chearfulneſs; her Eſtate is like that of Things in the Regions above the Moon, always clear and ſerene. 'Tis *Baraco* and *Baralipton* that render their Diſciples ſo dirty and ill-favoured, and not ſhe; they do not ſo much as know her, but by Hear-ſay. 'Tis ſhe that calms and appeaſes the Storms and Tempeſts of the Soul, and who teaches Famine and Fevers to laugh and ſign; and that, not by certain imaginary Epicycles, but by natural and manifeſt Reaſons. She has Virtue for her End; which is not, as the School-men ſay, ſituate upon the Summity of a perpendicular Rock, and an inacceſſible Precipice. Such as have approached her, find it quite contrary, to be ſeated in a fair, fruitful, and flouriſhing Plain, from whence ſhe eaſily diſcovers all Things ſubjected to her; to which Place any one may however arrive, if he know but the eaſieſt and the neareſt Way, through ſhady, green, and ſweetly flouriſhing Walks and Avenues, by a pleaſant, eaſy, and ſmooth Deſcent, like that of the celeſtial Arches. 'Tis for not having frequented this ſupreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and couragious Virtue, this ſo profeſſed and implacable Enemy to Anxiety, Sorrow, Fear, and Conſtraint, who, having Nature for her Guide, has Fortune and Pleaſure for her Companions, that they have gone according to their own weak Imagination, and created this ridiculous, this ſorrowful, querulous, deſpiteful, threatning, terrible Image of it to themſelves and others, and placed it upon a ſolitary Rock amongſt Thorns and Brambles, and made of it a Hobgoblin to fright People from daring to approach it. But the Governor that I would have, that is, ſuch a one as knows it to be his Duty to poſſeſs his Pupil with as much or more Affection than Reverence to Virtue, will be able to inform him, that the Poets have evermore accommodated themſelves to the publick Humour, and

Chearfulneſs a Sign of Wiſdom.

and make him ſenſible, that the Gods have planted more Toil and Sweat in the Avenues of the Cabinets of *Venus*, than thoſe of *Minerva*, which, when he ſhall once find him begin to apprehend, and ſhall repreſent to him a *Bradamanta*, or an *Angelica* for a Miſtreſs, a natural, active, generous manly Beauty, in Compariſon of a ſoft, delicate, artificial, ſimpering, and affected Form; the one diſguis'd in the Habit of an heroick Youth, with her beautiful Face ſet out in a glittering Helmet, the other trick'd up in Curls and Ribbons like a wanton Minx; he will then look upon his own Affection as brave and maſculine, when he ſhall chuſe quite contrary to that effeminate Shepherd of *Phrygia*. Such a Tutor will make a Pupil to digeſt this new Doctrine, that the Height and Value of true Virtue conſiſts in the Facility, Utility, and Pleaſure of it's Exerciſe; ſo from Difficulty, that Boys, as well as Men, and the Innocent, as well as the Subtile, may make it their own; and it is by Order and good Conduct, and not by Force, that it is to be acquir'd. *Socrates*, her firſt Minion, is ſo averſe to all Manner of Violence, as totally to throw it aſide, to ſlip into the more natural Facility of her own Progreſs: 'Tis the Nurſing-Mother of all human Pleaſures, who, in rendring them juſt, renders them alſo pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in Breath and Appetite; in interdicting thoſe which ſhe herſelf refuſes, whets our Deſire to thoſe which ſhe allows; and, like a kind and liberal Mother, abundantly allows all that Nature requires, even to Satiety, if not to Laſſitude; unleſs we will declaim, That the Regimen of Health that ſtops the Toper's Hand before he has drank himſelf drunk, the Glutton's before he hath eaten to a Surfeit, and the Whoremaſter's Career before he hath got the Pox, is an Enemy to Pleaſure. If the ordinary Fortune fail, and that ſhe meets with an indocile Diſpoſition, ſhe paſſes that Diſciple by, and takes another, not ſo fickle and unſteady, whom ſhe forms wholly her own. She can be rich, potent and wiſe, and knows how to lye upon ſoft Down, and perfum'd Quilts too: She loves Life, Beauty, Glory, and Health; but her proper and peculiar Office is to know regularly how to make uſe of all theſe good Things, and how to part with them without Concern; an Office much more noble than troubleſom, and without which the whole Courſe of Life is unnatural,

unnatural, turbulent and deform'd; and there it is indeed, that Men may juſtly repreſent thoſe Monſters upon Rocks and Precipices. If this Pupil ſhall happen to be of ſo croſs and contrary a Diſpoſition, that he had rather hear a Tale of a Tub, than the true Narrative of ſome noble Expedition, or ſome wiſe and learned Diſcourſe; who at the Beat of a Drum, that excites the youthful Ardour of his Companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a Morrice, or the Bears, and who would not wiſh, and find it more delightful, and more pleaſing, to return all Duſt and Sweat victorious from a Battle, than from Tennis, or from a Ball, with the Prize of thoſe Exerciſes; I ſee no other Remedy, but that he be bound Apprentice in ſome good Town to learn to make Minc'd-Pies, though he were the Son of a Duke, according to *Plato*'s Precept, That Children are to be plac'd out, and diſpos'd of, not according to the Wealth, Qualities, or Condition of the Father, but according to the Faculties and the Capacities of their own Soul. But ſince Philoſophy is that which inſtructs us to live, and that Infancy has there it's Leſſons as well as other Ages, why is it not communicated to Children betimes? And why are they not more early initiated in it?

Udum, & molle lutum eſt, nunc, nunc properandus, & acri
Fingendus ſine fine rota *.

The Clay is moiſt and ſoft, now, now make Haſte,
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns faſt.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almoſt done living. A hundred Students have got the Pox before they have come to read *Ariſtotle*'s Lecture of Temperance. *Cicero* ſaid, that though he ſhould live two Men's Ages, he ſhould never find Leiſure to ſtudy the *Lyrick* Poets; and I find theſe Sophiſters yet more deplorably unprofitable. The Boy we would breed, has a great deal leſs Time to ſpare; he owes but the firſt fifteen or ſixteen Years of his Life to Diſcipline, the Remainder is due to Action: Therefore let us employ that ſhort Time in neceſſary Inſtruction. Away with the Logical Subtilties, they are Abuſes, Things by which our Lives can never be amended: Take me the

* *Perſ. Stat.* 3.

plain

plain Philoſophical Diſcourſes, learn firſt how rightly to chooſe, and then rightly to apply them, they are more eaſy to be underſtood than one of *Boccace*'s Novels; a Child from Nurſe is much more capable of them, than of learning to read or to write. Philoſophy has Diſcourſes equally proper for Childhood, as for the decrepid Age of Men; and I am of *Plutarch*'s Mind, that *Ariſtotle* did not ſo much trouble his great Diſciple with the Knack of forming Syllogiſms, or with the Elements of Geometry, as with infuſing into him good Precepts concerning Valour, Proweſs, Magnanimity, Temperance, and the Contempt of Fear; and with this Ammunition ſent him whilſt yet a Boy, with no more than 30000 Foot, 4000 Horſe, and but 42000 Crowns to ſubjugate the Empire of the whole Earth. For the other Arts and Sciences, *Alexander* ſays, he highly indeed commended their Excellency and Quaintneſs, and had them in very great Honour and Eſteem, but not raviſh'd with them to that Degree, as to be tempted to affect the Practice of them in his own Perſon.

Ariſtotle's *Method of Inſtructing* Alexander *the Great.*

——*Petite hinc juvenesque, seneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſemque viatica canis *.

Young Men and old, from hence yourſelves befriend,
Form both your Minds, with ſome ſure Aim and End;
And both therein againſt the Time to come
Wretched old Age, get a *Viaticum.*

Epicurus, in the Beginning of his Letter to *Meniceus*, ſays, that neither the Youngeſt ſhould refuſe to philoſophiſe, nor the Eldeſt grow weary of it: And who does otherwiſe, ſeems tacitly to imply, that either the Time of living happily is not yet come, or that it is already paſt: And yet for all that, I would not have this Pupil of ours impriſon'd, and made a Slave to his Book; nor would I have him given up to the Moroſity, and melancholick Humour of a ſour, Ill-natur'd Pedant. I would not have his Spirit cow'd and ſubdu'd, by applying him to the Rack, and tormenting him as ſome do, 14 or 15 Hours a Day, and ſo make a Pack-Horſe of him. Neither ſhould I think it good,

* *Perſ. Stat.* 5.

when

when by reaſon of a ſolitary and melancholic Complexion, he is diſcover'd to be much addicted to his Book, to nouriſh that Humour in him, for that renders them unfit for civil Converſation, and diverts them from better Employments. And how many have I ſeen in my Time totally brutified by an immoderate Thirſt after Knowledge? *Carneades* was ſo beſotted with it, that he would not find Time ſo much as to comb his Head, or pare his Nails; neither would I have his generous Manners ſpoil'd and corrupted by the Incivility and Barbarity of thoſe of another. The *French* Wiſdom has anciently been turn'd into Proverb, *Early but of no Continuance*; and in truth we yet ſee, that nothing can be more ingenious and pretty than the Children of *France*; but they ordinarily deceive the Hope and Expectation hath been conceiv'd of them, and grown up to be Men, have nothing extraordinary, or worth taking Notice of. I have heard Men of good Underſtanding ſay, theſe Colleges of ours to which we ſend our young People (and of which we have but too many) make them ſuch Animals as they are. But to our little *Monſieur*, a Cloſet, a Garden, the Table, his Bed, Solicitude and Company, Morning and Evening, all Hours ſhall be the ſame, and all Places to him a Study; for Philoſophy, who, as the Formatrix of Judgment and Manners, ſhall be his principal Leſſon, has that Privilege to have a Hand in every Thing. The Orator *Iſocrates*, being at a Feaſt intreated to ſpeak of his Art, all the Company were ſatisfied with, and commended his Anſwer; *It is not now a Time*, ſaid he, *to do what I can do; and that which it is now Time to do, I cannot do.* For to make Orations and rhetorical Diſputes in a Company met together to laugh and make good Cheer, had been very unſeaſonable and improper, and as much might have been ſaid of all the other Sciences: But as to what concerns Philoſophy, that Part of it at leaſt that treats of Man, and of his Offices and Duties; it has been the joint Opinion of all wiſe Men, that, out of Reſpect to the Sweetneſs of her Converſation, ſhe is ever to be admitted in all Sports and Entertainments. And *Plato* having invited her to his Feaſt, we ſhall ſee after how gentle and obliging a Manner, accommodated both to Time and Place, ſhe entertain'd the Company, though in a Diſcourſe of the higheſt and moſt important Nature.

Æquè

Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æquè,
Et neglecta æquè pueris, ſenſibuſque nocebit *.

It profits Poor and Rich alike, but when
Neglected, t'Old and Young are hurtful then.

By which Method of Inſtruction, my young Pupil will be much more, and better employ'd than thoſe of the College are: But as the Steps we take in walking to and fro in a Gallery, though three Times as many, do not tire a Man ſo much as thoſe we employ in a formal Journey; ſo our Leſſon, as it were accidentally occurring, without any ſet Obligation of Time or Place, and falling naturally into every Action, will inſenſibly inſinuate itſelf. By which Means, our very Exerciſes, and Recreations, Running, Wreſtling, Muſick, Dancing, Hunting, Riding, and Fencing, will prove to be a good Part of our Study. I would have his outward Behaviour, and Mein, and the Diſpoſition of his Limbs form'd at the ſame Time with his Mind. 'Tis not a Soul, 'tis not a Body that we are training up, but a Man, and we ought not to divide him: And, as *Plato* ſays, we are not to faſhion one without the other, but make them draw together like two Horſes harneſs'd to a Coach. By which Saying of his, does he not ſeem to allow more Time for, and to take more Care of Exerciſes for the Body, and to believe that the Mind in a good Proportion does her Buſineſs at the ſame Time too? As to the reſt, this Method of Education ought to be carried on with a ſevere Sweetneſs quite contrary to the Practice of our Pedants, who, inſtead of tempting and alluring Children to Letters by apt and gentle Ways, do in truth preſent nothing before them but Rods and Ferula's, Horror and Cruelty. Away with this Violence! away with this Compulſion! than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-deſcended Nature. If you would have him apprehend Shame and Chaſtiſement, do not harden him to them. Inure him to Heat and Cold, to Wind and Sun, and to Dangers that he ought to deſpiſe. Wean him from all Effeminacy, and Delicacy in Clothes and Lodging, Eating and Drinking; accuſtom him to every Thing, that he may

Severity an Enemy to Education.

* *Horat. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1.

not

have found a great Inconvenience by it in negotiating with that Nation. I have often with great Admiration reflected upon the wonderful Conſtitution of *Alcibiades*, who ſo eaſily could transform himſelf to ſo various Faſhions without any Prejudice to his Health; one while out-doing the *Perſian* Pomp and Luxury, and another, the *Lacedæmonian* Auſterity and Frugality, as reform'd in *Sparta*, as voluptuous in *Ionia*.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res §.
All Shapes and Colours you can name
Ariſtippus well became.

I would have my Pupil to be ſuch a one,

——Quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor vitæ via ſi converſa decebit,
Perſonamque feret non inconcinnus utramque †.

Whom Patience in patch'd Clothes does meanly ſhade,
Where a new Fortune a new Suit has made,
I ſhall admire if gracefully he can
Th' old Beggar hide in the new Gentleman.

Theſe are my Leſſons, and he who puts them in Practice ſhall reap more Advantage, than he who has had them read to him only, and only knows them. If you ſee him, you hear him; If you hear him, you ſee him. God forbid, ſays one in *Plato*, that to philoſophize were only to read a great many Books, and to learn the Arts. *Hanc ampliſſimam omnium artium bene vivendi diſciplinam, vita magis quam literis perſequuti ſunt* *. *They have more illuſtrated and improv'd this Diſcipline of living well, which of all Arts is the greateſt, by their Lives, than by their Reading.* *Leo*, Prince of the *Phliaſians*, aſking *Heraclides Ponticus* of what Art or Science he made Profeſſion; I know, ſaid he, neither Art nor Science, but I am a Philoſopher. One reproaching *Diogenes*, that being ignorant, he ſhould pretend to Philoſophy; I therefore, anſwer'd he, pretend to it with ſo much the more Reaſon. *Hegeſias* intreated that he would read a certain Book to him; You are pleaſant, ſaid he, who chuſe thoſe Figs that are true and natural, and not

§ *Horat. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 17. † *Id. Ibid.* * *Cic. Tuſc.* 4.

thoſe

thoſe that are painted; why do you not alſo chuſe Exerciſes which are naturally true, rather than thoſe written and preſcrib'd? A Man cannot ſo ſoon get his Leſſon by Heart, as he may practiſe it: He will repeat it in his Actions. We ſhall diſcover if there be Prudence in his Exerciſes, if there be Sincerity and Juſtice in his Deportments, if there be Grace and Judgment in his Speaking, if there be Conſtancy in his Sickneſs, if there be Modeſty in his Mirth, Temperance in his Pleaſures, Order in his Oeconomy, and Indifferency in his Palate, whether what he eats or drinks be Fleſh or Fiſh, Wine or Water. *Qui diſciplinam ſuam non oſtentationem ſcientiæ, ſed legem vitæ putet, quique obtemperet ipſe ſibi, & decretis pareat* *; *Who conſiders his own Diſcipline, not as a vain Oſtentation of Science, but as a Law and Rule of Life; and who obeys his own Decrees, and obſerves that Regimen he has preſcrib'd to himſelf.* The Conduct of our Lives is the true Mirror of our Doctrine. *Zeupidamus*, to one who aſked him, Why the *Lacedæmonians* did not commit their Conſtitutions of Chivalry to Writing, and deliver them to their young Men to read, made Anſwer, That it was becauſe they would inure them to Action, and not amuſe them with Words: With ſuch a one, after fifteen or ſixteen Years Study, compare one of our College *Latiniſts*, who has thrown away ſo much Time in nothing but learning to ſpeak. The World is nothing but Babble; and I hardly ever yet ſaw that Man who did not rather prate too much, than ſpeak too little; and yet half of our Age is embezzled this Way. We are kept four or five Years to learn Words only, and to tack them together into Clauſes; as many more to make Exerciſes; and to divide a continued Diſcourſe into ſo many Parts; and other five Years at leaſt to learn ſuccinctly to mix and interweave them after a ſubtle and intricate Manner. Let us leave it to the learned Profeſſors. Going one Day to *Orleans*, I met in the Plain on this Side *Clery*, two Pedants travelling towards *Bourdeaux*, about fifty Paces diſtant from one another, and a good Way farther behind them, I diſcover'd a Troop of Horſe, with a Gentleman at the Head of them, which was the late *Monſieur le Compte de la Rouchefoucaut*; one of my

* *Cic. Tuſc.* 4.

People enquir'd of the foremoſt of theſe *Domines*, who that Gentleman was that came after him, who having not ſeen the Train that follow'd after, and thinking he meant his Companion, pleaſantly anſwer'd, *He is not a Gentleman, Sir, he is a Grammarian, and I am a Logician.* Now we, who quite contrary, do not here pretend to breed a Grammarian, or a Logician, but a complete Gentleman, let us leave them to throw away their Time at their own Fancy: Our Buſineſs lies elſewhere. Let but our Pupil be well furniſh'd with Things, Words will follow but too faſt; he will pull them after him, if they do not voluntarily follow. I have obſerv'd ſome to make Excuſes, that they cannot expreſs themſelves, and pretend to have their Fancies full of a great many very fine Things, which yet, for want of Elocution, they cannot utter; a mere Shift and nothing elſe. Will you know what I think of it? I think they are nothing but Shadows of ſome imperfect Images and Conceptions that they know not what to make of within, nor conſequently bring them out: They do not yet themſelves underſtand what they would be at, and if you but obſerve how they haggle and ſtammer upon the Point of Parturition, you will ſoon conclude, that their Labour is not to Delivery, but about Conception, and that they are but licking their formleſs Embryo. For my Part, I hold, and *Socrates* is poſitive in it, That whoever has in his Mind a ſprightly and clear Imagination, he will expreſs it well enough in one Kind or another, and though he were dumb, by Signs.

A pleaſant Anſwer of a Pedant.

*Verbaque prævisam rem non invita ſequentur**.

When once a Thing conceiv'd is in the Wit,
Words ſoon preſent themſelves to utter it.

And as another as poetically ſays in Proſe, *cum Res Animum occupavere, Verba ambiunt* †. *When Things are once form'd in the Fancy, Words offer themſelves in Muſter:* And this other, *ipſæ res Verba rapiunt* ‖. *The Things themſelves force Words to expreſs them.* He knows nothing of Ablative, Conjunctive, Subſtantive, or Gram-

* *Hor. de Arte Poetic.* † *Seneca.* ‖ *Cicero de fin. l.* 3.

mar, no more than his Lacquey, or a Fiſh-wife of the *Petit-Pont*; and theſe yet will give you a Belly full of Talk, if you will hear them, and peradventure ſhall trip as little in their Language, as the beſt Maſters of Art in *France*. He knows no Rhetorick, nor how in a Preface to bribe the Benevolence of the courteous Reader; neither does he care, nor is it very neceſſary he ſhould know it. Indeed all this Decoration of Painting is eaſily obſcur'd and put down by the Luſtre of a ſimple and blunt Truth; theſe fine Flouriſhes ſerve only to amuſe the Vulgar, of themſelves incapable of more ſolid and nutritive Diet, as *Aſer* does very evidently demonſtrate in *Tacitus*. The Ambaſſadors of *Samos*, prepar'd with a long elegant Oration, came to *Cleomenes* King of *Sparta*, to incite him to a War againſt the Tyrant *Polycrates*, who after he had heard their Harangue with great Gravity and Patience, gave them this ſhort Anſwer; As to the *Exordium*, I remember it not, nor conſequently the Middle of your Speech, but for what concerns your Concluſion, I will not do what you deſire: A very pretty Anſwer this, methinks, and a Pack of learned Orators no doubt moſt ſweetly confounded. And what did this other ſay? The *Athenians* were to chuſe one of two Architects for a Surveyor to a very great Building they had deſign'd, of which, the firſt, a pert affected Fellow, offer'd his Service in a long premeditated Diſcourſe upon the Subject, and by his Oratory inclin'd the Voices of the People in his Favour; but the other in three Words, Lords of *Athens*, *All that this Man hath ſaid, I will do.* When *Cicero* was in the Height and Heat of his Eloquence, many were ſtruck with Admiration; but *Cato* did only laugh at it, ſaying, *We have a pleaſant Conſul.* Let it go before, or come after, a good Sentence, or a Thing well ſaid, is always in Seaſon, if it neither ſuit well with what went before, nor has any very good Coherence with what follows after, it is however good in itſelf. I am none of thoſe who think that good Rhyme makes a good Poem. Let him make ſhort long, and long ſhort if it will, 'tis no great Matter; if there be Invention, and that the Wit and Judgment have well perform'd their Offices, I will ſay here's a good Poet, but an ill Rhymer.

Emunctæ naris, durus componere verſus *.

* *Hor. ſer. lib. Stat.* 4.

His Fancy's rich, his Senſe is clear
In Verſe, though he has no good Ear.

Let a Man, ſays *Horace*, diveſt his Work of all Ornaments and Meaſure.

Tempora certa, modoſque, & quod prius ordine verbum eſt,
Poſterius faciat, præponens ultima primis,
Invenias etiam diſjecti membra Poetæ:

Let Tenſe and Mood, and Words be all miſplac'd,
Thoſe laſt that ſhould be firſt, thoſe firſt the laſt,
Though all Things be thus ſhuffled out of Frame,
You'll yet a Poem find in † Anagram.

He will never the more forfeit his Praiſe, for that the very Pieces will be fine by themſelves. *Menander's* Anſwer had this Meaning, who being reprov'd by a Friend, the Time drawing on at which he had preciſely promis'd a Comedy that he had not yet fall'n in Hand with it, It is made and ready, ſaid he, all to the Verſes. Having contriv'd the Subject, and diſpos'd the Scenes in his Fancy, he took little Care for the reſt. Since *Ronſard* and *Du Bellay* have given Reputation to our *French* Poeſy, every little Dabbler, for ought I ſee, ſwells his Words as high, and makes his Cadences very near as harmonious as they. *Plus ſonat, quam valet* *; *There were never ſo many Poetaſters as now*; but though they find it no hard Matter to rhyme as muſically as they, they yet fall infinitely ſhort of imitating the brave Deſcriptions of the one, and the curious Invention of the other. But what will become of our young Gentleman, if he be attack'd with the Sophiſtick Subtilty of ſome Syllogiſm? A *Weſtphalia* Ham makes a Man drink, Drink quenches Thirſt; therefore a *Weſtphalia* Ham quenches Thirſt. Why let him laugh at it, and it will be more Diſcretion to do ſo, than to go about to anſwer it; or let him borrow this pleaſant Evaſion from *Ariſtippus*, Why ſhould I trouble myſelf to unty that, which, bound as it is, gives me ſo much Trouble? One offering at this dialectick Juggling againſt *Cleanthes*, *Chryſippus* took him ſhort, ſaying, Reſerve theſe

† *According to that of Dr.* Donne, *D. of St.* Paul's.
* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 40.

Baubles

Baubles to play with Children, and do not by ſuch Fooleries divert the ſerious Thoughts of a Man of Years. If theſe ridiculous Subtilties, *contorta, & aculeata Sophiſmata* *, as *Cicero* calls them, are deſign'd to poſſeſs him with an Untruth, they are then dangerous; but if they ſignify no more than only to make him laugh, I do not ſee why they ſhould be ſo conſiderable, that a Man need to be fortified againſt them. There are ſome ſo ridiculous, as to go a Mile out of their Way to hook in a fine Word: *Aut qui non verba rebus aptant, ſed res arceſſunt, quibus verba conveniant* †; *Who do not fit Words to the Subject, but ſeek out Things quite from the Purpoſe, to fit thoſe Words they are ſo enamour'd of.* And, as another ſays, *Qui alicujus verbi decore placentis vocentur ad id, quod non propoſuerant ſcribere* ‖; *Who by their Fondneſs of ſome fine ſounding Word, are tempted to ſomething they had no Intention to treat of.* I, for my Part, rather bring in a fine Sentence by Head and Shoulders to fit my Purpoſe, than divert my Deſigns to hunt after a Sentence. On the contrary, Words are to ſerve, and to follow a Man's Purpoſe; and let *Gaſcon* come in Play where *French* will not do. I would have Things ſo exceed, and wholly poſſeſs the Imagination of him that hears, that he ſhould have ſomething elſe to do, than to think of Words. The Way of Speaking that I love is natural and plain, as well in Writing as Speaking, and a ſinewy and ſignificant Way of expreſſing a Man's ſelf, ſhort and pithy, and not ſo elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement.

Hæc demum ſapiet dictio, quæ feriet ‡.

Moſt Weight and Wiſdom does that Language bear,
Does pierce and captivate the Hearer's Ear.

Rather hard than harſh, free from Affectation; irregular, incontiguous, and bold, where every Piece makes up an entire Body; not like a Pedant, a Preacher, or a Pleader, but rather a Soldier-like Stile, as *Suetonius* calls that of *Julius Cæſar*; and yet I ſee no Reaſon why he ſhould call it ſo. I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent Garb, which is yet obſervable among the Young-Men of

* *Cicero Acad. l.* 4. † *Quin. l.* 8. ‖ *Seneca, Epiſt.* 59.
‡ *Epiſt. Lucan.*

our Time, to wear my Cloak on one Shoulder, my Bonnet on one Side, and one Stocking in ſomething more Diſorder than the other, which ſeems to expreſs a kind of manly Diſdain of thoſe exotick Ornaments, and a Contempt of Art; but I find that Negligence of much better Uſe in the Form of Speaking. All Affectation, particularly in the *French* Gaiety and Freedom, is ungraceful in a Courtier, and in a Monarchy every Gentleman ought to be faſhion'd according to the Court Model; for which Reaſon, an eaſy and natural Negligence does well. I no more like a Web where the Knots and Seams are to be ſeen, than a fine Proportion, ſo delicate, that a Man may tell all the Bones and Veins. *Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incompoſita ſit, & ſimplex. Quis accuratè loquitur, niſi qui vult putidè loqui* *? *Let the Language that is dedicated to Truth be plain and unaffected. For who ſtudies to ſpeak quaintly and accurately, that does not at the ſame Time deſign to perplex his Auditory.* That Eloquence prejudices the Subject it would advance, that wholly attracts us to itſelf. And as in our outward Habit, 'tis a ridiculous Effeminacy to diſtinguiſh ourſelves by a particular and unpractis'd Garb or Faſhion, ſo in Language, to ſtudy new Phraſes, and to affect Words that are not of current Uſe, proceeds from a Childiſh and Scholaſtick Ambition. Shall I be bound to ſpeak no other Language than what is ſpoken in the Courts of *Paris*? *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian was a little out, when he reprehended *Epicurus* for this plain Way of delivering himſelf, the End and Deſign of his Oratory being only Perſpicuity of Speech, and to be underſtood. The Imitation of Words by it's own Facility, immediately diſperſes itſelf thorough a whole People: But the Imitation of inventing, and fitly applying thoſe Words, is of a ſlower Progreſs. The Generality of Readers, for having found a like Robe, very miſtakingly imagine they have the ſame Body and Inſide too, whereas Force and Sinews are never to be borrowed, the Gloſs and outward Ornament, that is, Words and Elocution, may in moſt of thoſe I converſe with, ſpeak the ſame Language I here write; but whether they think the

Affectation unbecoming a Courtier.

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 40.

ſam

ſame Thoughts I cannot ſay. The *Athenians* (ſays *Plato*) are obſerved to ſtudy Length and Elegancy of Speaking; the *Lacedæmonians* to affect Brevity; and thoſe of *Crete* to aim more at the Fecundity of Conception than the Fertility of Speech, and theſe are the beſt. *Zenon* us'd to ſay that he had two Sorts of Diſciples, one that he call'd φιλολόγους, curious to learn Things, and theſe were his Favourites; the other, λογοφίλους, that cared for nothing but Words. Not that fine Speaking is not a very good and commendable Quality; but not ſo excellent and ſo neceſſary as ſome would make it; and I am ſcandaliz'd that our whole Life ſhould be ſpent in nothing elſe. I would firſt underſtand my own Language, and that of my Neighbours with whom moſt of my Buſineſs and Converſation lyes. No doubt but *Greek* and *Latin* are very great Ornaments, and of very great Uſe, but we buy them too dear: I will here diſcover one Way, which alſo has been experimented in my own Perſon, by which they are to be had better cheap, and ſuch may make Uſe of it as will. My Father having made the moſt preciſe Enquiry that any Man could poſſibly make amongſt Men of the greateſt Learning and Judgment, of an exact Method of Education, was by them caution'd of the Inconvenience then in Uſe, and made to believe, that the tedious Time we apply'd to the learning of the Languages of thoſe People who had them for nothing, was the ſole Cauſe we could not arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge with the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: I do not however believe that to be the only Cauſe: But the Expedient my Father found out for this, was, that in my Infancy, and before I began to ſpeak, he committed me to the Care of a *German*, who ſince died a famous Phyſician in *France*, totally ignorant of our Language, but very fluent and a great Critick in Latin. This Man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own Country, and whom he entertain'd with a very great Salary for this only End, had me continually in his Arms: To whom there were alſo join'd two others of the ſame Nation, but of inferior Learning to attend me, and ſometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the reſt of his Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither himſelf, nor my Mother, Man, nor Maid, ſhould ſpeak any thing

in my Company, but ſuch *Latin* Words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an Advantage this prov'd to the whole Family; my Father and my Mother, by this Means learning *Latin* enough to underſtand it perfectly well, and to ſpeak it to ſuch a Degree, as was ſufficient for any neceſſary Uſe; as alſo thoſe of the Servants did, who were moſt frequent with me. To be ſhort, we did *Latin* it at ſuch a Rate, that it overflowed to all the neighbouring Villages, where there yet remain, that have eſtabliſh'd themſelves by Cuſtom, ſeveral *Latin* Appellations of Artizans, and their Tools. As for what concerns myſelf, I was above ſix Years of Age before I underſtood either *French* or *Perigordin*, any more than *Arabick*, and without Art, Book, Grammar, or Precept, Whipping, or the Expence of a Tear, had by that Time learn'd to ſpeak as pure *Latin* as my Maſter himſelf. If (for Example) they were to give me a Theme after the College Faſhion, they gave it to others in *French*, but to me, they were of Neceſſity to give it in the worſt *Latin*, to turn it into that which was pure and good; and *Nicholas Grouchi*, who writ a Book *de Comitiis Romanorum*; *William Guirentes*, who has writ a Comment upon *Ariſtotle*; *George Buchanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet, and *Marcus Antonius Muretus*, (whom both *France* and *Italy* have acknowledg'd for the beſt Orator of his Time) my domeſtick Tutors, have all of them often told me, that I had in my Infancy that Language ſo very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into Diſcourſe with me; and particularly *Buchanan*, whom I ſince ſaw attending the late *Mareſchal de Briſſac*, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatiſe of Education, the Example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then Tutor to that Count *de Briſſac*, who afterwards prov'd ſo valiant and ſo brave a Gentleman. As to *Greek*, of which I have but little Smattering, my Father alſo deſign'd to have taught it me by a Trick; but a new one, and by way of Sport; toſſing out Declenſions to and fro, after the Manner of thoſe, who by certain Games, at Tables, and Cheſs, learn Geometry and Arithmetick: For he, amongſt other Rules, had been advis'd to make me reliſh Science and Duty by an unforc'd Will, and of my own voluntary Motion, and to educate my Soul

Soul in all Liberty and Delight, without any Severity or Conſtraint. Which alſo he was an Obſerver of to ſuch a Degree even of Superſtition, if I may ſay ſo, that ſome being of Opinion, it did trouble and diſturb the Brains of Children ſuddenly to wake them in the Morning, and to ſnatch them violently and over-haſtily from Sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly envolved than we) he only cauſed me to be waked by the Sound of ſome muſical Inſtrument, and was never unprovided of a Muſician for that Purpoſe; by which Example you may judge of the reſt, this alone being ſufficient to recommend both the Prudence and Affection of ſo good a Father; who therefore is not to be blamed if he did not reap the Fruits anſwerable to ſo exquiſite a Culture; of which, two Things were the Cauſe: *Firſt*, a Steril and improper Soil: For though I was of a ſtrong and healthful Conſtitution, and of a Diſpoſition tolerably ſweet and tractable; yet I was withal ſo heavy, idle, and indiſpoſed, that they could not rouze me from this Stupidity to any Exerciſe of Recreation, nor get me out to play. What I ſaw, I ſaw clear enough, and under this lazy Complexion, nouriſhed a bold Imagination, and Opinions above my Age. I had a ſlothful Wit, that would go no faſter than it was led, a ſlow Underſtanding, a languiſhing Invention, and after all, an incredible Defect of Memory; ſo that it is no Wonder, if from all theſe nothing conſiderable can be extracted. *Secondly*, (like thoſe, who, impatient of a long and ſteady Cure, ſubmit to all Sorts of Preſcriptions and Receits) the good Man being extremely timorous of any Way failing in a Thing he had ſo wholly ſet his Heart upon, ſuffered himſelf at laſt to be over-ruled by the common Opinion, and complying with the Method of the Time, having no longer thoſe Perſons he had brought out of *Italy*, and who had given him the firſt Model of Education, about him, he ſent me at ſix Years of Age to the College of *Guienne*, at that time the moſt flouriſhing in *France*. And there it was not poſſible to add any Thing to the Care he had to provide me the moſt able Tutors, with all other Circumſtances of Education, reſerving alſo ſeveral particular Rules contrary to the College Practice; but ſo it was, that with all theſe Precautions, it was a College ſtill. My *Latin* immediately grew corrupt, of which alſo by Diſcontinuance I have ſince loſt all Manner of Uſe: So that this new

Way of Inſtitution ſerved me to no other End, than only at my firſt coming to prefer me to the firſt Forms: For at thirteen Years old, that I came out of the College, I had run through my whole Courſe, (as they call it) and, in Truth, without any Manner of Improvement, that I can honeſtly brag of, in all this Time. The firſt Thing that gave me any Taſte of Books, was the Pleaſure I took in Reading the Fables of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes, and with them I was ſo taken, that being but ſeven or eight Years old, I would ſteal from all other Divertiſements to read them, both by Reaſon that this was my own natural Language, the eaſieſt Book that I was acquainted with, and for the Subject, the moſt accommodated to the Capacity of my Age: For as for *Lancelot du Lake*, *Amadis de Gaule*, *Huon* of *Bourdeaux*, and ſuch Trumpery, which Children are moſt delighted with, I had never ſo much as heard their Names, no more than I yet know what they contain; ſo exact was the Diſcipline wherein I was brought up. But this was enough to make me neglect the other Leſſons preſcribed me; and here it was infinitely to my Advantage, to have to do with an underſtanding Tutor, who very well knew diſcreetly to connive at this and other Truantries of the ſame Nature; for by this Means, I ran through *Virgil*'s *Æneids*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, and ſome *Italian* Comedies, allured by the Softneſs and Pleaſure of the Subject; whereas, had he been ſo fooliſh as to have taken me off this Diverſion, I do really believe I had brought nothing away from the College but a Hatred of Books, as almoſt all our young Gentlemen do; but he carried himſelf very diſcreetly in that Buſineſs, ſeeming to take no Notice, and allowing me only ſuch Time as I could ſteal from my other regular and yet moderate Studies, which whetted my Appetite to devour thoſe Books I was naturally ſo much in Love with before. For the chief Things my Father expected from their Endeavour to whom he had delivered me for Education, was Affability of Manners and good Humour; and, to ſay the Truth, mine had no other Vice but Sloth and Want of Mettle. There was no Fear that I would do ill, but that I would do nothing; No-body ſuſpected that I would be wicked, but uſeleſs; they foreſaw an Idleneſs, but no Malice in my Nature; and I find it falls out accordingly. The Complaints I hear of myſelf

ſelf are theſe, he is idle, cold in the Offices of Friendſhip and Relation, and remiſs in thoſe of the Publick; he is too particular, he is too proud: But the moſt injurious do not ſay, Why has he taken ſuch a Thing? Why has he not paid ſuch a one? But why does he part with nothing? Why does he not give? And I ſhould take it for a Favour that Men would expect from me no greater Effects of Supererrogation than theſe. But they are unjuſt to exact from me what I do not owe; and in condemning me to it, they efface the Gratification of the Act, and deprive me of the Gratitude that would be due to me upon ſuch a Bounty; whereas the active Benefit ought to be of ſo much the greater Value from my Hands; by how much I am not paſſive that Way at all. I can the more freely diſpoſe of my Fortune, the more it is mine, and of myſelf the more I am my own. Nevertherleſs, if I were good at ſetting out my own Actions, I could peradventure very well repel theſe Reproaches, and could give ſome to underſtand, that they are not ſo much offended, that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do. Yet for all this heavy Diſpoſition of mine, my Mind, when retired into itſelf, was not altogether idle, nor wholly deprived of ſolid Inquiſition, nor of certain and infallible Reſults about thoſe Objects it could comprehend, and could alſo without any Helps digeſt them; but amongſt other Things, I do really believe, it had been totally impoſſible to have made it to ſubmit by Violence and Force. Shall I here acquaint you with one Faculty of my Youth? I had great Boldneſs and Aſſurance of Countenance, and to that a Flexibility of Voice and Geſture to any Part I undertook to act.

Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus *.

For the next Year to my eleventh had
Me but a very few Days older made.

When I played the chiefeſt Parts in the *Latin* Tragedies of *Buchanan*, *Guerent*, and *Muretus*, that were preſented in our College of *Guienne*, with very great Applauſe; wherin *Andreas Goveanus*, our Principal, as in all other Parts of his

* *Virg. Bucol.* 8.

Undertaking,

Undertaking, was, without Compariſon, the beſt of that Employment in *France*; and I was looked upon as one of the chief Actors. 'Tis an Exerciſe that I do not diſapprove in young People of Condition, and have ſince ſeen our Princes, by the Example of the Ancients, in Perſon handſomly and commendably perform theſe Exerciſes; and it was moreover allowed to Perſons of the greateſt Quality to profeſs, and make a Trade of it in *Greece*. *Ariſtoni Tragico actori rem aperit: Huic & genus, & fortuna honeſta erant: Nec Ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori eſt, ea deformabat**. *He imparted this Affair to* Ariſto *the Tragedian, a Man of a good Family and Fortune, which, nevertheleſs, did neither of them receive any Blemiſh by that Profeſſion; nothing of that Kind being reputed a Diſparagement in* Greece. Nay, I have always taxed thoſe with Impertinence, who condemn theſe Entertainments, and with Injuſtice thoſe who refuſe to admit ſuch Comedians, as are worth ſeeing, into the good Towns, and grudge the People that publick Diverſion. Well-govern'd Corporations take Care to aſſemble their Citizens, not only to the ſolemn Duties of Devotion, but alſo to Sports and Spectacles. They find Society and Friendſhip augmented by it; and beſides, can there poſſibly be allowed a more orderly and regular Diverſion, than what is performed in the Sight of every one, and very often in the Preſence of the ſupreme Magiſtrate himſelf? And I, for my Part, ſhould think it reaſonable, that the Prince ſhould ſometimes gratify his People at his own Expence; and that in great and popular Cities there might be Theatres erected for ſuch Entertainments, if but to divert them from worſe and more private Actions. But to return to my Subject, there is nothing like alluring the Appetite and Affection, otherwiſe you make nothing but ſo many Aſſes loaden with Books, and by Virtue of the Laſh, give them their Pocket full of Learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you ſhould not only lodge it with them, but make them eſpouſe it.

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* *Lib. l.* 6. 26.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

That it is Folly to meaſure Truth and Error by our own Capacity.

'TIS not perhaps without Reaſon, that we attribute Facility of Belief and Eaſineſs of Perſuaſion to Simplicity and Ignorance, and I have heard Belief compared to the Impreſſion of a Seal ſtamp'd upon the Soul, which, by how much ſofter and of leſs Reſiſtance it is, is the more eaſy to be impoſed upon. *Ut neceſſe eſt lancem in libra ponderibus impoſitis, de primis ſit animum perſpicuis cedere; As the Scale of the Balance muſt give Way to the Weight that preſſes it down, ſo the Mind muſt of Neceſſity yield to Demonſtration:* And by how much the Soul is more empty, and without Counterpoiſe, with ſo much greater Facility it dips under the Weight of the firſt Perſuaſion. And this is the Reaſon that Children, the common People, Women, and ſick Folks, are moſt apt to be led by the Ears. But then, on the other Side, 'tis a very great Preſumption, to ſlight and condemn all Things for falſe that do not appear to us likely to be true; which is the ordinary Vice of ſuch as fancy themſelves wiſer than their Neighbours. I was myſelf once one of thoſe; and if I heard Talk of dead Folks walking, of Prophecies, Enchantments, Witchcraft, or any other Story, I had no Mind to believe,

> *Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,*
> *Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala.*
>
> Dreams, magick Terrors, Wonders, Sorceries,
> Hobgoblins, or *Theſſalian* Prodigies.

I preſently pitied the poor People that were abuſed by theſe Follies; whereas I now find, that I myſelf was to be pitied as much at leaſt as they; not that Experience has taught me any Thing to convince my former Opinion, though my Curioſity has endeavoured that Way; but Reaſon has inſtructed me, that thus reſolutely to condemn any Thing for falſe and impoſſible,

impoſſible, is arrogantly and impiouſly to circumſcribe and limit the Will of God, and the Power of Nature, within the Bounds of my own Capacity, than which no Folly can be greater. If we give the Names of Monſter and Miracle to every Thing our Reaſon cannot comprehend, how many are continually preſented before our Eyes? Let us but conſider through what Clouds, and as it were groping in the Dark, our Teachers lead us to the Knowledge of moſt of the Things we apply our Studies to, and we ſhall find that it is rather Cuſtom than Knowledge that takes away the Wonder, and renders them eaſy and familiar to us.

——Jam nemo feſſus ſaturuſque videndi,
Suſpicere in Cœli dignatur lucida Templa.*

Already glutted with the Sight, now none
Heaven's lucid Temples deigns to look upon.

And that if thoſe Things were now newly preſented to us, we ſhould think them as ſtrange and incredible, if not more than any others.

——Si nunc primum mortalibus adſint
Ex improviſo, ſeu ſint objecta repentè,
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes †.

Where Things are ſuddenly, and by Surprize
Juſt now objected new to mortal Eyes,
At nothing could they be aſtoniſh'd more,
Nor leſs than what they ſo admir'd before.

He that had never ſeen a River, imagined the firſt he met with to be the Sea, and the greateſt Things that have fallen within our Knowledge, we conclude the Extremes that Nature makes of the Kind.

Scilicet & fluvius qui non eſt maximus, ei eſt
Qui non ante aliquem majorem vidit & ingens;
Arbor homoque videtur, & omnia de genere omni
Maxima quæ vidit quiſque, hæc ingentia fingit ‡.

A little River unto him does ſeem,
That bigger never ſaw, a mighty Stream:

* *Lucret. l. 2.* † *Id. Ibid.* ‡ *Id. Ibid.*

A Tree,

A Tree, a Man; any Thing ſeems to his View
O'th' Kind the greateſt, that ne'er greater knew.

Conſuetudine Oculorum, aſſueſcunt animi, neque admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum rerum, quas ſemper vident *. *Things grow familiar to Men's Minds by being often ſeen; ſo that they neither admire, nor are inquiſitive into Things they daily ſee.* The Novelty, rather than the Greatneſs of Things, tempts us to enquire into their Cauſes. But we are to judge with more Reverence, and with greater Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance and Infirmity of this infinite Power of Nature. How many unlikely Things are there teſtified by People of very good Repute, which if we cannot perſuade ourſelves abſolutely to believe, we ought at leaſt to leave them in Suſpence? For, to conclude them impoſſible, is by a temerarious Preſumption to pretend to know the utmoſt Bounds of Poſſibility. Did we rightly underſtand the Difference betwixt impoſſible, betwixt extraordinary, and what is contrary to the common Opinion of Men, in believing raſhly, and on the other Side, in being not too incredulous, we ſhould then obſerve the Rule of *Ne quid nimis*, enjoined by *Chilo*. When we find in *Froiſſard*, that the *Count de Foix* knew in *Bearn* the Defeat of *John* King of *Caſtile*, at *Juberoth*, the next Day after, and the Means by which he tells us he came to do ſo, we may be allowed to be a little merry at it, as alſo at what our Annals report, that Pope *Honorius*, the ſame Day that King *Philip Auguſtus* died at *Mant*——performed his publick Obſequies at *Rome*, and commanded the like throughout all *Italy*; the Teſtimony of theſe Authors not being perhaps of Authority enough to reſtrain us. But what if *Plutarch*, beſides ſeveral Examples that he produces out of Antiquity, tells us, he is aſſured by certain Knowledge, that in the Time of *Domitian*, the News of the Battle loſt by *Antonius* in *Germany*, was publiſhed at *Rome*, many Days Journey from thence, and diſperſed throughout the whole World, the ſame Day it was fought: And if *Cæſar* was of Opinion, that it has often happened, that the Report has preceded the Accident; ſhall we not ſay, that theſe ſimple

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 2.

People

People have ſuffered themſelves to be deceived with the Vulgar, for not having been ſo clear-ſighted as we? Is there any Thing more delicate, more clear, more ſprightly than *Pliny*'s Judgment, when he is pleaſed to ſet it to work? Any Thing more remote from Vanity? Setting aſide his Learning, of which I make leſs Account, in which of theſe do any of us excel him? And yet there is ſcarce a puiſne Sophiſter that does not convince him of Untruth, and that pretends not to inſtruct him in the Progreſs of the Works of Nature: When we read in *Bouchet* the Miracles of St. *Hilary*'s Relicks; away with it, his Authority is not ſufficient to bear us the Liberty of contradicting him: But generally to condemn all ſuch like Stories, ſeems to me an Impudence of the worſt Character. The great St. *Auguſtine* profeſſes himſelf to have ſeen a blind Child recover Sight upon the Relick of St. *Gervaſe*; and St. *Protaſius* at *Milan*; a Woman at *Carthage* cured of a Cancer, by the Sign of a Croſs made upon her by a Woman newly baptized; *Heſperius*, a familiar Friend of his, to have driven away the Spirits that haunted his Houſe, with a little Earth of the Sepulchre of our Lord; which Earth being alſo tranſported thence into the Church, a Paralytick to have there been ſuddenly cured by it; a Woman in Proceſſion, having touched St. *Stephen*'s Shrine with a Noſegay, and after rubbing her Eyes with it, to have recovered her Sight loſt many Years before; with ſeveral other Miracles, of which he profeſſes himſelf to have been an Eye-Witneſs. Of what ſhall we accuſe him and the two holy Biſhops, *Aurelius* and *Maximinus*, both which he atteſts to the Truth of theſe Things? Shall it be of Ignorance, Simplicity, and Facility; or of Malice or Impoſture? Is any Man now living ſo impudent, as to think himſelf comparable to them, *either in Virtue, Piety, Learning, Judgment, or any Kind of Perfection? Qui ut Rationem nullam afferent, ipſa Authoritate me frangerent*. Who, though they ſhould give me no Reaſon for what they affirm, would yet convince me with their Authority.* 'Tis a Preſumption of great Danger and Conſequence, beſides the abſurd Temerity it draws after it, to contemn what we do not comprehend. For after that, according to your fine

* *Cicero 2, de Div. l. 2.*

Underſtanding,

Underſtanding, you have eſtabliſh d the Limits of Truth and Error, and that afterwards there appears a Neceſſity upon you of believing ſtranger Things than thoſe you have contradicted, you are already oblig'd to quit your Hold, and to acquieſce. That which ſeems to me ſo much to diſorder our Conſciences in the Commotions we are now in concerning Religion, is the Catholicks diſpenſing ſo much with their Belief; they fancy they appear moderate and wiſe, when they grant to the *Huguenots* ſome of the Articles in Queſtion; but beſides that, they do not diſcern what Advantage it is to thoſe with whom we contend, to begin to give Ground, and to retire, and how much this animates our Enemy to follow his Blow: Theſe Articles which they inſiſt upon as Things indifferent, are ſometimes of very great Importance, and dangerous Conſequence. We are either wholly and abſolutely to ſubmit ourſelves to the Authority of our eccleſiaſtical Polity, or totally throw off all Obedience to it. 'Tis not for us to determine what and how much Obedience we owe to it, and this I can ſay, as having myſelf made Trial of it, that having formerly taken the Liberty of my own Swing and Fancy, and omitted or neglected certain Rules of the Diſcipline of our Church, which ſeem'd to me vain, and of no Foundation; coming afterwards to diſcourſe it with learned Men, I have found thoſe very Things to be built upon very good and ſolid Ground, and ſtrong Foundation; and that nothing but Brutality and Ignorance make us receive them with leſs Reverence than the reſt: Why do we not conſider what Contradictions we find in our own Judgments, how many Things were Yeſterday Articles of our Faith, that To-day appear no other than Fables? Glory and Curioſity are the Scourges of the Soul; of which, the laſt prompts us to thruſt our Noſes into every Thing, and the other forbids us to leave any Thing doubtful and undecided.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of Friendſhip.

HAving conſidered the Fancy of a Painter I have that ſerves me, I had a Mind to imitate his Way; for he chooſes the faireſt Place, and Middle of any Wall, or Pannel of Wainſcot, wherein to draw a Picture which he finiſhes with his utmoſt Care and Art, and the Vacuity about it he fills with *Groteſque*; which are odd fantaſtick Figures, without any Grace, but what they derive from their Variety, and the Extravagancy of their Shapes. And in Truth, what are theſe Things I ſcribble, other than *Groteſques*, and monſtrous Bodies, made of diſſenting Parts, without any certain Figure, or any other than accidental Order, Coherence, or Proportion?

Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne *.
That a fair Woman's Face above doth ſhow;
But in a Fiſh's Tail doth end below.

In the ſecond Part I go Hand in Hand with my Painter, but fall very ſhort of him in the firſt, and the better, my Power of handling not being ſuch, that I dare to offer at a brave Piece, finely painted, and ſet off according to Art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of *Eſtienne de Boitie*, and ſuch a one as ſhall honour and adorn all the reſt of my Work, namely, a Diſcourſe that he called, *The voluntary Servitude*, a Piece writ in his younger Years, by way of Eſſay, in Honour of Liberty againſt Tyrants, and which has ſince run through the Hands of ſeveral Men of great Learning and Judgment, not without ſingular, and merited Commendation, for it is finely writ, and as full as any Thing can poſſibly be: Though a Man may confidently ſay, it is far ſhort of what he is able to do; and if in that more mature Age, wherein I had the Happineſs

* *Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

to know him, he had taken a Deſign like this of mine, to commit his Thoughts to Writing, we ſhould have ſeen a great many rare Things, and ſuch as would have gone very near to have rivall'd the beſt Writings of Antiquity: For in natural Parts eſpecially, I know no Man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, ſave this Treatiſe only, (and that too by Chance, for I believe he never ſaw it after it firſt went out of his Hands) and ſome Obſervations upon that Edict of *January*, made famous by our Civil Wars, which alſo ſhall elſewhere peradventure find a Place. Theſe were all I could recover of his Remains; I, to whom, with ſo affectionate a Remembrance, upon his Death-bed, he by his laſt Will bequeath'd his Library and Papers, the little Book of his Works only excepted, which I committed to the Preſs. And this particular Obligation I have to this Treatiſe of his, that it was the Occaſion of my firſt coming acquainted with him; for it was ſhew'd to me long before I had the good Fortune to know him, and gave me the firſt Knowledge of his Name; proving ſo the firſt Cauſe and Foundation of a Friendſhip, which he afterward improv'd, and maintain'd ſo long as God was pleas'd to continue us together, ſo perfect, inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in Story, and amongſt the Men of this Age, there is no Sign nor Trace of any ſuch Thing in Uſe; ſo much Concurrence is requir'd to the Building of ſuch a one, that 'tis much if Fortune bring it but once to paſs in three Ages. There is nothing to which Nature ſeems ſo much to have inclin'd as to Society; and *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the good *Legiſlators* had more Reſpect to Friendſhip, than to Juſtice. Now the moſt ſupreme Point of it's Perfection is this: For generally all thoſe that Pleaſure, Profit, publick, or private Intereſt, create and nouriſh, are ſo much the leſs generous, and ſo much the leſs Friendſhips, by how much they mix another Cauſe and Deſign, than ſimple, and pure Friendſhip itſelf. Neither do the four ancient Kinds, Natural, Sociable, Hoſpitable and Venerean, either ſeparately or jointly make up a true and perfect Friendſhip. That of Children to Parents is rather Reſpect: Friendſhip being nouriſh'd by Communication, which cannot, by Reaſon of the great Diſparity betwixt them; but

Perfect Friendſhip, what.

would rather perhaps violate the Duties of Nature; for neither are all the ſecret Thoughts of Fathers fit to be communicated to Children, leſt it beget an indecent Familiarity betwixt them; neither can the Advices and Reproofs which is one of the principal Offices of Friendſhip, be properly perform'd by the Son to the Father. There are ſome Countries, where 'tis the Cuſtom for Children to kill their Fathers; and others where the Fathers kill their Children, to avoid being ſometimes an Impediment to one another in their Deſigns; and moreover, the Expectation of the one does naturally depend upon the Ruin of the other. There have been great Philoſophers who have made nothing of this Tie of Nature; as *Ariſtippus* for one, who being preſt home about the Affection he ow'd to his Children, as being come out of him, preſently fell to ſpit, ſaying, that that alſo came out of him, and that he did alſo breed Worms and Lice; and that other, that *Plutarch* endeavour'd to reconcile to his Brother, I make never the more Account of him, ſaid he, for coming out of the ſame Place. This Name of Brother does indeed carry with it an amicable and affectionate Sound, and for that Reaſon, he and I call'd Brothers: But the Complication of Intereſt, the Diviſion of Eſtates, and that the raiſing of the one ſhould be the undoing of the other, does ſtrangely unnerve and ſlacken this fraternal Tie: And Brothers purſuing their Fortune and Advancement by the ſame Path, 'tis hardly poſſible, but they muſt of Neceſſity often juſtle and hinder one another. Beſides, why is it neceſſary that the Correſpondence of Manners, Parts and Inclinations, which beget theſe true and perfect Friendſhips, ſhould always meet and concur in theſe Relations. The Father and the Son may be of quite contrary Humours, and Brothers without any Manner of Sympathy in their Natures. He is my Son, he is my Brother, or he and I are Couſin-Germans; but he is paſſionate, Ill-natur'd, or a Fool. And moreover, by how much theſe are Friendſhips, that the Law, and natural Obligation, impoſe upon us; ſo much leſs is there of our own Choice, and voluntary Freedom. Whereas that voluntary Liberty of ours, has nothing but that of Affection and Friendſhip, properly it's own. Not that I have not in my own Perſon experimented all can poſſibly be expected of that Kind, having had the beſt and moſt indulgent Father,

even

even to an extreme old Age, that ever was, and who was himſelf deſcended from a Family, for many Generations famous and exemplary for brotherly Concord:

——— *Et ipſe*
Notus in fratres animi Paterni *.

And he himſelf noted the reſt above,
Towards his Brothers for paternal Love.

We are not here to bring the Love we bear to Women, though it be an Act of our own Choice, into Compariſon; nor rank it with the others; the Fire of which, I confeſs,

(*Neque enim eſt Dea neſcia noſtri*
Quæ dulcem curis, miſcet amaritiem †.)

(Nor is my Goddeſs ign'rant what I am,
Who pleaſing Sorrows mixes with my Flame.)

is more active, more eager, and more ſharp; but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving, and inconſtant: A Fever ſubject to Intermiſſion, and Paroxyſms, that has ſeiz'd but on one Part, one Corner of the Building; whereas in Friendſhip, 'tis a general and univerſal Fire, but temperate and equal, a conſtant eſtabliſh'd Heat, all eaſy and ſmooth, without Poinancy or Roughneſs. Moreover, in Love 'tis no other than frantick Deſire, to that which flies from us.

Com ſegue la lepre il cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al litto:
Ne piu l'eſtima poi, che preſa vede,
Et ſol dietro à chi fugge affretta il piede ‡.

Like Hunters that the flying Hare purſue
O'er Hill and Dale, through Heat, and Morning Dew,
Which being ta'en, the Quarry they deſpiſe,
Being only pleas'd in following that which flies.

So ſoon as ever they enter into Terms of Friendſhip, that is to ſay, into a Concurrence of Deſires, it vaniſhes, and is gone, Fruition deſtroys it, as having only a fleſhly End, and ſuch a one as is ſubject to Satiety. Friendſhip on the contrary, is enjoy'd proportionably, as it is deſir'd, and only grows up, is nouriſh'd and improves by Enjoyment,

* *Horat. l. 2. Ode 2.* † *Catullus.* ‡ *Ariоſto. Canto.* 10.

as being of itſelf ſpiritual, and the Soul growing ſtill more perfect by Practice. Under, and ſubſellious to this perfect Friendſhip, I cannot deny, but that the other vain Affections have in my younger Years found ſome Place in my Thoughts, that I may ſay nothing of him, who himſelf confeſſes but too much in his Verſes: So that I had both theſe Paſſions, but always ſo, that I could myſelf well enough diſtinguiſh them, and never in any Degree of Compariſon with one another. The firſt maintaining it's Flight in ſo lofty and ſo brave a Place, as with Diſdain to look down, and ſee the other flying at a far humbler Pitch below. As concerning Marriage, beſides, that it is a Covenant, the Entrance into which is only free, but the Continuance in it forc'd and compell'd, having another Dependance than that of our own Free-will, and a Bargain commonly contracted to other Ends, there almoſt always happens a thouſand Intricacies in it to unravel, enough to break the Thread, and to divert the Current of a lively Affection; Whereas Friendſhip has no Manner of Buſineſs or Traffick with any but itſelf. Moreover, to ſay Truth, the ordinary Talent of Women, is not ſuch, as is ſufficient to maintain the Conference and Communication requir'd, to the Support of this Conjugal Tie; nor do they appear to be endu'd with Conſtancy of Mind, to endure the Pinch of ſo hard and durable a Knot. And doubtleſs if without this there could be ſuch a free and voluntary Familiarity contracted, where not only the Souls might have this entire Fruition, but the Bodies alſo might ſhare in the Alliance, and a Man be engag'd throughout, the Friendſhip would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without Example, that this Sex could ever arrive at ſuch Perfection, and by the ancient Schools is wholly rejected; as alſo that other *Grecian* Licence is juſtly abhorr'd by our Manners; which alſo for having, according to their Practice, a ſo neceſſary Diſparity of Age, and Difference of Offices betwixt the Lovers, hold no more Proportion with the perfect Union and Harmony that we here require, than the other. *Quis eſt enim iſte amor amicitiæ? Cur neque deformem adoleſcentem quiſquam amavit, neque formoſum ſenem*? For what is the Love of Friendſhip? Why does no one love a deform'd Youth, or a comely old Man?* Neither will that

* *Cicero lib.* 4.

very

very Picture that the Academy preſents of it, as I conceive, contradict me, when I ſay, that the firſt Fury inſpir'd by the Son of *Venus* into the Heart of the Lover, upon the Sight of the Flower, and Prime of a ſpringing and bloſſoming Youth, to whom they allow all the Inſolencies and paſſionate Attempts that an immoderate Ardour can produce, was ſimply founded upon an external Beauty, the falſe Image of corporal Generation; for upon the Soul it could not ground this Love, the Sight of which, as yet lay conceal'd, was but now ſpringing, and not of Maturity to bloſſom. Which Fury, if it ſeiz'd upon a mean Courage, the Means by which he preferr'd his Suit, were rich Preſents, Favour in Advancement to Dignities, and ſuch Trumpery, which they by no Means approve: If on a more generous Soul, the Purſuit was ſuitably generous, by philoſophical Inſtructions, Precepts to revere Religion, to obey the Laws, to die for the Good of his Country; by Examples of Valour, Prudence and Juſtice, the Lover ſtudying to render himſelf acceptable by the Grace and Beauty of his Soul, that of his Body being long ſince faded and decay'd, hoping by this mutual Society to eſtabliſh a more firm and laſting Contract. When this Courtſhip came to affect in due Seaſon, (for that which they do not require in the Lover, namely, Leiſure and Diſcretion in his Purſuit, they ſtrictly require in the Perſon lov'd; foraſmuch as he is to judge of an internal Beauty, of difficult Knowledge, and obſcure Diſcovery) then there ſprung in the Perſon lov'd the Deſire of a ſpiritual Conception, by the Mediation of a ſpiritual Beauty. This was the Principal; the corporeal, accidental, and ſecond Cauſes, are all the wrong Side of the Lover. For this Reaſon they prefer the Perſon belov'd, maintaining, that the Gods in like Manner prefer him too, and very much blame the Poet *Æſchylus*, for having, in the Loves of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, given the Lover's Part to *Achilles*, who was in the firſt Flower and Pubeſcency of his Youth, and the handſomeſt of all the *Greeks*. After this general Familiarity, and mutual Community of Thoughts, is once ſettled, ſuppoſing the Sovereign and moſt worthy Part to preſide and govern, and to perform it's proper Offices, they ſay, that from thence great Utility is deriv'd, both to private and publick Concerns, that the Force and Power of Countries receiv'd their Beginning from thence, and that it was the chiefeſt Security of Li-

berty and Justice. Of which, the salutiferous Loves of *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton* is a good Instance; and therefore it is, that they call'd it sacred and divine, and do conceive, that nothing but the Violence of Tyrants, and the Baseness of the common People, is inimical to it: Finally, all that can be said in Favour of the Academy, is, that it was a Love which ended in Friendship; which also well enough agrees with the Stoical Definition of Love. *Amorem conatum esse amicitiæ faciendæ ex pulchritudinis specie* †. *That Love is a Desire of contracting Friendship by the Beauty of the Object.* I return to my own more just and true Description. *Omnino amicitiæ, corroboratis jam confirmatis ingeniis, & ætatibus, judicandæ sunt* *. *Those are only to be reputed Friendships, that are fortified and confirmed by Judgment, and Length of Time.* For the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some Design, by Means of which, there happens some little Intercourse betwixt our Souls: But in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one Piece, with so universal a Mixture, that there is no more Sign of the Seam by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a Reason why I lov'd him; I find it could no otherwise be express't, than by making Answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal Power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in Reason, mere Reports should do, I think by some secret Appoinment of Heaven, we embrac'd in our Names; and at our first Meeting, which was accidentally at a great City Entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt ourselves, that from thence-forward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent *Latin* Satyr, which I since printed, wherein he excuses the Precipitation of our Intelligence, so suddenly come to Perfection, saying, that being to have so short Continuance, as being begun so late, (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the

† *Cicero lib.* 4. * *Cicero Amic.*

older)

older) there was no Time to loſe; nor was tied to conform itſelf to the Example of thoſe ſlow and regular Friendſhips, that require ſo many Precautions of a long preliminary Converſation. This has no other *Idea*, than that of itſelf: This is no one particular Conſideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a Thouſand: 'Tis I know not what Quinteſſence of all this Mixture, which, ſeizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and loſe itſelf in his; and that having ſeized his whole Will, brought it back with equal Concurrence and Appetite, to plunge and loſe itſelf in mine. I may truly ſay loſe, reſerving nothing to ourſelves, that was either his or mine. When *Lælius*, in the Preſence of the *Roman* Conſuls (who, after they had ſentenced *Tiberius Gracchus*, proſecuted all thoſe who had any Familiarity with him alſo) came to aſk *Cajus Bloſius* (who was his chieſeſt Friend and Confident) how much he would have done for him? And that he made Anſwer, All Things. How! All Things! ſaid *Lælius*: And what if he had commanded you to fire our Temples? He would never have commanded me that, replied *Bloſius*: But what if he had? ſaid *Lælius*. Why, if he had, I would have obey'd, ſaid the other. If he was ſo perfect a Friend to *Gracchus*, as the Hiſtories report him to have been, there was yet no Neceſſity of offending the Conſuls by ſuch a bold Confeſſion, though he might ſtill have retained the Aſſurance he had of *Gracchus*'s Diſpoſition. However, thoſe who accuſe this Anſwer as ſeditious, do not well underſtand the Myſtery; nor preſuppoſe, as it was true, that he had *Gracchus*'s Will in his Sleeve, both by the Power of a Friend, and the perfect Knowledge he had of the Man. They were more Friends than Citizens, and more Friends to one another than either Friends or Enemies to their Country, or than Friends to Ambition and Innovation. Having abſolutely given up themſelves to one another, either held abſolutely the Reins of the other's Inclination, which alſo they govern'd by Virtue, and guided by the Conduct of Reaſon, (which alſo without theſe, it had not been poſſible to do) and therefore *Bloſius*'s Anſwer was ſuch as it ought to be. If either of their Actions flew out of the Handle, they were neither (according to my Meaſure of Friendſhip) Friends to one another, nor to themſelves. As to the reſt, this Anſwer carries no worſe Sound than mine would do to one that ſhould aſk me, If your Will ſhould command you to kill your Daughter,

Daughter, would you do it? And that I ſhould make Anſwer, that I would, for this expreſſes no Conſent to ſuch an Act, foraſmuch as I do not in the leaſt ſuſpect my own Will, and as little that of ſuch a Friend. 'Tis not in the Power of all the Eloquence in the World, to diſpoſſeſs me of the Certainty I have of the Intentions and Reſolutions of mine; nay, no one Action of his, what Face ſoever it might bear, could be preſented to me, of which I could not preſently, and at firſt Sight, find out the moving Cauſe: Our Souls have drawn ſo unanimouſly together, and we have with ſo mutual a Confidence laid open the very Bottom of our Hearts to one another's View, that I not only know his as well as my own, but ſhould certainly, in any Concern of mine, have truſted my Intereſt much more willingly with him than with myſelf. Let no one therefore rank other common Friendſhip with ſuch a one as this. I have had as much Experience of theſe, as another, and of the moſt perfect of their Kind: But I do not adviſe, that any ſhould confound the Rules of the one and the other; for they would then find themſelves much deceived. In thoſe other ordinary Friendſhips, you are to walk with a Bridle in your Hand, with Prudence and Circumſpection, for in them the Knot is not ſo ſure, that a Man may not half ſuſpect it will ſlip: Love him (ſaid *Chilo*) ſo, as if you were one Day to hate him; and hate him ſo, as you were one Day to love him. A Precept, that though abominable in the ſovereign and perfect Friendſhip which I intend, is nevertheleſs very ſound, as to the Practice of the ordinary ones, now in Faſhion, and to which the Saying that *Ariſtotle* had ſo frequent in his Mouth, *O my Friends, there is no Friend*, may very fitly be applied. And this glorious Commerce of good Offices, Preſents and Benefits, by which other Friendſhips are ſupported and maintained, do not deſerve ſo much as to be mentioned here; and is by this Concurrence and Conſent of Wills, totally taken away, and rendered of no Uſe; as the Kindneſs I have for myſelf receives no Increaſe, for any thing I relieve myſelf withal in Time of Need, (whatever the *Stoicks* ſay) and as I do not find myſelf obliged to myſelf, for any Service I do myſelf; ſo the Union of ſuch Friends, being really perfect, deprives them of all Acknowledgment of ſuch Duties, and makes them loath and baniſh from their Converſation theſe Words of Diverſion, Diſtinction, Benefit,

Benefit, Obligation, Entreaty, Thanks, and the like: All Things, Wills, Thoughts, Opinions, Goods, Wives, Children, Honours, and Lives, being in Effect common betwixt them, and that abſolute Concurrence of Affections being no other than one Soul in two Bodies, (according to that very proper Definition of *Ariſtotle*) they can neither lend nor give any thing to one another. This is the Reaſon why the Law-givers, to honour Marriage with ſome imaginary Reſemblance of this divine Alliance, interdict all Gifts betwixt Man and Wife; inferring by that, that all ſhould belong to each of them, and that they have nothing to divide, or to give. If, in the Friendſhip of which I ſpeak, one could give to the other, the Receiver of the Benefit would be the Man that obliged his Friend; for each of them contending, and above all Things, ſtudying how to be uſeful to one another, he that adminiſters the Occaſion, is the liberal Man, in giving his Friend the Satisfaction of doing that towards him, which above all Things he does moſt deſire. When the Philoſopher *Diogenes* wanted Money, he uſed to ſay, that he redemanded it of his Friends, not that he demanded it; and to let you ſee the effectual Practice of this, I will here produce an ancient and a rare Example; *Eudamidas*, a *Corinthian*, had two Friends, *Charixenus* a *Syconian*, and *Aretheus* a *Corinthian*; this Man coming to die, being poor, and his two Friends rich, he made his Will after this Manner, I bequeath to *Aretheus* the Maintainance of my Mother, to ſupport and provide for her in her old Age, and to *Charixenus* I bequeath the Care of marrying my Daughter, and to give her as good a Portion as he is able; and in Caſe one of theſe chance to die, I hereby ſubſtitute the Surviver in his Place. They who firſt ſaw this Will, made themſelves very merry at the Contents; but the Executors being made acquainted with it, accepted the Legacies with very great Content; and one of them, *Charixenus*, dying within five Days after, and *Aretheus* by that Means having the Charge of both devolved ſolely to him, he nouriſhed that old Woman with very great Care and Tenderneſs, and of five Talents he had in Eſtate, he gave two and an half in Marriage with an only Daughter he had of his own, and two and an half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the ſame Day ſolemnized both their Nuptials. This Example is very full, if one thing

were

were not to be objected, namely, the Multitude of Friends: For the perfect Friendſhip I ſpeak of, is indiviſible, every one gives himſelf ſo entirely to his Friend, that he has nothing left to diſtribute to others: But, on the contrary, is ſorry, that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many Souls, and many Wills, to confer them all upon this one Subject. Common Friendſhips will admit of Diviſion, one may love the Beauty of this, the good Humour of that Perſon, the Liberty of a third, the paternal Affection of a fourth, the fraternal Love of a fifth, and ſo of the reſt. But this Friendſhip that poſſeſſes the whole Soul, and there rules and ſways with an abſolute Sovereignty, can poſſibly admit of no Rival. If two at the ſame time ſhould call to you for Succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary Offices, how could you ſerve them both? Should one commit a Thing to your Secrecy, that it were of Importance to the other to know, how would you diſingage yourſelf? A ſingular and particular Friendſhip diſunites and diſſolves all other Obligations whatſoever. The Secret I have ſworn not to reveal to any other, I may without Perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myſelf. 'Tis Miracle enough certainly, for a Man to double himſelf, and thoſe that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extreme, that has it's like; and who ſhall preſuppoſe, that of two, I love one as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them; does multiply in Friendſhip, the moſt ſingle and united of all Things, and wherein moreover, one alone, is the hardeſt Thing in the World to find. The remaining Part of this Story ſuits very well with what I ſaid before; for *Eudamidas*, as a Bounty and Favour, bequeaths to his Friends a Legacy of employing themſelves in his Neceſſity; he leaves them Heirs to this Liberality of his, which conſiſts in giving them the Opportunity of conferring a Benefit upon him, and doubtleſs the Force of Friendſhip is more eminently apparent in this Act of his, than in that of *Aretheus*. In ſhort, theſe are Effects not to be imagined nor comprehended by ſuch as have no Experience of them, and which make me infinitely honour and admire the Anſwer of that young Soldier to *Cyrus*, by whom being aſked how much he would take for a Horſe, with which he had won the Prize of a Courſe, and whether he would exchange

him

him for a Kingdom? No, truly, Sir, ſaid he, but I would give him with all my Heart, to find a true Friend, could I find out any Man worthy of that Relation. He did not ſay ill in ſaying, could I find, for though a Man may almoſt every where meet with Men ſufficiently qualified for a ſuperficial Acquaintance; yet in this, where a Man is to deal from the very Bottom of his Heart, without any Manner of Reſervation, it will be requiſite, that all the Wards and Springs be neatly and truly wrought, and perfectly ſure. In Leagues that hold but by one End, we are only to provide againſt the Imperfections that particularly concern that End. It can be of no Importance to me, of what Religion my Phyſician or my Lawyer is, provided the one be a good Lawyer, and the other a good Phyſician; this Conſideration hath nothing in common with the Offices of Friendſhip, and I am of the ſame Indifferency in the domeſtick Acquaintance my Servants muſt neceſſarily contract with me; I never enquire when I am to take a Footman, if he be chaſte, but if he be diligent; and am not ſolicitous, if my Chairman be given to Gaming, as if he be ſtrong and able, or if my Cook be a Swearer, or a good Cook. I do not however take upon me to direct what other Men ſhould do in the Government of their Families, there are enow that meddle enough with that; but only give an Account of my Method in my own.

Mihi ſic uſus eſt: Tibi, ut opus eſt facto, face *.

This has my Practice been; but thou may'ſt do,
What thy Affairs or Fancy prompt thee to.

In Table-talk, I prefer the Pleaſant and Witty before the Learned and the Grave: In Bed, Beauty before Modeſty; and in common Diſcourſe, Eloquence, whether or no there be Sincerity in that Caſe. And, as he that was found aſtride upon a Hobby-Horſe, playing with his Children, entreated the Perſon who had ſurprized him in that Poſture, to ſay nothing of it, till himſelf came to be a Father, ſuppoſing that the Fondneſs that would then poſſeſs his own Soul, would render him a more equal Judge of ſuch an Action: So I alſo could wiſh to ſpeak to ſuch as have had Experience of what I ſay; though, knowing

* *Terence Heaut. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 1.

how

how remote a Thing ſuch a Friendſhip is from the common Practice, and how rarely ſuch are to be found, I deſpair of meeting with any one qualified to ſuch a Degree of Competency. For even theſe Diſcourſes left us by Antiquity upon this Subject, ſeem to me flat and low, in Compariſon of the Senſe I have of it, and in this Particular, the Effects ſurpaſs the very Precepts of Philoſophy.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico *.

I nothing to myſelf can recommend,
Like the Delight of a facetious Friend.

The ancient *Menander* declared him to be happy that had the good Fortune to meet with but the Shadow of a Friend; and doubtleſs he had good Reaſon to ſay ſo, eſpecially if he ſpoke by Experience: For, in good Earneſt, if I compare all the reſt of my Life; though, Thanks be to God, I have always paſſed my Time pleaſantly enough, and at my Eaſe; and the Loſs of ſuch a Friend excepted, free from any grievous Affliction, and in great Tranquillity of Mind, having been contented with my natural and original Conveniencies, without being ſolicitous after others; if I ſhould compare it all, I ſay, with the four Years I had the Happineſs to enjoy the ſweet Society of this excellent Man, 'tis nothing but Smoke, but an obſcure and tedious Night, from the Day that I loſt him.

Quem ſemper acerbum,
Semper honoratum (ſic Dii voluiſtis) habebo †.

Which ever till I ſtep into my Grave,
I ſhall in ſad, but kind Remembrance have,

I have only led a ſorrowful and languiſhing Life; and the very Pleaſures that preſent themſelves to me, inſtead of adminiſtring any thing of Conſolation, double my Affliction for his Loſs. We were Halves throughout, and to that Degree, that, methinks, by out-living him, I defraud him of his Part.

Nec jus eſſe ulla me voluptate hic frui
Decrevi, tantiſper dum ille abeſt meus particeps ‡.

* *Horat. l.* 1. *Sat.* 5. † *Virg. Æn.* 1. 5.
‡ *Terence Heaut. Act.* 1. *Sc.* 1.

And

And this againſt myſelf I have decreed,
Nothing of Pleaſure ſhall my Fancy ſeed,
Since he is gone, for ever gone alas!
Who in all Joys my dear Co-partner was.

I was ſo accuſtomed to be always his Second in all Places, and in all Intereſts too, that, methinks, I am no more than half a Man, and have but half a Being.

Illum meæ ſi partem animæ tulit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec charus æque nec ſuperſtes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Duxit ruinam.*

Since that half of my Soul was ſnatch'd away
By riper Age, why does the other ſtay?
Which now's not dear, nor truly does ſurvive
That Day our double Ruin did contrive.

There is no Action or Imagination of mine, wherein I do not want them: I know that his Advice and Aſſiſtance would be uſeful to me: For as he ſurpaſſed me by infinite Degrees in Virtue and all other Accompliſhments, ſo he alſo did in all Offices of Friendſhip.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis †.

A moderate Mourning were a Scandal here,
Where I lament a Friend ſo truly dear.

O miſero, frater adempte, mihi!
Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia noſtra,
Quæ tuus in vita, dulcis alebat amor,
Tu mea, tu moriens fregiſti commoda, frater,
Tecum una tota eſt noſtra ſepulta anima.
Cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
Hæc ſtudia, atque omnes delicias animi.
Alloquer? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem?
Nunquam ego te vita, frater amabilior,
Aſpiciam poſthac? at certe ſemper amabo ‡.

Ah! Brother, what a Life did I commence,
From that ſad Day that thou were raviſh'd hence!

* *Horat. l.* 2. *Ode* 4. † *Ibid. l.* 1. *Ode* 1. ‡ *Catullus.*

Thoſe Joys are gone, which whilſt thou tarriedſt here
By thy ſweet Converſation nouriſh'd were.
With thee, when dying, my good Fortune fled,
And in thy Grave my Soul was buried.
The Muſes at thy Funerals I forſook,
And of thy Joy my Leave for ever took.
Dearer than Life, am I ſo wretched then,
Never to ſee, nor ſpeak to thee agen,
Nor hear thy Voice, now frozen up by Death?
Yet will I love thee to my lateſt Breath.

But let us hear a little Boy of ſixteen ſpeak.

In this Place I did once intend to have inſerted thoſe Memoirs upon that famous Edict of January; *but being I ſince find that they are already printed, and with a malicious Deſign, by ſome who make it their Buſineſs to moleſt, and endeavour to ſubvert the State of our Government, not caring whether they mend and reform it or no; and that they have confounded this Writing of his with others of their own Leaven, I deſiſt from that Purpoſe: But that the Memory of the Father may not be intereſted, nor ſuffer with ſuch as could not come near Hand to be acquainted with his Principles; I here give them truly to underſtand, that it was writ by him in his very green Years, and that by Way of Exerciſe only, as a common Theme that has been tumbled and toſſed by a thouſand Writers. I make no Queſtion, but that he himſelf believed what he writ, being ſo conſcientious that Way, that he would not ſo much as lie in jeſt: And do moreover know, that could it have been in his own Choice, he would rather have been born at* Venice, *than at* Soarlac, *and he had Reaſon: But he had another Maxim ſovereignly imprinted in his Soul, very religiouſly to obey, and ſubmit to the Laws under which he was born. There never was a better Citizen, nor a Man more affectionate to his Country; neither was there ever a greater Enemy to all the Commotions and Innovations of his Time: So that he would, without Doubt, much rather have employed his Talent to the extinguiſhing of thoſe civil Flames, than have added any Fuel to them: For he had a Mind framed to the Model of better Ages. But in Exchange of this ſerious Piece, I will preſent you with another of a more gay and frolick Air, from the ſame Hand, and writ at the ſame Age.*

Apology of Eſtienne de Boëtie.

The END of the FIRST PART.

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

BOOK I. PART II.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Nine and twenty Sonnets of Eſtienne de la Boëtie, *to Madam* de Grammont, *Counteſs of* Guiſſon.

MADAM, I offer your Ladyſhip nothing of mine, either becauſe it is already yours, or becauſe I find nothing in my Writings worthy of you: But I have a great Deſire that theſe Verſes, into what Part of the World ſoever they may travel, may carry your Name in the Front, for the Honour will accrue to them, by having the great *Coriſanda de Andonis* for their ſafe Conduct: I conceive this Preſent, Madam, ſo much the more proper for you, both by Reaſon there are few Ladies in *France*, who are ſo good Judges of Poetry, and make ſo good Uſe of it as you

do; as alſo that there is none who can give it that Spirit and Life your Ladyſhip does, by that incomparable Voice Nature has added to your other Perfections; you will find, Madam, that theſe Verſes deſerve your Eſteem, and will, I dare ſay, concur with me in this, that *Gaſcony* never yielded more Invention, finer Expreſſion, or any that more evidently ſhew themſelves to have flowed from a maſterly Hand: Be not jealous then that you have but the Remainder of what I publiſhed ſome Years ſince, under the Name of *Monſieur de Foix*, your brave Kinſman; for certainly theſe have ſomething in them more ſpritely and luxuriant, as being writ in a greener Youth, and enflamed with that noble Ardour which I will tell your Ladyſhip in your Ear. The other were writ ſince, when he was a Suitor in the Honour of his Wife, already reliſhing I know not what matrimonial Coldneſs: And for my Part, I am of the ſame Opinion with thoſe who hold, that Poeſy appears no where ſo gay, as in a wanton and irregular Subject.

Theſe nine and twenty Sonnets that were inſerted here, are ſince printed with his other Works.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Moderation.

AS if we had an infectious Touch, we, by our Manner of Handling, corrupt Things that in themſelves are laudable and good: We may graſp Virtue ſo hard, 'till it becomes vicious, if we embrace it too ſtreight, and with too violent a Deſire. Thoſe who ſay, there is never any Exceſs in Virtue, foraſmuch as it is no Virtue, when it once becomes Exceſs, only play upon Words.

Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam *.

* *Horace l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 6.

The

The Wiſe for Mad, the Juſt for Unjuſt paſs,
When more than needs, ev'n Virtue they embrace.

This is a ſubtle Conſideration in Philoſophy. A Man may both be too much in Love with Virtue, and be exceſſive in a juſt Action. Holy Writ agrees with this, *Be not wiſer than you ſhould*; but be ſoberly wiſe. I * have known a great Man prejudice the Opinion Men had of his Devotion by pretending to be devout beyond all Examples of others of his Condition. I love temperate and moderate Nature. An immoderate Zeal, even to that which is good, though it does not offend, does aſtoniſh me, and puts me to ſtudy what Name to give it. Neither the Mother of *Pauſanias*, who was the firſt Impeacher of her Son, and threw the firſt Stone towards his Death; nor *Poſthumus* the Dictator, who put his Son to Death, whom the Ardour of Youth had fortunately puſht upon the Enemy a little more advanced than the reſt of his Squadron, appear to me altogether as ſtrange; and I ſhould neither adviſe, nor like to follow, a Virtue ſo ſavage in itſelf, and that coſts ſo dear. The Archer that ſhoots over miſſes as well as he that falls ſhort, and 'tis equally troubleſom to my Sight, to look up at a great Light, and to look down into a dark Abyſs. *Callicles* in *Plato* ſays, That the Extremity of Philoſophy is hurtful, and adviſes not to dive into it beyond the Limits of Profit; that taken moderately, it is pleaſant and uſeful; but that in the End, it renders a Man brutiſh and vicious; a Contemner of Religion and the common Laws; an Enemy to civil Converſation, and all human Pleaſures; incapable of all publick Adminiſtration; unfit either to aſſiſt others, or to relieve himſelf; and a fit Object for all Sorts of Injuries and Affronts, without Remedy or Satisfaction: He ſays true, for in it's Exceſs, it enſlaves our natural Freedom, and by an impertinent Subtilty, leads us out of the fair and beaten Way that Nature has plained out for us. The Love we bear to our Wives is very lawful, and yet Theology thinks fit to curb and reſtrain it. As I remember, I have read in one Place of St. *Thomas* of *Aquin*, where he condemns Marriage within any of the forbidden

* *'Tis like he means* Henry *the third of* France.

Degrees, for this Reaſon, amongſt others, that there is ſome Danger, leſt the Friendſhip a Man bears to ſuch a Woman ſhould be immoderate; for if the conjugal Affection be full and perfect betwixt them, as ought to be, and that it be over and above ſurcharged with that of Kindred too, there is no Doubt but ſuch an Addition will carry the Huſband beyond the Bounds of Reaſon. Thoſe Sciences that regulate the Manners of Men, Divinity and Philoſophy, will have a Saying to every Thing. There is no Action ſo private that can eſcape their Inſpection and Juriſdiction, but they are beſt taught, who are beſt able to cenſure and curb their own Liberty. 'Tis the Women that expoſe their Nudities over freely, upon the Account of Pleaſure, though in the Neceſſities of Phyſick and Chirurgery, they are moſt ſhy and more reſerved. I will therefore, in their Behalf, teach the Huſbands, that is, ſuch as are too extravagant and ſenſual in the Exerciſe of the matrimonial Duty, this Leſſon, that the very Pleaſures they enjoy in the Society of their Wives, are reproachable, if immoderate, and that a licentious and riotous Abuſe of them, are Faults, as reproveable here, as illegitimate and adulterous Practices. Thoſe immodeſt and debauched Tricks and Poſtures, that the firſt Ardour ſuggeſts to us in this Affair, are not only indecently but inconveniently practiſed upon our Wives. Let them at leaſt learn Impudency from another Hand; they are always ready enough for our Buſineſs, and I, for my Part, always went the plain Way to work. Marriage is a ſolemn and religious Tie, and therefore the Pleaſure we extract from thence ſhould be a ſober and ſerious Delight, and mixt with a certain Kind of Gravity; it ſhould be a Kind of diſcreet and conſcientious Pleaſure. And being that the chief End of it is Generation, ſome make a Queſtion whether, when Men are out of Hopes of that Fruit, as when their Wives are ſuperannuated or already with Child, it be lawful to lye with them. 'Tis Homicide, according to *Plato*, and certain Nations (the *Mahometan* amongſt others) abominate all Conjunction with Women with Child, and others alſo, with thoſe who are unclean. *Zenobia* would never admit her Huſband for more than one Encounter, after which ſhe left him to his own Swing for the whole Time of her Conception, and not 'till after that, would any more

receive

recieve him: A brave Example of conjugal Continency. It was doubtleſs from ſome laſcivious Poet, and one that himſelf was in great Diſtreſs for a little of this Sport, that *Plato* borrowed this Story; that *Jupiter* was one Day ſo hot upon his Wife, that not having ſo much Patience, as 'till ſhe could get to the Couch, he threw her upon the Floor, where the Vehemency of Pleaſure made him forget the great and important Reſolutions he had but newly taken with the reſt of the Gods, in his cœleſtial Council; and to brag, that he had had as good a Bout as when he got her Maidenhead unknown to her Parents. The Kings of *Perſia* were wont to invite their Wives to the Beginning of their Feſtivals; but when the Wine began to work in good Earneſt, and that they were to give the Reins to Pleaſure, they ſent them back to their private Apartment, that they might not participate of their immoderate Luſt, ſending for other Women in their Stead, with whom they were not obliged to ſo great a Decorum of Reſpect. All Pleaſures, and all Sorts of Gratifications, are not properly and fitly conferred upon all Sorts of Perſons. *Epaminondas* had committed a young Man for certain Debauches; for whom *Pelopidas* mediated, that at his Requeſt he might be ſet at Liberty, which, notwithſtanding the great Underſtanding betwixt them, *Epaminondas* reſolutely denied to him, but granted it at the firſt Word to a Wench of his, who made the ſame Interceſſion; ſaying, that it was a Gratification fit for ſuch a one as ſhe, but not for a Captain. *Sophocles* being joint Prætor with *Pericles*, ſeeing accidentally a fine Boy paſs by, O! what a delicate Boy is that, ſaid he: Ay, that were a Prize, anſwered *Pericles*, for any other than a Prætor, who ought not only to have his Hands, but his Eyes chaſte. *Elius Verus* the Emperor, anſwered his Wife, who reproached him with his Love to other Women, That he did it upon a conſcientious Account, inaſmuch as Marriage was a Name of Honour and Dignity, not of wanton and laſcivious Deſire. And our Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory preſerves the Memory of that Woman in great Veneration, who parted from her Huſband, becauſe ſhe would not comply with his indecent and inordinate Deſire. In fine, there is no ſo juſt and lawful Pleaſure, wherein the Intemperance and Exceſs is not to be condemned. But to ſpeak the Truth, is not Man a moſt miſerable Creature the while? It is ſcarce, by his natural Condition, in

his Power to taſte one Pleaſure pure and entire; and yet he muſt be contriving Doctrines and Precepts, to curtail that little he has; he is not yet wretched enough unleſs by Art and Study he augments his own Miſery.

Fortunæ miſeras auximus arte vias *.

We with Misfortune 'gainſt ourſelves take Part,
And our own Miſeries encreaſe by Art.

Human Wiſdom makes as ill Uſe of her Talent, when ſhe exerciſes it in reſcinding from the Number and Sweetneſs of thoſe Pleaſures that are naturally our Due, as ſhe employs it favourably and well, in artificially diſguiſing and tricking out the Ills of Life, to alleviate the Senſe of them. Had I ruled the Roaſt, I ſhould have taken another, and more natural Courſe, which, to ſay the Truth, is both commodious and ſacred, and ſhould, peradventure, have been able to have limited it too. Notwithſtanding that both our ſpiritual and corporal Phyſicians, as by Compact betwixt themſelves, can find no other Way to cure, nor other Remedy for the Infirmities of the Body and the Soul, than what is oft-times worſe than the Diſeaſe, by tormenting us more, and by adding to our Miſery and Pain. To this End Watchings, Faſtings, Hair-ſhirts, remote and ſolitary Baniſhments, perpetual Impriſonments, Whips, and other Afflictions, have been introduced amongſt Men: But ſo, that they ſhould carry a Sting with them, and be real Afflictions indeed; and not fall out ſo as it once did to one *Gallio*, who having been ſent an Exile into the Iſle of *Leſbos*, News was not long after brought to *Rome*, that he there lived as merry as the Day was long; and that what had been enjoined him for a Penance turned to his greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction: Whereupon the Senate thought fit to recal him home to his Wife and Family, and confine him to his own Houſe, to accommodate their Puniſhment to his Feeling and Apprehenſion. For to him whom Faſting would make more healthful and more ſpritely, and to him to whoſe Palate Fiſh was more acceptable than Fleſh, it would

* *Propert. l.* 3. *Ele.* 6.

be

be no proper nor ſanative Receipt; no more than in the other Sort of Phyſick, where the Drugs have no Effect upon him who ſwallows them with Appetite and Pleaſure. The Bitterneſs of the Potion, and the Abhorrence of the Patient, are neceſſary Circumſtances to the Operation. The Nature that would eat Rhubarb like butter'd Turnips, would fruſtrate the Uſe and Virtue of it; it muſt be ſomething to trouble and diſturb the Stomach, that muſt purge and cure it: And here the common Rule, that Things are cured by their Contraries, fails; for in this, one ill is cured by another. This Belief a little reſembles that other ſo ancient one, of thinking to gratify the Gods and Nature by Self-murther; an Opinion univerſally once received in all Religions, and to this Day retained in ſome. For in theſe latter Times wherein our Fathers lived, *Amurath*, at the taking of an *Iſthmus*, immolated ſix Hundred young *Greeks* to his Father's Soul, in the Nature of a propitiatory Sacrifice for the Sins of the Deceaſed. And in thoſe new Countries diſcovered in this Age of ours, which are pure, and Virgins yet, in Compariſon of ours, this Practice is in ſome Meaſure every where received. All their Idols reek with human Blood, not without various Examples of horrid Cruelty. Some they burn alive, and half broiled take them off the Coals to tear out their Hearts and Entrails; others even Women they flea alive, and with their bloody Skins clothe and diſguiſe others. Neither are we without great Examples of Conſtancy and Reſolution in this Affair: The poor Souls that are to be ſacrificed, old Men, Women, and Children, going ſome Days before to beg Alms for the Offering of their Sacrifice, and ſo ſinging and dancing, preſent themſelves to the Slaughter. The Ambaſſadors of the King of *Mexico*, ſetting out to *Fernando Cortez* the Power and Greatneſs of their Maſter, after having told him that he had thirty Vaſſals, of which each was able to raiſe an hundred Thouſand fighting Men, and that he kept his Court in the faireſt and beſt fortified City under the Sun, added at laſt, that he was obliged yearly to offer the Gods fifty Thouſand Men. And it is confidently affirmed, that he maintained a continual War with ſome potent neighbouring Nations, not only to keep the young Men in Exerciſe, but principally, to have wherewithal to furniſh his Sacrifices with his Priſoners of War. At a certain Town in another

Place, for the Welcome of the ſaid *Cortez*, they ſacrificed fifty Men at once. I will tell you this one Tale more, and I have done; ſome of theſe People being beaten by him, ſent to compliment him, and to treat with him of a Peace, whoſe Meſſengers carried him three Sorts of Preſents, which they preſented in theſe Terms: Behold, Lord, here are five Slaves, if thou art a furious God that feedſt upon Fleſh and Blood, eat theſe, and we will bring thee more; if thou art an affable God, behold here Incenſe and Feathers; but if thou art a Man, take theſe Fowls and theſe Fruits that we have brought thee.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Cannibals.

WHEN *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus* invaded *Italy*, having viewed and conſidered the Order of the Army the *Romans* ſent out to meet him; I know not, ſaid he, what Kind of *Barbarians* (for ſo the *Greeks* called all other Nations) theſe may be; but the Diſcipline of this Army that I ſee has nothing of Barbarity in it. As much ſaid the *Greeks* of that which *Flaminius* brought into their Country; and *Philip* beholding, from an Eminence, the Order and the Diſpoſition of the *Roman* Camp, led into his Kingdom by *Publius Sulpitius Galba*, ſpake to the ſame Effect. By which it appears, how cautious Men ought to be, of taking Things upon Truſt from vulgar Opinion, and that we are to judge by the Eye of Reaſon, and not from common Report. I have long had a Man in my Houſe, that lived ten or twelve Years in the new World diſcovered in theſe latter Days, and in that Part of it where *Velegaignon* landed, which he called *Antarctick France*. This Diſcovery of ſo vaſt a Country ſeems to be of very great Conſideration; and we are not ſure, that hereafter there may not be another, ſo many wiſer Men than we having been deceived in this. I am afraid our Eyes are bigger than our Bellies, and that we have more Curioſity than

Capacity; for we graſp at all, but catch nothing but Air. *Plato* brings in *Solon*, telling a Story that he had heard from the Prieſts of *Sais* in *Ægypt*, that of old, and before the Deluge, there was a great Iſland call'd *Atlantis*, ſituate directly at the Mouth of the Streight of *Gibralter*, which contain'd more Ground than both *Africk* and *Aſia* put together; and that the Kings of that Country, who not only poſſeſt that Iſle, but extended their Dominion ſo far into the Continent, that they had a Country as large as *Africk* to *Ægypt*, and as long as *Europe* to *Tuſcany*, attempted to encroach even upon *Aſia*, and to ſubjugate all the Nations that border upon the Mediterranean Sea, as far as the Gulph of *Mare Maggiore*; and to that Effect over-ran all *Spain*, the *Gauls*, and *Italy*, ſo far as to penetrate into *Greece*, where the *Athenians* ſtopt the Torrent of their Arms: But ſome Time after, both the *Athenians*, they, and their Iſland, were ſwallowed by the Flood.

It is very likely, that this violent Irruption and Inundation of Water made a wonderful Change, and ſtrange Alteration in the Habitations of the Earth: As 'tis ſaid that the Sea then divided *Sicily* from *Italy*;

> *Hæc locavi quondam, & vaſta convulſa ruina,*
> *Diſſiluiſſe ferunt: cum protinus utraque tellus,*
> *Una foret* *.

> 'Tis ſaid thoſe Places by the o'erbearing Flood,
> Too great and violent to be withſtood,
> Split, and was thus from one another rent,
> Which were before one ſolid Continent.

Cyprus from *Syria*; the Iſle of *Negropont* from the firm Land of *Bœotia*; and elſewhere, united Lands that were ſeparate before, by filling up the Channel betwixt them with Sand and Mud;

> ——*Sterileſque diu palus, aptaque remis*
> *Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum* †.

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* *Virg. Æn. l.* 3. † *Horat. in Art. Poet.*

Where

Where ſterile remigable Marſhes now
Feed neighb'ring Cities and admit the Plough.

But there is no great Appearance, that this Iſle was this new World ſo lately diſcover'd: For that almoſt touch'd upon *Spain*, and it were an incredible Effect of an Inundation, to have tumbled ſo prodigious a Maſs above twelve hundred Leagues: Beſides that, our modern Navigators have already almoſt diſcover'd it to be no Iſland, but firm Land, and Continent, with the *Eaſt-Indies* on the one Side, and with the Land under the two Poles on two others; or if it be ſeparated from them, 'tis by ſo narrow a Streight and ſo inconſiderable a Channel, that it never the more deſerves the Name of an Iſland for that. It ſhould ſeem, that in this great Body, there are two Sorts of Motions, the one natural, and the other febrifick, as there are in ours. When I conſider the Impreſſion that our River of *Dordoigne* has made in my Time, on the right Bank of it's Deſcent, and that in twenty Years it has gain'd ſo much, and undermin'd the Foundation of ſo many Houſes, I perceive it to be an extraordinary Agitation: For had it always follow'd this Courſe, or were hereafter to do it, the Proſpect of the World would be totally chang'd. But Rivers alter their Courſe, ſometimes beating againſt the one Side, and ſometimes the other; and ſometimes quietly keeping the Channel; I do not ſpeak of ſudden Inundations, the Cauſes of which every Body underſtands. In *Medoc*, by the Sea-ſhore, the *Sieur d'Arfac*, my Brother, ſees an Eſtate, he had there buried under the Sands which the Sea vomits before it; where the Tops of ſome Houſes are yet to be ſeen, and where his Rents and Revenues are converted into pitiful barren Paſturage: The Inhabitants of which Place affirm, That of late Years the Sea has driven ſo vehemently upon them, that they have loſt above four Leagues of Land: Theſe Sands are her Harbingers. And we now ſee great Heaps of moving Sand, that march half a League before her.

The other Teſtimony from Antiquity, to which ſome would apply this Diſcovery of the new World, is in *Ariſtotle*; at leaſt, if that little Book of unheard Miracles be his. He there tells us, That certain *Carthaginians*, having croſs'd the *Atlantick* Sea without the Streight of *Gibraltar*, and ſailed a very long Time, diſcover'd at laſt a great and fruitful

fruitful Iſland, all cover'd over with Wood, and water'd with ſeveral broad and deep Rivers; far remote from all firm Land, and that they, and others after them, allur'd by the Pleaſantneſs and Fertility of the Soil, went thither with their Wives and Children, and began to plant a Colony: But the Senate of *Carthage*, viſibly perceiving their People by little and little to grow thin, iſſu'd out an expreſs Prohibition, That no one, upon Pain of Death, ſhould tranſport themſelves thither; and alſo drove out theſe new Inhabitants; fearing, 'tis ſaid, leſt in Proceſs of Time, they ſhould ſo multiply, as to ſupplant themſelves, and ruin their State. But this Relation of *Ariſtotle*'s does no more agree with our new found Lands, than the other. This Man that I have is a plain ignorant Fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell Truth: For your better bred Sort of Men are much more curious in their Obſervation. 'Tis true, they diſcover a great deal more, but then they gloſs upon it, and to give the greater Weight to what they deliver, and allure your Belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the Story: They never repreſent Things to you ſimply as they are, but rather as they appear'd to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the Reputation of Men of Judgment, and the better to induce your Faith, are willing to help out the Buſineſs with ſomething more than is really true, of their own Invention. Now in this Caſe we ſhould either have a Man of irreproachable Veracity, or ſo ſimple, that he has not wherewithal to contrive and to give a Colour of Truth to falſe Relations, and that can have no Ends in forging an Untruth. Such a one is mine; and beſides, the little Suſpicion the Man lyes under, he has divers Times ſhewed me ſeveral Seamen and Merchants, that at the ſame Time went the ſame Voyage. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with his Information, without enquiring what the Coſmographers ſay to the Buſineſs. We ſhould have Maps to trace out to us the particular Places where they have been; but for having had this Advantage over us, to have ſeen the Holy Land, they would have the Privilege forſooth, to tell us Stories of all the other Parts of the World beſides. I would have every one write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only, but in all other Subjects: For ſuch a Perſon may have ſome

ſome particular Knowledge and Experience of the Nature of ſuch a River; or ſuch a Fountain, that as to other Things knows no more than what every Body does, and yet to keep a Clutter with this little Pittance of his, will undertake to write the whole Body of Phyſicks: A Vice from whence great Inconveniencies derive their Original.

Now, to return to my Subject, I find that there is nothing barbarous and ſavage in this Nation, by any Thing that I can gather, excepting, That every one gives the Title of Barbarity to every Thing that is not in Uſe in his own Country: As indeed we have no other Level of Truth and Reaſon, than the Example and Idea of the Opinions and Cuſtoms of the Place wherein we live. There is always the true Religion, there the perfect Government, and the moſt exact and accompliſh'd Uſance of all Things. They are Savages at the ſame Rate, that we ſay Fruits are wild, which Nature produces of herſelf, and by her own ordinary Progreſs; whereas in Truth, we ought rather to call thoſe wild, whoſe Natures we have chang'd by our Artifice, and diverted from the common Order. In thoſe, the genuine, moſt uſeful and natural Virtues and Properties, are vigorous and ſpritely, which we have help'd to degenerate in theſe, by accommodating them to the Pleaſure of our own corrupted Palate. And yet for all this, our Taſte confeſſes a Flavour and Delicacy, excellent even to Emulation of the beſt of ours, in ſeveral Fruits thoſe Countries abound with, without Art or Culture; neither is it reaſonable, that Art ſhould gain the Pre-eminence of our great and powerful Mother, Nature. We have ſo oppreſs'd her with the additional Ornaments and Graces which we have added to the Beauty and Riches of our own Works by our Inventions, that we have almoſt ſmother'd and choak'd her; and yet in other Places, where ſhe ſhines in her own Purity, and proper Luſtre, ſhe ſtrangely baffles and diſgraces all our vain and frivolous Attempts.

Et veniunt hederæ ſponte ſua melius,
Surgit & in ſolis formoſior arbutus antris,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt *.

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* *Propert. l.* 1. *Elec.* 2.

The

The Ivy beſt ſpontaneouſly does thrive,
Th'*Arbutus* beſt in ſhady Caves does live,
And Birds in their wild Notes their Throats do ſtretch
With greater Art, than Art itſelf can teach.

Our utmoſt Endeavours cannot arrive at ſo much as to imitate the Neſt of the leaſt of Birds, it's Contexture, Queintneſs and Convenience: Not ſo much as the Web of a contemptible Spider. All Things, ſays *Plato*, are produc'd either by Nature, by Fortune, or by Art; the greateſt and moſt beautiful by the one, or the other of the former, the leaſt and the moſt imperfect by the laſt. Theſe Nations then ſeem to me to be ſo far barbarous, as having receiv'd but very little Form and Faſhion from Art and human Invention, and conſequently, not much remote from their original Simplicity. The Laws of Nature however govern them ſtill, not as yet much vitiated with any Mixture of ours: But in ſuch Purity, that I am ſometimes troubled we were no ſooner acquainted with theſe People, and that they were not diſcover'd in thoſe better Times, when there were Men much more able to judge of them, than we are. I am ſorry that *Lycurgus* and *Plato* had no Knowledge of them; for to my Apprehenſion, what we now ſee in thoſe Natives, does not only ſurpaſs all the Images with which the Poets have adorn'd the Golden Age, and all their Inventions in feigning a happy State of Man; but moreover the Fancy, and even the Wiſh and Deſire of Philoſophy itſelf; ſo native, and ſo pure a Simplicity, as we by Experience ſee to be in them, could never enter into their Imagination, nor could they ever believe that human Society could have been maintain'd with ſo little Artifice; ſhould I tell *Plato* that it is a Nation wherein there is no Manner of Traffick, no Knowledge of Letters, no Science of Numbers, no Name of Magiſtrate, nor politick Superiority; no uſe of Service, Riches or Poverty; no Contracts, no Succeſſions, no Dividends, no Properties, no Employments, but thoſe of Leiſure; no Reſpect of Kindred, but common; no Clothing, no Agriculture, no Metal, no uſe of Corn or Wine; and where ſo much as the very Words that ſignify, Lying, Treachery, Diſſimulation, Avarice, Envy, Detraction, and Pardon, were never heard of: How much would he find

find his imaginary Republick ſhort of his Perfection?

Hos natura modos primum dedit †.

Theſe were the Manners firſt by Nature taught.

As to the reſt, they live in a Country, beautiful and pleaſant to a Miracle, and ſo temperate withal, as my Intelligence informs me, that 'tis very rare to hear of a ſick Perſon; and they moreover aſſure me, that they never ſaw any of the Natives, either paralytick, blear-ey'd, toothleſs, or crooked with Age. The Situation of their Country is all along by the Sea-ſhore, and enclos'd on the other Side towards the Land, with great and high Mountains, having about an hundred Leagues in Breadth between. They have great Store of Fiſh and Fleſh Meat that have no Reſemblance to ours, which they eat without any other Cookery, than plain Boiling, Roaſting, or Broiling. The firſt that carried a Horſe thither, though in ſeveral other Voyages he had contracted an Acquaintance and Familiarity with them, put them into ſo terrible a Fright, that they kill'd him with their Arrows before they could come to diſcover who he he was. Their Buildings are very long, and of Capacity to hold two or three hundred People, made of the Barks of tall Trees, rear'd with one End upon the Ground, and leaning to, and ſupporting one another, at the Top, like ſome of our Barns, of which the Covering hangs down to the very Ground, and ſerves for the ſide Walls. They have Wood ſo hard, that they cleave it into Swords, and make Grills of it to broil their Meat. Their Beds are of Cotton, hung ſwinging in the Roof, like our Seamen's Hammocks, for every one one, the Wives lying apart from their Huſbands. They riſe with the Sun, and ſo ſoon as they are up, eat for all Day; for they have no more Meals but that: They do not then drink, (as *Suidas* reports of ſome other People of the *Eaſt*, that never drink at their Meals) but drink very often all Day after, and ſometimes to a rouzing Pitch. Their Liquor is made of a certain Root, and is as red as our Claret; which they never drink but Luke-

† *Vig. Georg.* 2.

warm.

warm. It will keep above two or three Days, has a quick Taſte, is nothing heady, but very comfortable to the Stomach, looſning to Strangers, and a very pleaſant Beverage to ſuch as are us'd to it. Inſtead of Bread, they make uſe of a certain white Matter, like *Coriander* Comfits; I have taſted of it, the Taſte is ſweet, and a little inſipid. All the whole Day is ſpent in Dancing. Their young Men go a Hunting after wild Beaſts with Bows and Arrows, and one part of their Women are employ'd in preparing their Drink the while, which is their chief Employment. There are ſome of their old Men, who in the Morning before they fall to Eating preach to the whole Family, as they walk to and fro from the one End of the Houſe to the other, ſeveral Times repeating the ſame Sentence, 'till they have finiſh'd their Turn, (for their Houſes are at leaſt a hundred Yards long;) Valour towards their Enemies, and Love towards their Wives, are the two Heads of his Diſcourſe, and he never fails in the Cloſe, to put them in Mind that they have ſo much the greater Obligation to it, becauſe they provide them their Drink warm, and well order'd. The Faſhion of their Beds, Ropes, Swords, and Wooden Bracelets, which they tie about their Wriſts, when they go to fight, and great Canes, boar'd hollow at one End, by the Sound of which they keep the Cadence of their Dances, are to be ſeen in ſeveral Places, and amongſt others at my Houſe. They ſhave all their hairy Parts, and much more neatly than we, without any other Razor than one of Wood, or of Stone. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and that thoſe who have merited well of the Gods, are lodg'd in that Part of Heaven where the Sun riſes; and the Accurſed in the Weſt. They have I know not what kind of Prieſts and Prophets, that very rarely preſent themſelves to the People, having their Abode in the Mountains. At their Arrival there is a great Feaſt, and ſolemn Aſſembly of many Villages made: That is, all the neighbouring Families, for every Houſe, as I have deſcrib'd it, makes a Village, and are about a *French* League diſtant from one another. This Prophet declaims to them in Publick, exhorting them to Virtue, and their Duty: But all their Ethicks terminate in theſe two Articles, of Reſolution in War, and Affection to their Wives. This alſo propheſies to them Events to come, and the Iſſues they

they are to expect from their Enterprizes, prompts them to, or diverts them from War: But let him look to't; for if he fail in his Divination, and any Thing happen otherwiſe than he has foretold, he is cut into a thouſand Pieces, if he be caught and condemn'd for a falſe Prophet; and for that Reaſon, if any of them finds himſelf miſtaken, he is no more to be heard of. Divination is a Gift of God, and therefore to abuſe it ought to be a puniſhable Impoſture. Amongſt the *Scythians*, where their Diviners fail'd in the promis'd Effect, they were laid, bound Hand and Foot, upon Carts loaden with Furz and Bavins, and drawn with Oxen, on which they were burnt to Death. Such as only meddle with Things ſubject to the Conduct of human Capacity, are excuſable in doing the beſt they can: But thoſe other Sort of People that come to delude us, with Aſſurances of an extraordinary Faculty, beyond our Underſtanding, ought they not to be puniſh'd for the Temerity of their Impoſture when they do not make good the Effect of their Promiſe? They have continual War with the Nations that live farther within the main Land, beyond their Mountains, to which they go naked, and without other Arms than their Bows, and Wooden-Swords, faſhioned at one End like the Head of a Javelin. The Obſtinacy of their Battles is wonderful, and never end without great Effuſion of Blood: For as to running away, they know not what it is. Every one for a Trophy brings home the Head of an Enemy he has kill'd, which he fixes over the Door of his Houſe. After having a long Time treated their Priſoners very well, and given them all the Regalia's they can think of, he to whom the Priſoner belongs invites a great Aſſembly of his Kindred and Friends, who being come, he ties a Rope to one of the Arms of the Priſoner, of which at a Diſtance, out of his Reach, he holds the one End himſelf, and gives to the Friend he loves beſt, the other Arm, to hold after the ſame Manner; which being done, they two, in the Preſence of all the Aſſembly, diſpatch him with their Swords. After that they roaſt him, eat him amongſt them, and ſend ſome Chops to their abſent Friends, which nevertheleſs they do not do, as ſome think, for Nouriſhment, as the *Scythians* anciently did, but as a Repreſentation of an extreme Revenge; as will immediately appear: Having obſerved the *Portugueze*,

who

who where in League with their Enemies to inflict another Sort of Death upon any of them they took Priſoners; which was, to ſet them up to the Girdle in the Earth, to ſhoot at the remaining Part 'till it was ſtuck full of Arrows, and then to hang them: They who thought thoſe People of the other World, (as thoſe who had ſown the Knowledge of a great many Vices amongſt their Neighbours and were much greater Maſters in all kind of Miſchief than they,) did not exerciſe this Sort of Revenge without Myſtery, and that it muſt needs be more painful than theirs; and ſo began to leave their old Way, and to follow this. I am not ſorry that we ſhould here take Notice of the barbarous Horror of ſo cruel an Action, but grieved that ſeeing ſo clearly into their Faults, we ſhould be ſo blind to our own: For I conceive, there is more Barbarity in eating a Man alive, than when he is dead; in tearing a Body Limb from Limb, by Racks and Torments, that is yet in perfect Senſe, in roaſting it by Degrees, cauſing it to be bit and worried by Dogs and Swine, (as we have not only read, but lately ſeen; not amongſt inveterate and mortal Enemies, but Neighbours, and fellow Citizens, and which is worſe, under Colour of Piety and Religion,) than to roaſt and eat him after he is dead. *Chryſippus*, and *Zeno*, the two Heads of the Stoical Sect, were of Opinion, that there was no Hurt in making Uſe of our dead Carcaſſes, in what Kind ſoever, for our Neceſſity, and in feeding upon them too; as our Anceſtors, who being beſieg'd by *Cæſar* in the City of *Alexia*, reſolv'd to ſuſtain the Famine of the Siege with the Bodies of their old Men, Women, and other Perſons, who were incapable of bearing Arms.

Vaſcones (fama eſt) alimentis talibus uſi,
Produxere animas *.

'Tis ſaid the *Gaſcons* with ſuch Meats as theſe,
In Time of Siege their Hunger did appeaſe.

And the Phyſicians make no Difficulty of employing it to all Sorts of Uſe, that is, either to apply it outwardly,

* *Juvenal Sat.* 15.

or to give it inwardly for the Health of the Patient: But there never was any Opinion ſo irregular, as to excuſe Treachery, Diſloyalty, Tyranny and Cruelty, which are our familiar Vices. We may then call theſe People barbarous, in reſpect to the Rules of Reaſon: But not in reſpect to ourſelves, who in all Sorts of Barbarity exceed them. Their Wars are throughout noble and generous, and carry as much Excuſe and fair Pretence, as their human Frailty is capable of; having with them no other Foundation, than the ſole Jealouſy of Virtue. Their Diſputes are not for the Conqueſts of new Lands, thoſe they already poſſeſs, being ſo fruitful by Nature, as to ſupply them without Labour or Concern, with all Things neceſſary, in ſuch Abundance, that they have no Need to enlarge their Borders. And they are moreover happy in this, that they only covet ſo much as their natural Neceſſities require: All beyond that is ſuperfluous to them: Men of the ſame Age generally call one another Brothers, thoſe who are younger, Sons and Daughters, and the old Men are Fathers to all. Theſe leave to their Heirs in common this full Poſſeſſion of Goods, without any Manner of Diviſion, or other Title, than what Nature beſtows upon her Creatures, in bringing them into the World. If their Neighbours paſs over the Mountains, and come to aſſault them, and obtain a Victory, all the Victors gain by it is Glory only, and the Advantage of having prov'd themſelves the better in Valour and Virtue: For they never meddle with the Goods of the Conquer'd, but preſently return into their own Country, where they have no Want of any Thing neceſſary; nor of this greateſt of all Goods, to know how to enjoy their Condition happily, and to be content. And theſe in Turn do the ſame. They demand of their Priſoners no other Ranſom, than Acknowledgment that they are overcome: But there is not one found in an Age that will rather not chuſe to die, than make ſuch a Confeſſion; or either by Word or Look recede from the entire Grandeur of an invincible Courage. There is not a Man amongſt them, who had not rather be kill'd and eaten, than ſo much as to open his Mouth to intreat he may not. They uſe them with all Liberality and Freedom, to the End their Lives may be ſo much the dearer to them: But frequently entertain them withal with Menaces of their approaching Death,

Death, of the Torments they are to ſuffer, of the Preparations that are making in order to it, of the mangling their Limbs, and of the Feaſt that is to be made, where their Carcaſſes is to be the only Diſh. All which they do to no other End, but only to extort ſome gentle or ſubmiſſive Word from them, or to fright them ſo as to make them run away; to obtain this Advantage, that they were terrified, and that their Conſtancy was ſhaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this Point only that a true Victory does conſiſt.

——*Victoria nulla eſt,*
Quam quæ confeſſos animo quoque ſubjugat hoſtes ‡.

No Victory can be entire and true;
But what does Minds as well as Limbs ſubdue.

The *Hungarians*, a very warlike People, never pretended farther than to reduce the Enemy to their Diſcretion; for having forc'd this Confeſſion from them, they let them go without Injury, or Ranſom, excepting at the moſt, to make them engage their Word, never to bear Arms againſt them again. We have ſeveral Advantages over our Enemies that are borrowed, and not truly our own; 'tis the Quality of a Porter, and no Effect of Virtue to have ſtronger Arms and Legs, 'tis a corporeal Quality to be active, 'tis an Exploit of Fortune to make our Enemy ſtumble, or to dazzle him with the Light of the Sun; 'tis a Trick of Science and Art, which may happen in a mean baſe Fellow, to be a good Fencer. The Eſtimate and Valour of a Man conſiſt in the Heart, and in the Will, there his true Honour lives: Valour is Stability, not of Legs and Arms, but of the Courage and the Soul; it does not lye in the Valour of our Horſe, or our Arms, but in ourſelves. He that falls obſtinate in his Courage, *Si ſuccideriit de genu pugnat* *; *If his Legs fail him, fights upon his Knees.* He who for any Danger of apparent Death abates nothing of his Aſſurance, who dying, does yet dart at his Enemy a fierce and diſdainful Look, is overcome not by us, but by

‡ *Claud. in Panegyr.* * *Seneca Epiſt.*

Fortune; he is kill'd, not conquer'd; the moſt valiant, are ſometimes the moſt unfortunate. There are alſo Defeats triumphant to Emulation of Victories. Neither durſt thoſe four Siſter-Victories, the faireſt the Sun ever beheld, of *Salamis, Platea, Mical,* and *Sicily,* ever oppoſe all their united Glories, to the ſingle Glory of the Diſcomfiture of King *Leonidas,* and his Army at the Paſs of *Thermopylæ.* Who ever ran with a more glorious Deſire, and greater Ambition, to the winning, than the Captain *Iſcholas* to the certain Loſs of a Battle? Who could have found out a more ſubtle Invention to ſecure his Safety, than he did to aſſure his Ruin? He was ſet to defend a certain Paſs of *Peloponneſus* againſt the *Arcadians,* which, conſidering the Nature of the Place, and the Inequality of Forces, finding it utterly impoſſible for him to do, and concluding that all who were preſented to the Enemy, muſt certainly be left upon the Place; and on the other Side, reputing it unworthy of his own Virtue, and Magnanimity, and of the *Lacedæmonian* Name, to fail in any Part of his Duty, he choſe a Mean betwixt theſe two Extremes, after this Manner; the youngeſt and moſt active of his Men, he would preſerve for the Service and Defence of their Country, and therefore ſent them back; and with the reſt, whoſe Loſs would be of leſs Conſideration, he reſolv'd to make good the Paſs, and with the Death of them, to make the Enemy buy their Entry as dear as poſſibly he could: As it alſo fell out, for being preſently encompaſſed on all Sides by the *Arcadians,* after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, he and his Men were all cut in Pieces. Is there any Trophy dedicated to the Conquerors, which is not much more due to thoſe who were overcome? The Part that true conquering is to play, lyes in the Encounter, not in the coming off; and the Honour of Virtue conſiſts in fighting, not in ſubduing.

But to return to my Story, theſe Priſoners are ſo far from diſcovering the leaſt Weakneſs, for all the Terrors can be repreſented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three Months, that they are kept, they always appear with a chearful Countenance; importune their Maſters to make Haſte to bring them to the Teſt; defy, rail at them, and reproach them with Cowardice, and the Number of Battles they have loſt againſt thoſe of their Country.

Country. I have a Song made by one of theſe Priſoners, wherein he bids them *come all, and dine upon him, and welcome, for they ſhall withal eat their own Fathers, and Grandfathers, whoſe Fleſh has ſerv'd to feed and nouriſh him. Thoſe Muſcles*, ſays he, *this Fleſh, and theſe Veins, are your own: Poor ſilly Souls as you are, you little think that the Subſtance of your Anceſtors Limbs is here yet: But mind as you eat, and you will find in it the Taſte of your own Fleſh:* In which Song there is to be obſerved, an Invention that reliſhes nothing of the *Barbarian*. Thoſe, that paint theſe People dying after this Manner, repreſent the Priſoner ſpitting in the Face of his Executioners, and making at them a wry Mouth. And 'tis moſt certain, that to the very laſt Gaſp, they never ceaſe to brave and defy them both in Word and Geſture. In plain Truth, theſe Men are very ſavage in Compariſon of us, and of Neceſſity, they muſt either be abſolutely ſo, or elſe we are ſavager: For there is a vaſt Difference betwixt their Manners and ours.

The Men there have ſeveral Wives, and ſo much the great Number, by how much they have the greater Reputation and Valour, and it is one very remarkable Virtue their Women have, that the ſame Endeavour our Wives have to hinder and divert us from the Friendſhip and Familiarity of other Women, thoſe employ to promote their Huſbands Deſires, and to procure them many Spouſes; for being above all Things ſolicitous of their Huſbands Honour, 'tis their chiefeſt Care to ſeek out and to bring in the moſt Companions they can, foraſmuch as it is a Teſtimony of their Huſbands Virtue. I know moſt of ours will cry out, that 'tis monſtrous; whereas in truth, it is not ſo; but a truly matrimonial Virtue; though of the higheſt Form. In the Bible, *Sarah*, *Leah* and *Rachel*, gave the moſt beautiful of their Maids to their Huſbands; *Livia* preferred the Paſſion of *Auguſtus* to her own Intereſt; and the Wife of King *Dejotarus* of *Strutonica* did not only give up a fair young Maid, that ſerv'd her, to her Huſband's Embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the Children he had by her, and aſſiſted them in the Succeſſion to their Father's Crown. And that it may not be ſuppos'd, that all this is done by a ſimple and ſervile Obſervation to their common Practice, or by any Authoritative Impreſſion of their ancient Cuſtom, without Judg-

ment, or Examination; and for having a Soul ſo ſtupid, that it cannot contrive what elſe to do, I muſt here give you ſome Touches of their Sufficiency, in point of Underſtanding; beſides what I repeated to you before, which was one of their Songs of War, I have another and a Love-Song, that begins thus; *Stay, Adder, ſtay, that by thy Pattern my Siſter may draw the Faſhion and Work of a noble Wreath, that I may preſent to my Beloved, by which Means thy Beauty, and the excellent Order of thy Scales, ſhall forever be preferr'd before all other Serpents.* Wherein the firſt Couplet, *Stay, Adder, &c.* makes the Burthen of the Song. Now I have convers'd enough with Poetry to judge thus much: That not only, there is no Thing of barbarous in this Invention; but moreover, that it is perfectly *Anacreontick*; to which their Language is ſoft, of a pleaſing Accent, and ſomething bordering upon the *Greek* Terminations. Three of theſe People not foreſeeing how dear their Knowledge of the Corruptions of this Part of the World would one Day coſt their Happineſs and Repoſe, and that the Effect of this Commerce would be their Ruin, as I preſuppoſe it is in a very fair Way, (Miſerable Men to ſuffer themſelves to be deluded with Deſire of Novelty, and to have left the Serenity of their own Heaven, to come ſo far to gaze at ours,) came to *Roan*, at the Time that the late King *Charles* the Ninth was there: Where the King himſelf talk'd to them a good while, and they were made to ſee our Faſhions, our Pomp, and the Form of a great City; after which, ſome one aſk'd their Opinion, and would know of them, what of all the Things they had ſeen, they found moſt to be admir'd? To which they made Anſwer, Three Things, of which I have forgot the Third, and am troubled at it; but two I yet remember. They ſaid, that in the firſt Place they thought it very ſtrange, that ſo many tall Men wearing Beards, ſtrong and well arm'd, who were about the King, ('tis like they meant the *Swiſs* of the Guard) ſhould ſubmit to obey a Child, and that they did not chuſe out one amongſt themſelves to command: Secondly; (they have a way of Speaking in their Language, to call Men the half of one another,) that they had obſerv'd that there were amongſt us, Men full and cramm'd with all manner of Conveniencies, whilſt in the mean Time, their

Halves were begging at their Doors, lean, and half-ſtarv'd with Hunger and Poverty; and thought it ſtrange, that theſe neceſſitous Halves were able to ſuffer ſo great an Inequality and Injuſtice, and that they did not take the others by the Throats, or ſet Fire to their Houſes. I talk'd to one of them a great while together, but I had ſo ill an interpreter, and that was ſo perplex'd by his own Ignorance, to apprehend my Meaning, that I could get nothing out of him, of any Moment. Aſking him, what Advantage he reapt from the Superiority he had amongſt his own People? (for he was a Captain, and our Mariners call'd him King,) he told me, to march in the Head of them to War; and demanding of him farther, how many Men he had to follow him? he ſhewed me a Space of Ground, to ſignify, as many as could march in ſuch a Compaſs: Which might be four or five thouſand Men; and putting the Queſtion to him, Whether or no his Authority expir'd with the War? he told me his remain'd; that when he went to viſit the Village of his Dependance, they plain'd him Paths through the thick of their Woods, through which he might paſs at his Eaſe. All this does not ſound very ill, and the laſt was not much amiſs; for they wear no Breeches.

CHAP. XXXI.

That a Man is ſoberly to judge of divine Ordinances.

THings unknown are the principal and true Subject of Impoſture, foraſmuch as, in the firſt Place, their very Strangeneſs lends them Credit, and moreover, by not being ſubjected to our ordinary Diſcourſe, they deprive us of the Means to queſtion, and diſpute them. For which Reaſon, ſays *Plato*, it is much more eaſy to ſatisfy the Hearers, when ſpeaking of the Nature of the Gods, than of the Nature of Men, becauſe the Ignorance of the Auditory affords a fair and large Career, and all Manner of

Liberty in the handling of profane and abſtruſe Things; and then it comes to paſs, that nothing is ſo firmly believ'd as what we leaſt know: Nor any People ſo confident, as thoſe who entertain us with fabulous Stories, ſuch as your Alchymiſts, judicial Aſtrologers, Fortune-tellers, and Phyſicians, *Id genus omne*; to which I could willingly, if I durſt, join a Sort of People, that take upon them to interpret and controul the Deſigns of God himſelf, making no Queſtion of finding out the Cauſe of every Accident, and to pry into the Secrets of the divine Will, there to diſcover the incomprehenſible Motives of his Works. And although the Variety, and the continual Diſcordance of Events, throw them from Corner to Corner, and toſs them from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, yet do they ſtill perſiſt in their vain Inquiſition, and with the ſame Pencil to paint Black and White. In a Nation of the *Indies*, there is this commendable Cuſtom, that when any Thing befals them amiſs in any Rencounter or Battle, they publickly aſk Pardon of the Sun, who is their God, as having committed an unjuſt Action, always imputing their good or evil Fortune to the divine Juſtice, and to that, ſubmitting their own Judgment and Reaſon. 'Tis enough for a Chriſtian to believe, that all Things come from God, to receive them with Acknowledgment of his divine and inſcrutinable Wiſdom, and alſo thankfully to accept and receive them, with what Face ſoever they may preſent themſelves: But I do not approve of what I ſee in uſe, that is, to ſeek to continue and ſupport our Religion by the Proſperity of our Enterpriſes. Our Belief has other Foundation enough, without going about to authoriſe it by Events; For the People accuſtomed to ſuch Arguments as theſe, and ſo proper to their own Taſte, it is to be fear'd, leſt when they fail of Succeſs, they ſhould alſo ſtagger in their Faith: As in the War wherein we are now engag'd, upon the Account of Religion, thoſe who had the better in the Buſineſs of *Rochelabeille*, making great Brags of that Succeſs, as an infallible Approbation of their Cauſe, when they came afterwards to excuſe their Misfortunes of *Jarnac*, and *Monçontour*, 'twas by ſaying, they were fatherly Scourges and Corrections; if they have not a People wholly at their Mercy, they make it manifeſtly enough to appear, what it is to take two Sorts of Griſt out

of

of the ſame Sack, and with the ſame Mouth to blow hot and cold. It were better to poſſeſs the Vulgar with the ſolid and real Foundations of Truth. 'Twas a brave naval Battle that was gained a few Months ſince againſt the *Turks*, under the Command of *Don John* of *Auſtria*; but it has alſo pleaſed God at other Times to let us ſee as great Victories at our own Expence. In fine, 'tis a hard Matter to reduce divine Things to our Balance, without Waſte, and loſing a great deal of Weight. And he that would take upon him to give a Reaſon, why *Arius*, and his Pope *Leo*, the principal Heads of the *Arian* Hereſy, ſhould die at ſeveral Times of ſo like and ſtrange Deaths, (for being withdrawn from the Diſputation, by the Griping in the Guts, they both of them ſuddenly gave up the Ghoſt upon the Stool,) and would aggravate this divine Vengeance by the Circumſtances of the Place; might as well add the Death of *Heliogabalus*, who was alſo ſlain in a Houſe of Office. But what? *Iræneus* was involved in the ſame Fortune; God being pleaſed to ſhew us, that the Good have ſomething elſe to hope for; and the Wicked ſomething elſe to fear, than the Fortunes or Misfortunes of this World: He manages and applies them according to his own ſecret Will and Pleaſure, and deprives us of the Means, fooliſhly to make our own Profit. And thoſe People both abuſe themſelves and us, who will pretend to dive into theſe Myſteries by the Strength of human Reaſon. They never give one hit, that they do not receive two for it; of which St. *Auguſtin* gives a very great Proof upon his Adverſaries. 'Tis a Conflict, that is more decided by Strength of Memory, than the Force of Reaſon. We are to content ourſelves with the Light it pleaſes the Sun to communicate to us, by Virtue of his Rays, and who will lift up his Eyes to take in a greater, let him not think it ſtrange, if for the Reward of his Preſumption, he there loſe his Sight. *Quis hominum poteſt ſcire conſilium Dei? Aut quis poterit cogitare, quid velit Dominus*? Who amongſt Men can know the Counſel of God? Or who can think what the Will of the Lord is?*

* *Sapien. Cap.* ix. *v.* 13.

CHAP.

extremeſt Importunity, to do as much for her; and God, at their joint Requeſt, ſhortly after calling her to him, it was a Death embraced on both Sides, with ſingular Content.

CHAP. XXXIII.

That Fortune is oftentimes obſerved to act by the Rule of Reaſon.

THE Inconſtancy, and various Motions of Fortune, may reaſonably make us expect, ſhe ſhould preſent us with all Sorts of Faces. Can there be a more expreſs Act of Juſtice than this? The Duke of *Valentenois*, having reſolved to poiſon Cardinal *Adrian Cornetto*, with whom his Father, Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, and himſelf, were to go to Supper in the Vatican; he ſent before a Bottle of poiſoned Wine, and withal, ſtrict Order to the Butler to keep it very ſafe. The Pope being come before his Son, and calling for Drink, the Butler ſuppoſing this Wine had not been ſo ſtrictly recommended to his Care, but only upon the Account of it's Excellency, preſented it immediately to the Pope, and the Duke himſelf coming in preſently after, and being confident they had not meddled with his Bottle, took alſo his Cup; ſo that the Father died immediately upon the Spot, and the Son, after having been long tormented with Sickneſs, was reſerved to another, and a worſe Fortune: Sometimes ſhe ſeems to play upon us, juſt in the Nick of an Affair: Monſieur *d' Eſtree*, at that time Guidon to Monſieur *de Vendoſme*; and Monſieur *de Liques*, Lieutenant to the Duke of *Arſcot*'s Troop, being both Pretenders to the Sieur *de Foungeſſelles*'s Sifter, though of different Parties, (as it oft falls out amongſt frontier Neighbours,) the Sieur *de Liques* carried her; but on the ſame Day he was married, and which was worſe, before he went to Bed to his Wife, the Bridegroom having a Mind to break a Lance in Honour of his new Bride, went out to ſkirmiſh, near to St. *Omers*, where the Sieur *d' Eſ-*

tree

tree proving the Stronger, took him Priſoner, and the more to illuſtrate his Victory, the Lady herſelf was fain

Conjugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
Quam veniens una, atque altera rurſus hyems,
Noctibus in longis avidum ſaturaſſet amorem *.

Of her fair Arms, the am'rous Ring to break,
Which clung ſo faſt to her new Spouſe's Neck,
E're of two Winters many a friendly Night
Had ſated her Love's greedy Appetite.

to requeſt him of Courteſy, to deliver up his Priſoner to her, as he accordingly did; the Gentlemen of *France* never denying any thing to the Ladies. Does ſhe not ſeem to be an Artiſt here? *Conſtantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, founded the Empire of *Conſtantinople*; and ſo many Ages after, *Conſtantine*, the Son of *Hellen*, put an End to it. Sometimes ſhe is pleaſed to emulate our Miracles. We are told that King *Clouis* beſieging *Angouleſme*, the Walls fell down of themſelves by divine Favour. And *Bouchet* has it from ſome Author, that King *Robert* having ſat down before a City, and being ſtole away from the Siege, to keep the Feaſt of St. *Aignan* at *Orleans*; as he was in Devotion at a certain Place of the Maſs, the Walls of the beleaguered City, without any Manner of Violence, fell down with a ſudden Ruin. But ſhe did quite contrary in our *Milan* War; for Captain *Renſe* laying Siege to the City of *Verona*, and having carried a Mine under a great Parcel of the Wall, the Mine being ſprung, the Wall was lifted from it's Baſe, but dropt down again nevertheleſs whole and entire, and ſo exactly upon it's Foundation, that the Beſieged ſuffered no Inconvenience by that Attempt. Sometimes ſhe plays the Phyſician: *Jaſon Phereus* being given over by the Phyſicians, by Reaſon of a deſperate Impoſthumation in his Breaſt, having a Mind to rid himſelf of his Pain, by Death at leaſt, in a Battle, threw himſelf deſperately into the thickeſt of the Enemy, where he was ſo fortunately wounded quite through the Body, that the

* *Catullus.*

Impoſthume

Impoſthume broke, and he was perfectly cured. Did ſhe not alſo excel the Painter *Protogenes* in his Art? Who having finiſhed the Picture of a Dog quite tired and out of Breath, in all the other Parts excellently well to his own liking, but not being able to expreſs as he would, the Slaver and Foam that ſhould come out of his Mouth, vext and angry at his Work, he took his Spunge, which by cleaning his Pencils had imbibed ſeveral Sorts of Colours, and threw it in a Rage againſt the Picture, with an Intent utterly to deface it; when Fortune guiding the Spunge to hit juſt upon the Mouth of the Dog, it there performed what all his Art was not able to do. Does ſhe not ſometimes direct our Counſels, and correct them? *Iſabella*, Queen of *England*, being to ſail from *Zealand* into her own Kingdom, with an Army in Favour of her Son, againſt her Huſband, had been loſt, had ſhe come into the Port ſhe intended, being there laid wait for by the Enemy; but Fortune, againſt her Will, threw her into another Haven, where ſhe landed in Safety. And he who throwing a Stone at a Dog, hit and killed his Mother-in-Law, had he not Reaſon to pronounce this Verſe,

Ταυτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίων βυλεύεται*.

——— By this I ſee,
Fortune will always better Aim than we.

Fortune has more Judgment than we. *Iceles* had contracted with two Soldiers to kill *Timoleon* at *Adranon* in *Sicily*. Theſe Villians took their Time to do it, when he was aſſiſting at a Sacrifice, who thruſting into the Crowd, as they were making Signs to one another, that now was a fit Time to do their Buſineſs, in ſteps a Third, who with a Sword takes one of them full drive over the Pate, lays him Dead upon the Place, and away he runs. Which the other ſeeing, and concluding himſelf diſcovered and loſt, he runs to the Altar and begs for Mercy, promiſing to diſcover the whole Truth, which as he was doing, and laying

* *Meander.*

open

open the whole Conſpiracy, behold the third Man, who being apprehended, was, as a Murtherer, thruſt and hailed by the People through the Preſs towards *Timoleon*, and other the moſt eminent Perſons of the Aſſembly, before whom being brought, he cried out for Pardon, pleaded that he had juſtly ſlain his Father's Murtherer; which he alſo proving upon the Place, by ſufficient Witneſſes, which his good Fortune very opportunely ſupplied him withal, that his Father was really killed in the City of the *Leontini*, by that very Man on whom he had taken his Revenge, he was preſently awarded ten Attick * Mines, for having had the good Fortune, by deſigning to revenge the Death of his Father, to preſerve the Life of the common Father of *Sicily*. Thus Fortune, in her Conduct, ſurpaſſes all the Rules of human Prudence. But, to conclude, is there not a direct Application of her Favour, Bounty, and Piety, manifeſtly diſcovered in this Action? *Ignatius* the Father, and *Ignatius* the Son, being proſcribed by the Triumviri of *Rome*, reſolved upon this generous Act of mutual Kindneſs, to fall by the Hands of one another, and by that Means to fruſtrate and defeat the Cruelty of the Tyrants; and accordingly, with their Swords drawn, ran full drive one upon another, where Fortune ſo guided the Points, that they made two equally mortal Wounds, affording withal ſo much Honour to ſo brave a Friendſhip, as to leave them juſt Strength enough to draw out their bloody Swords, that they might have Liberty to embrace one another in this dying Condition, with ſo cloſe and hearty an Embrace, that the Executioners cut off both their Heads at once, leaving the Bodies ſtill faſt linked together in this noble Knot, and their Wounds joined Mouth to Mouth, affectionately ſucking in the loſt Blood, and Remainder of the Lives of one another.

* *The old Attick Mine was ſeventy-five Drachs.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of one Defect in our Government.

MY Father, who, for a Man that had no other Advantages, than Experience only, and his own natural Parts, was nevertheleſs of a very clear Judgment, has formerly told me, that he once had Thoughts of endeavouring to introduce this Practice; that there might be in every City a certain Place aſſign'd, to which, ſuch as ſtood in Need of any thing might repair, and have their Buſineſs entered by an Officer appointed for that Purpoſe; as for Example, I enquire for a Chapman to buy my Pearls: I enquire for one that has Pearls to ſell: Such a one wants Company to go to *Paris*: Such a one enquires for a Servant of ſuch a Quality: Such a one for a Maſter; ſuch a one enquires for ſuch an Artificer, ſome for one Thing, ſome for another, every one according to what he wants. And doubtleſs theſe mutual Advertiſements would be of no contemptible Advantage to the publick Correſpondency and Intelligence: For there are evermore Conditions that hunt after one another, and for Want of knowing one another's Occaſions, leave Men in very great Neceſſity. I have heard, to the great Shame of the Age we live in, that in our very Sight, two moſt excellent Men for Learning died ſo poor, that they had ſcarce Bread to put in their Mouths, *Lilius Gregorius Giraldus* in *Italy*, and *Sebaſtianus Caſtalio* in *Germany*; and do believe, there are a thouſand Men would have invited them into their Families, with very advantageous Conditions, or have relieved them where they were, had they known their Wants. The World is not ſo generally corrupted but that I know a Man that would heartily wiſh the Eſtate his Anceſtors have left him, might be employ'd, ſo long as it ſhall pleaſe Fortune to give him leave to enjoy it, to ſecure rare and remarkable Perſons of any kind, whom Misfortune ſome-

The Project of an Office of Enquiry.

times perſecutes to the laſt Degree, from the Danger of Neceſſity; and at leaſt place them in ſuch a Condition, that they muſt be very hard to pleaſe, if they were not contented. My Father in his œconomical Government had this Order, (which I know how to commend, but by no Means imitate,) which was, that beſides the Day-book, or Memorial of the Houſhold-Affairs, where the ſmall Accounts, Payments and Diſburſements, which do not require a Secretary's Hand, were entred, and which a Bailiff always had in Cuſtody; he ordered him whom he kept to write for him, to keep a Paper Journal, and in it, to ſet down all the remarkable Occurrences, and Day by Day the Memoirs of the Hiſtories of his Houſe; very pleaſant to look over, when Time begins to wear Things out of Memory, and very uſeful ſometimes to put us out of Doubt, when ſuch a Thing was begun, when ended, what Courſes were debated on, what concluded; our Voyages, Abſences, Marriages, and Deaths, the Reception of good or ill News; the Change of principal Servants, and the like. An ancient Cuſtom, which I think it would not be amiſs for every one to revive in his own Houſe; and I find I did very fooliſhly in neglecting the ſame.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of the Cuſtom of wearing Clothes.

WHatever I ſhall ſay upon this Subject, I am of Neceſſity to invade ſome of the Bounds of Cuſtom, ſo careful has ſhe been to ſhut up all the Avenues. I was diſputing with myſelf in this ſhivering Seaſon, whether the Faſhion of going naked in thoſe Nations lately diſcovered, is impoſed upon them, by the hot Temperature of the Air, as we ſay of the *Moors* and *Indians*, or whether it be the original Faſhion of Mankind; Men of Underſtanding, foraſmuch as all Things under the Sun, as the Holy Writ declares, are ſubject to the ſame Laws, were wont in ſuch Conſiderations as theſe, where we are to diſtinguiſh

the natural Laws from thoſe that have been impoſed by Man's Invention, to have Recourſe to the general Polity of the World, where there can be nothing counterfeited. Now all other Creatures being ſufficiently furniſhed with all Things neceſſary for the Support of their Being, it is not to be imagined, that we only ſhould be brought into the World in a defective and indigent Condition, and in ſuch an Eſtate as cannot ſubſiſt without foreign Aſſiſtance; and therefore it is that I believe, that as Plants, Trees, and Animals, and all Things that have Life, are ſeen to be by Nature ſufficiently clothed and covered, to defend them from the Injuries of Weather,

Proptereaque ferè res omnes, aut corio ſunt,
Aut ſeta, aut conchis, aut callo, aut cortice tectæ *.

Moreover all Things, or with Skin or Hair,
Or Shell, or Bark, or Callous clothed are.

ſo were we: But as thoſe who by artificial Light put out that of the Day, ſo we by borrowed Forms and Faſhions have deſtroy'd our own. And 'tis plain enough to be ſeen, that 'tis Cuſtom only which renders that impoſſible, that otherwiſe is nothing ſo; for of thoſe Nations who have no Manner of Knowledge of Clothing, ſome are ſituated under the ſame Temperature that we are, and ſome in much colder Climates. And beſides, our moſt tender Parts are always expoſed to the Air, as the Eyes, Mouth, Noſe and Ears; and our Country Labourers, like our Anceſtors in former Times, go with their Breaſts and Bellies open. Had we been born with a Neceſſity upon us of wearing Petticoats and Breeches, there is no Doubt, but Nature would have fortified thoſe Parts ſhe intended ſhould be expoſed to the Fury of the Seaſons, with a thicker Skin, as ſhe has done the Fingers Ends, and the Soles of the Feet. And why ſhould this ſeem hard to believe? I obſerve much greater Diſtance betwixt my Habit, and that of one of our Country Peaſants, than betwixt his and a Man that has no other Covering but his Skin. How many Men, eſpecially

* *Lucret. l.* 4.

in

in *Turky*, go naked merely upon Account of Devotion? I know not who would aſk a Beggar, whom he ſhould ſee in his Shirt in the Depth of Winter, as briſk and frolick as he who goes muffled up to the Ears in Furs, how he is able to endure to go ſo? Why, Sir, he might anſwer you, you go with your Face bare, and I am all Face. The *Italians* have a Story of the Duke of *Florence*'s Fool, whom his Maſter aſking, *How being ſo thin clad, he was able to ſupport the Cold, when he himſelf, warm wrapt up as he was, was hardly able to do it? Why*, reply'd the Fool, *uſe my Receipt, to put on all the Clothes you have at once, and you'll feel no more Cold than I.* King *Maſſiniſſa* to an extreme old Age could never be prevailed upon to go with his Head covered, how cold, ſtormy, or rainy ſoever the Weather might be: Which alſo is reported of the Emperor *Severus*. *Herodotus* tells us, that in the Battles fought betwixt the *Ægyptians* and the *Perſians*, it was obſerved, both by himſelf and others, that of thoſe who were left dead upon the Place, the Heads of the *Ægyptians* were found to be, without Compariſon, harder than thoſe of the *Perſians*, by Reaſon that the laſt had gone with their Heads always covered from their Infancy, firſt, with Biggins, and then with Turbans, and the others always ſhaved and open. And King *Ageſilaus* obſerved to a decrepid Age, to wear always the ſame Clothes in Winter that he did in Summer. *Cæſar*, ſays *Suetonius*, marched always at the Head of his Army for the moſt Part on Foot, with his Head bare, whether it was Rain or Sun-ſhine, and as much is ſaid of *Hannibal*,

——————— *Tum vertice nudo,*
Excipere inſanos imbres, Cœlique ruinam *.

Bare Head to march in Snow, and when it pours
Whole Cataracts of cold unwholeſom Showers.

A *Venetian*, who has long lived in *Pegu*, and is lately returned from thence, writes, that the Men and Women of that Kingdom, though they cover all their other Parts, go always bare Foot, and ride ſo too. And *Plato* does very

* *Silius It. l.* 6. 1.

earneſtly adviſe, for the Health of the whole Body, to give the Head and the Feet no other Clothing than what Nature has beſtowed. He whom the *Poles* have elected for their King, ſince our's left them, who is indeed one of the greateſt Princes of this Age, never wears any Gloves, and for Winter, or whatever Weather can come, never wears any other Cap Abroad, than the ſame he wears at Home. Whereas I cannot endure to go unbuttoned or untied; our neighbouring Labourers would think themſelves in Chains if they were ſo braced. *Varro* is of Opinion, that when it was ordained, we ſhould be bare in the Preſence of the Gods, and before the Magiſtrate, it was rather ſo ordered upon the Score of Health, and to inure us to the Injuries of Weather, than upon the Account of Reverence. And ſince we are now talking of Cold, and *Frenchmen* uſed to wear Variety of Colours, (not I myſelf, for I ſeldom wear other than black or white, in Imitation of my Father) let us add another Story of Capt. *Martin du Bellay*, who affirms, that in the Journey of *Luxemburg*, he ſaw ſuch a great Froſt, that the Ammunition-Wine was cut with Hatchets and Wedges, was delivered out to the Soldiers by Weight, and that they carried it away in Baſkets: And *Ovid*,

Nudaque conſiſtunt formam ſervantia teſtæ
Vina, nec hauſta meri, ſed data fruſta bibunt *.

——————————The Wine
Stript of it's Caſk, retains the Figure ſtill,
Nor do they Draughts, but Cruſts of *Bacchus* ſwill.

At the Mouth of the Lake *Mœotis*, the Froſts are ſo very ſharp, that in the very ſame Place where *Mithridates*'s Lieutenant had fought the Enemy dry-foot, and given them a notable Defeat, the Summer following he obtained over them a famous naval Victory. The *Romans* fought at a very great Diſadvantage, in the Engagement they had with the *Carthaginians* near *Placentia*, by Reaſon, that they went on to charge with their Blood fixed, and their Limbs

* *Ovid. Triſt. l.* 3. *El.* 12.

numbed

numbed with Cold. Whereas *Hannibal* had cauſed great Fires to be diſperſed quite through his Camp to warm his Soldiers, and Oil to be diſtributed amongſt them; to the End, that anointing themſelves, they might render their Nerves more ſupple and active, and fortify the Pores againſt the Violence of the Air, and freezing Wind that raged in that Seaſon. The Retreat the *Greeks* made from *Babylon* into their own Country, is famous for the Difficulties and Calamities they had to overcome. Of which this was one, that being encountered in the Mountains of *Armenia*, with a horrible Storm of Snow, they loſt all Knowledge of the Country, and of the Ways, and being driven up, were a Day and a Night without eating or drinking, moſt of their Cattle died, many of themſelves ſtarved dead, ſeveral ſtruck blind with the Driving, and the Glittering of the Snow, many of them maimed in their Fingers and Toes, and many ſtiff and motionleſs with the Extremity of the Cold, who yet had their Underſtanding entire. *Alexander* ſaw a Nation, where they bury the Fruit-Trees in Winter, to defend them from being deſtroy'd by the Froſt, and we alſo may ſee the ſame. But concerning Clothes, the King of *Mexico* changed his Apparel four Times a Day, and never put them on more, employing thoſe he left off, in his continual Liberalities and Rewards; nor was either Pot, Diſh, or other Utenſil of his Kitchen or Table, ever ſerved in twice.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of Cato *the Younger.*

I Am not guilty of the common Error of judging another by myſelf. I eaſily believe that in another's Humour which is contrary to my own: And though I find myſelf engaged to one certain Form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do; but believe and apprehend a thouſand Ways of Living, and contrary to moſt Men, more eaſily admit of Differences and Uniformity amongſt us. I as frankly, as any one would have me, diſcharge a Man from my Humours and Principles, and conſider him according to his own particular Model. Though I am not continent myſelf, I nevertheleſs ſincerely love, and approve the Continency of the *Capuchins*, and other religious Orders, and highly commend their Way of Living. I inſinuate myſelf by Imagination into their Place and Love, and honour them the more, for being other than I am. I very much deſire, that we may be cenſured every Man by himſelf, and would not be drawn into the Conſequence of common Examples. My Weakneſs does nothing alter the Eſteem I ought to have of the Force and Vigour of thoſe who deſerve it. *Sunt qui nihil ſuadent, quam quod, ſe imitari poſſe confidunt* *. *There are thoſe who perſuade nothing but what they believe they can imitate themſelves.* Crawling upon the Slime of the Earth, I do not for all that ceaſe to obſerve up in the Clouds the inimitable Height of ſome heroick Souls: 'Tis a great deal for me to have my Judgment regular and right, if the Effects cannot be ſo, and to maintain this ſovereign Power at leaſt free from Corruption: 'Tis ſomething to have my Will right and good, where my Legs fail me. This Age wherein we live, in our Part of the

* *Cicero de Orat.*

World

World at leaſt, is grown ſo ſtupid, that not only Exerciſe, but the very Imagination of Virtue is defective, and ſeems to be no other but College-Faſhion.

——————— *Virtutem verba putant, ut Lucum ligna* *.

Words finely couch'd, theſe Men for Virtue take,
As if each Word a ſacred Grove could make.

Quam vereri deberent, etiam ſi percipere non poſſent †. *Which they ought to reverence, though they cannot comprehend.* 'Tis a new Gew-gaw to hang in a Cabinet, or at the End of the Tongue, as on the Tip of the Ear, for Ornament only. There are no more virtuous Actions extant, and thoſe Actions that carry a Shew of Virtue, have yet nothing of it's Eſſence; by Reaſon, that Profit, Glory, Fear and Cuſtom, and other ſuch like foreign Cauſes, put us in the Way to produce them. Our Juſtice alſo, Valour and good Offices, may then be called ſo too, in Reſpect to others, and according to the Face they appear with to the Publick; but in the Doer it can by no Means be Virtue, becauſe there is another End propoſed, another moving Cauſe. Now Virtue owns nothing to be her's, but what is done by herſelf, and for herſelf alone. In that great Battle of *Potidæa*, which the *Greeks*, under the Command of *Pauſanias*, obtained againſt *Mardonius*, and the *Perſians*, the Conquerors, according to their Cuſtom, coming to divide amongſt them the Glory of the Exploit, they attributed to the *Spartan* Nation the Pre-eminence of Valour in this Engagement. The *Spartans*, great Judges of Virtue, when they came to determine to what particular Man of their Nation the Honour was due, of having beſt behaved himſelf upon this Occaſion, found that *Ariſtodemus* had, of all others, hazarded his Perſon with the greateſt Bravery; but did not however allow him any Prize or Reward, by Reaſon that his Virtue had been incited by a Deſire to clear his Reputation from the Reproach of his Miſcarriage at the

* *Horace Ep.* 6. *l.* 1. † *Cicero Tuſ.* 1.

Buſineſs of *Thermopylæ*, and with a Deſire to die bravely, to wipe off that former Blemiſh. Our Judgments are yet ſick, and obey the Humour of our depraved Manners. I obſerve moſt of the Wits of theſe Times pretend to Ingenuity, by endeavouring to blemiſh and darken the Glory of the braveſt and moſt generous Actions of former Ages, putting one vile Interpretation or another upon them, and forging and ſuppoſing vain Cauſes and Motives for thoſe noble Things they performed. A mighty Subtilty indeed! Give me the greateſt and moſt unblemiſhed Action that ever the Day beheld, and I will contrive a hundred plauſible Drifts and Ends to obſcure it: God knows, whoever will ſtretch them out to the full, what Diverſity of Images our internal Wills do ſuffer under; they do not ſo maliciouſly play the Cenſurers, as they do it ignorantly and rudely in all their Detractions. The ſame Pains and Licence that others take to blemiſh and beſpatter theſe illuſtrious Names, I would willingly undergo to lend them a Shoulder to raiſe them higher. Theſe rare Images, that are cull'd out by the Conſent of the wiſeſt Men of all Ages, for the World's Example, I ſhould endeavour to honour anew, as far as my Invention would permit, in all the Circumſtances of favourable Interpretation. And we are to believe, that the Force of our Invention is infinitely ſhort of their Merit. 'Tis the Duty of good Men to draw Virtues as beautiful as they can, and there would be no Indecency in the Caſe, ſhould our Paſſion a little tranſport us in Favour of ſo ſacred a Form. What theſe People do to the contrary, they either do out of Malice, or by the Vice of confining their Belief to their own Capacity; or, which I am more inclined to think, for not having their Sight ſtrong, clear, and elevated enough, to conceive the Splendor of Virtue in her native Purity: As *Plutarch* complains, that in his Time ſome attributed the Cauſe of the younger *Cato*'s Death to his Fear of *Cæſar*, at which he ſeems very angry, and with good Reaſon: And by that a Man may gueſs how much more he would have been offended with thoſe who have attributed it to Ambition; ſenſeleſs People! He would rather have performed a handſom, juſt, and generous Action, and to have had Ignominy for his Reward, than for his Glory. That Man was in Truth a Pattern,

Pattern, that Nature choſe out to ſhew to what Height human Virtue and Conſtancy could arrive: But I am not capable of handling ſo noble an Argument, and ſhall therefore only ſet five *Latin* Poets together by the Ears, who has done beſt in the Praiſe of *Cato*; and incluſively for their own too. Now a Man well read in Poetry will think the two firſt, in Compariſon of the others, a little flat and languiſhing; the third more vigorous, but overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own Force. He will then think, that there will be yet Room for one or two Gradations of Invention to come to the fourth; but coming to mount the Pitch of that, he will lift up his Hands for Admiration; the laſt, the firſt by ſome Space, (but a Space that he will ſwear is not to be filled up by any human Wit) he will be aſtoniſhed, he will not know where he is. Theſe are Wonders. We have more Poets than Judges and Interpreters of Poetry. It is eaſier to write an indifferent Poem, than to underſtand a good one. There is indeed a certain low and moderate Sort of Poetry, that a Man may well enough judge by certain Rules of Art; but the true, ſupreme and divine Poeſy, is equally above all Rules and Reaſon. And whoever diſcerns the Beauty of it, with the moſt aſſured and moſt ſteady Sight, ſees no more than the quick Reflection of a Flaſh of Lightning. This is a Sort of Poeſy that does not exerciſe, but raviſhes and overwhelms our Judgment. The Fury that poſſeſſes him who is able to penetrate into it, wounds yet a third Man by hearing him repeat it. Like a Loadſtone, that not only attracts the Needle, but alſo infuſes into it the Virtue to attract others. And it is more evidently eminent upon our Theatres, that the ſacred Inſpiration of the Muſes, having firſt ſtirred up the Poet to Anger, Sorrow, Hatred, and out of himſelf, to whatever they will, does moreover by the Poet poſſeſs the Actor, and by the Actor, conſecutively all the Spectators. So much our Paſſions hang and depend upon one another. Poetry has ever had that Power over me from a Child, to tranſpeirce and tranſport me: But this quick Reſentment that is natural to me, has been variouſly handled by Variety of Forms, not ſo much higher and lower, (for they were ever the higheſt of every Kind) as differing in Colour. Firſt, a gay and ſpritely Fluency,

Fluency, afterwards a lofty and penetrating Subtilty; and laſtly, a mature and conſtant Force. Their Names will better expreſs them; *Ovid, Lucan, Virgil.* But our Poets are beginning their Career.

Sit Cato *dum vivat fama vel* Cæſar *major* *.

——————Let *Cato*'s Fame,
Whilſt he ſhall live, eclipſe great *Cæſar*'s Name,

ſays one.

——*Et invictum devicta Morte* Catonem †.

——————And *Cato* fell,
Death being overcome, invincible,

ſays the Second. And the Third ſpeaking of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*;

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni ‖.

——————Heaven approves,
The conquering Cauſe, the conquer'd *Cato* loves.

And the Fourth upon the Praiſes of *Cæſar*,

Et cuncta terrarum ſubjecta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis §.

And conquer'd all where-e'er his Eagle flew,
But *Cato*'s Mind, that nothing could ſubdue.

And the Maſter of the Quire, after having ſet forth all the great Names of the greateſt *Romans*, ends thus,

——*His dantem jura* Catonem ‡.

Great *Cato* giving Laws to all the reſt.

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* *Mart. lib.* 6. *Epig.* 32. † *Manil.* ‖ *Lucan. l.* 1.
§ *Hor. Car. lib.* 2. *Ode* 1. ‡ *Æneid. l.* 8.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

That we laugh and cry for the ſame Thing.

WHEN we read in Hiſtory, that *Antigonus* was very much diſpleas'd with his Son, for preſenting him the Head of King *Pyrrhus* his Enemy, newly ſlain, fighting againſt him, and that ſeeing it he wept; That *Rene*, Duke of *Lorraine*, alſo lamented the Death of *Charles*, Duke of *Burgundy*, whom he had himſelf defeated, and appear'd in Mourning at his Funeral: And that in the Battle of *Auroy* (which Count *Monfort* obtain'd over *Charles de Blou*, his Competitor, for the Dutchy of *Brittany*) the Conqueror meeting the dead Body of his Enemy, was very much afflicted at his Death: We muſt not preſently cry out,

Et coſi æven che l'animo ciaſcuna,
Sua Paſſion ſotto il contrario manto,
Ricopre, con la viſta hor' chiara, hor' bruna *.

That every one, whether of Joy or Woe,
The Paſſion of their Mind can palliate ſo,
As when moſt griev'd, to ſhew a Count'nance clear,
And melancholick, when beſt pleas'd t'appear.

When *Pompey*'s Head was preſented to *Cæſar*, the Hiſtories tell us, that he turned away his Face, as from a ſad and unpleaſing Object. There had been ſo long an Intelligence and Society betwixt them, in the Management of the publick Affairs, ſo great a Community of Fortunes, ſo many mutual Offices, and ſo near an Alliance, that this Countenance of his ought not to ſuffer under any Miſin-

* *Petrarcha.*

terpretation;

terpretation; or to be ſuſpected for either falſe or counterfeit, as this other ſeems to believe:

——Tutumque putavit
Jam bonus eſſe ſocer, lachrymas non ſponte cadentes
Effudit, gemituſque expreſſit pectore læto,
Non aliter manifeſta putans abſcondere mentis
Gaudia, quam Lachrymas *.

——And now he ſaw
'Twas ſafe to be a pious Father-in-law,
He ſhed forc'd Tears, and from a joyful Breaſt,
Fetch'd Sighs and Groans; conceiving Tears would beſt
Conceal his inward Joy.

For though it be true, that the greateſt Part of our Actions are no other than Vizor and Diſguiſe, and yet may ſometimes be real and true: That,

Hæredis fletus ſub perſona riſus eſt ‡.

The Heir's diſſembled Tears behind the Skreen,
Could one but peep, would joyful Smiles be ſeen.

So it is, that in judging of theſe Accidents we are to conſider how much our Souls are oftentimes agitated with divers Paſſions. And as they ſay, that in our Bodies there is a Congregation of divers Humours, of which, that is the Sovereign, which according to the Complexion we are of, is commonly moſt predominant in us: So, though the Soul has in it divers Motions to give it Agitation; yet muſt there of Neceſſity be one to over-rule all the reſt, though not with ſo neceſſary and abſolute a Dominion, but that through the Flexibility and Inconſtancy of the Soul, thoſe of leſs Authority may, upon Occaſion, reaſſume their Place, and make a little Sally in Turn. Thence it is that we ſee not only Children, who innocently obey, and follow Nature, often laugh and cry at the ſame Thing: But not one of us can

* *Lucan. lib.* 9. ‡ *Aulus Gelli. Noct.*

boaſt, what Journey ſoever he may have in Hand, that he has the moſt ſet his Heart upon, but when he comes to part with his Family and Friends, he will find ſomething that troubles him within; and though he refrains his Tears, yet he puts Foot i'th' Stirrup, with a ſad and cloudy Countenance, and what gentle Flame ſoever may have warm'd the Heart of modeſt, and well-born Virgins, yet are they fain to be forc'd from about their Mothers Necks, to be put to Bed to their Huſbands, whatever this boon Companion is pleas'd to ſay;

Eſine novis nuptis odio Venus, anne parentum
Fruſtrantur falſis gaudia lachrymulis,
Ubertim Thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
Non, ita me Divi, vera gemunt, juverint *.

Does the fair Bride the Sport ſo mainly dread,
That ſhe takes on ſo when ſhe's put to Bed?
Her Parents Joys t'allay with a feign'd Tear,
She does not cry in Earneſt, I dare ſwear.

Neither is it ſtrange to lament a Perſon, whom a Man would by no Means wiſh to be alive: When I rattle my Man, I do it with all the Mettle I have, and load him with no feign'd, but downright real Curſes; but the Heat being over, if he ſhould ſtand in Need of me, I ſhould be very ready to do him Good: For I inſtantly turn the Leaf. When I call him Calf and Coxcomb, I do not pretend to entail thoſe Titles upon him for ever; neither do I think I give myſelf the Lie in calling him an honeſt Man preſently after. Were it not the Sign of a Fool to talk to one's ſelf, there would hardly be a Day or Hour wherein I might not be heard to grumble, and mutter to myſelf, and againſt myſelf, *Turd in the Fool's Teeth*, and yet I do not think that to be my Character. Who for ſeeing me one while cold, and preſently very kind to my Wife, believes the one or the other to be counterfeit, is an Aſs. *Nero* taking Leave of his Mother, whom he ſent to be drown'd, was

* *Catul. Numb.* 67.

never-

nevertheleſs ſenſible of ſome Emotion at this Farewel, and was ſtruck with Horror and Pity. 'Tis ſaid, that the Light of the Sun is not one continuous Thing, but that he darts new Rays ſo thick one upon another, that we cannot perceive the Intermiſſion.

Largus enim liquidi fons luminis æthereus Sol
Irrigat aſſidue cælum candore recenti,
Suppetit atque novo conſeſtim lumine lumen *.

For the æthereal Sun that ſhines ſo bright,
Being a Fountain large of liquid Light,
With freſh Rays ſprinkles ſtill the chearful Sky,
And with new Light the Light does ſtill ſupply.

Juſt ſo the Soul variouſly and imperceptibly darts out her Paſſions. *Artabarus* ſurpriſing once his Nephew *Xerxes*, chid him for the ſudden Alteration of his Countenance. As he was conſidering the immeaſurable Greatneſs of his Forces paſſing over the *Helleſpont*, for the *Grecian* Expedition, he was firſt ſeiz'd with a Palpitation of Joy, to ſee ſo many Millions of Men under his Command, which alſo appear'd in the Gaiety of his Looks: But his Thoughts at the ſame Inſtant ſuggeſting to him, that of ſo many Lives, there would not be one left, in a Century at moſt, he preſently knit his Brows, and grew ſad, even to Tears. We have reſolutely purſu'd the Revenge of an Injury receiv'd, and been ſenſible of a ſingular Satisfaction at the Victory: But we ſhall weep notwithſtanding: 'Tis not for the Victory, that we ſhall weep; there is nothing alter'd by that: But the Soul looks upon Things with another Eye, and repreſents them to itſelf with another kind of Face; for every Thing has many Faces, and ſeveral Aſpects, Relations, old Acquaintance, and Friendſhips, poſſeſs our Imaginations, and make them tender for the Time: But the Counterturn is ſo quick, that 'tis gone in a Moment.

Nil .. fieri celeri ratione videtur,
Quā ſi mens fieri proponit, & inchoat ipſa.

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* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Ocius ergo animus quam res ſe perciat ulla,
Ante oculos quarum in promptu natura videtur *.

No Motions ſeem ſo briſk, and quick as thoſe
The working Mind does to be done propoſe.
Which once propos'd, her violent Motions are
Swifter than any Thing we know by far.

And therefore, while we would make one continued Thing of all this Succeſſion of Paſſion, we deceive ourſelves. When *Timoleon* laments the Murther he had committed upon ſo mature and generous Deliberation, he does not lament the Liberty reſtor'd to his Country, he does not lament the Tyrant, but he laments his Brother: One Part of his Duty is perform'd, let us give him Leave to perform the other.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Of Solitude.

LET us paſs over that old Compariſon, betwixt the active and the ſolitary Life, and as for the fine Saying, with which Ambition and Avarice palliate their Vices, *That we are not born for our Selves, but for the Publick*, let us boldly appeal to thoſe who are moſt intereſted in publick Affairs, let them lay their Hands upon their Hearts, and then ſay, whether, on the contrary, they do not rather aſpire to Titles and Offices, and that Tumult of the World, to make their private Advantage at the publick Expence. But we need not aſk them the Queſtion; for the corrupt Ways by which they arrive at the Height to which their Ambitions aſpire, do manifeſtly enough

* *Lucret. l.* 3.

declare

declare that their Ends cannot be very good. Let us then tell Ambition, that it is ſhe herſelf that gives us a Taſte of Solitude; for what does ſhe ſo much avoid as Society? What does ſhe ſo much ſeek as Elbow-room? A Man may do well, or ill every where: But if what *Bias* ſays be true, that the greateſt Part is the worſe, or what the Preacher ſays, that there is not one good of a Thouſand;

Rari quippe boni; numero vix ſunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ vel divitis oſtia Nili †.

Becauſe the Number of the Good's as few
As *Thebes* fair Gates, or rich *Nile* Mouths do ſpew.

The Contagion is very dangerous in the Crowd. A Man muſt either imitate the Vicious, or hate them: Both are dangerous, either to reſemble them, becauſe they are many, or to hate many, becauſe they are unreſembling. And Merchants that go to Sea are in the Right, when they are cautious that thoſe who embark with them in the ſame Bottom, be neither diſſolute Blaſphemers, nor vicious otherways; looking upon ſuch Society as unfortunate. And therefore it was, that *Bias* pleaſantly ſaid to ſome, who being with him in a dangerous Storm, implor'd the Aſſiſtance of the Gods, *Peace, ſpeak ſoftly*, ſaid he, *that they may not know you are here in my Company:* And of more preſſing Example, *Albuquerque* Vice-Roy in the *Indies* for *Emanuel* King of *Portugal*, in an extreme Peril of Shipwreck, took a young Boy upon his Shoulders, for this only End, that in the Society of their common Danger, his Innocency might ſerve to protect him, and to recommend him to the divine Favour, that they might get ſafe to Shore: 'Tis not that a wiſe Man may not live every where content, either alone, or in the Crowd of a Palace: But if it be left to his own Choice, he will tell you, that he would fly the very Sight of the latter; he can endure it if need be; but if it be referred to him, he will chuſe

† *Juven. Sat.* 13.

the

the firſt. He cannot think himſelf ſufficiently rid of Vice, if he muſt yet contend with it in other Men: *Charondas* puniſh'd thoſe for ill Men, who were convict of keeping ill Company. There is nothing ſo unſociable, and ſociable as Man, the one by his Vice, the other by his Nature. And *Antiſthenes*, in my Opinion, did not give him a ſatisfactory Anſwer, who reproach'd him with frequenting ill Company, by ſaying, *That the Phyſicians liv'd well enough amongſt the Sick:* For if they contribute to the Health of the Sick, no doubt, but by the Contagion, continual Sight of, and Familiarity with Diſeaſes, they muſt of Neceſſity impair their own. Now the End I ſuppoſe is all one, to live at more Leiſure, and at greater Eaſe: But Men do not always take the right Way; for they often think they have totally taken Leave of all Buſineſs when they have only exchang'd one Employment for another. There is little leſs trouble in governing a private Family, than a whole Kingdom: Wherever the Mind is perplex'd, it is in an entire Diſorder, and domeſtick Employments are not leſs troubleſom, for being leſs important. Moreover, for having ſhak'd off the Court and publick Employments, we have not taken Leave of the principal Vexations of Life.

——Ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effuſi late maris arbiter aufert §.

Reaſon and Prudence, our Affections eaſe,
Not remote Voyages on unknown Seas.

Our Ambition, our Avarice, Irreſolution, Fears, and inordinate Deſires, do not leave us when we forſake our native Country:

Et poſt equitem ſedet atra cura *.

And who does mount his Horſe to this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care behind.

§ *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 11.
* *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 1.

She often follows us even to Cloiſters, and philoſophical Schools; nor Deſerts, nor Caves, Hair-ſhirts, nor Faſts, can diſengage us from her:

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo *.

The fatal Shaft ſticks to the wounded Side.

One telling *Socrates*, that ſuch a one was nothing improv'd by his Travels. *I very well believe it*, ſaid he, *for he took himſelf along with him.*

Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patria quis exul
Se quoque fugit †.

To change our native Soil, why ſhould we run
To ſeek out one warm'd by another Sun?
For yet what baniſh'd Man could ever find,
When fartheſt ſent, he left himſelf behind?

If a Man do not firſt diſcharge both himſelf and his Mind, of the Burden with which he finds himſelf oppreſs'd, Motion will but make it preſs the harder, and ſit the heavier, as the Lading of a Ship is of leſs Incumbrance, when faſt, and beſtow'd in a ſettled Poſture; you do a ſick Man more Harm than Good, in removing him from Place to Place; you fix and eſtabliſh the Diſeaſe by Motion, as Stoops dive deeper into the Earth by being mov'd up and down in the Place where they are deſign'd to ſtand. And therefore it is not enough to get remote from the Public; 'tis not enough to ſhift the Soil only, a Man muſt fly from the popular Diſpoſitions that have taken Poſſeſſion of his Soul, he muſt ſequeſter and raviſh himſelf from himſelf.

——Rupi jam vincula, dicas,
Nam luctata canis nodum arripit, attamen illa
Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ §.

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 4.
† *Hor. lib.* 2. *Ode* 16.
§ *Perſeus Sat.* 5.

Thou'ſt

Thoul't ſay perhaps, that thou haſt broke the Chain,
Why, ſo the Dog has knaw'd the Knot in twain
That ty'd him there, but as he flies, he feels
The pond'rous Chain ſtill rattling at his Heels.

We ſtill carry our Fetters along with us; 'tis not an abſolute Liberty; we yet caſt back a kind Look upon what we have left behind us; the Fancy is ſtill full of our old way of Living.

—Niſi purgatum eſt pectus, quæ prælia nobis,
Atque pericula tunc ingratis inſinuandum?
Quantæ conſcindunt hominum cupidinis acres
Sollicitum curæ? quantique perinde timores?
Quidve ſuperbia, ſpurcitia, aut petulantia quantas
Efficiunt clades? quid luxus, deſidieſque *?

Unleſs the Mind be purg'd, what Conflicts ſtreight
And Dangers will it not inſinuate?
The luſtful Man how many bitter Cares,
Do gall, and fret, and then how many Fears?
What horrid Miſchiefs, what dire Slaughters too
Will not Pride, Luſt, and Petulancy do?
And what from Luxury can we expect,
And Sloth; but all the Ill, Ill can effect?

The Mind itſelf is the Diſeaſe, and cannot eſcape from itſelf;

In culpa eſt animus, qui ſe non effugit unquam †.

Still in the Mind the Fault does lye,
That never from itſelf can fly.

and therefore is to be call'd home, and confin'd within it ſelf; that is the true Solitude, and that may be enjoy'd

* *Lucret. l.* 5. † *Hor. l.* 1. *Ep.* 14.

even in populous Cities, and the Courts of Kings, though more commodiouſly apart.

Now ſince we will attempt to live alone, and to wave all Manner of Converſation amongſt Men, let us ſo order it, that our Contentation may depend wholly upon ourſelves, and diſſolve all Obligations that ally us to others: Let us obtain this from ourſelves that we may live alone in good Earneſt, and live at our Eaſe too. *Stilpo* having eſcap'd from the Fire that conſum'd the City where he liv'd, and where he had his Wife, Children, Goods, and every Thing he was Maſter of, deſtroy'd by the Flame; *Demetrius Poliorcetes* ſeeing him, in ſo great a Ruin of his Country, appear with ſo ſerene and undiſturb'd a Countenance, aſk'd him, if he had receiv'd no Loſs? To which he made Anſwer, No; and that, Thanks be to God, nothing was loſt of his; which alſo was the Meaning of the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes*, when he pleaſantly ſaid, that Men ſhould only furniſh themſelves with ſuch Things as would ſwim, and might with the Owner eſcape the Storm; and certainly a wiſe Man never loſes any Thing, if he has himſelf. When the City of *Nola* was ruin'd by the *Barbarians*, *Paulinus* who was Biſhop of that Place, having there loſt all he had and himſelf a Priſoner, pray'd after this Manner, *O Lord, defend me from being ſenſible of this Loſs; for thou knoweſt, they have yet touched nothing of that which is mine*; The Riches that made him rich, and the Goods that made him good, were ſtill kept entire. This it is to make Choice of Treaſures, that can ſecure themſelves from Plunder and Violence, and to hide them in ſuch a Place, into which no one can enter, and that are not to be betrayed by any but ourſelves. Wives, Children, and Goods muſt be had, and eſpecially Health, by him that can get it; but we are not ſo to ſet our Hearts upon them, that our Happineſs muſt have it's Dependance upon any of theſe; we muſt reſerve a Back-ſhop, a With-drawing-Room, wholly our own, and entirely free wherein to ſettle our true Liberty, our principal Solitude and Retreat. And in this, we muſt for the moſt Part entertain ourſelves with ourſelves, and ſo privately, that no Knowledge or Communication, of any exotick Concern, be admitted there, there to laugh and to talk, as if without Wife, Children, Goods, Train,

or Attendance; to the End, that when it ſhall ſo fall out, that we muſt loſe any, or all of theſe, it may be no new thing to be without them. We have a Mind pliable of itſelf, that will be Company; it has wherewithal to attack, and to defend, to receive and to give: Let us not then fear in this Solitude, to languiſh under an uncomfortable Vacancy.

In ſolis ſis tibi turba locis.

In ſolitary Places be
Unto thyſelf good Company.

Virtue is ſatisfied with herſelf, without Diſcipline, without Words, without Effects. In our ordinary Actions, there is not one of a Thouſand that concerns ourſelves: He that thou ſeeſt ſcambling up the Ruins of that Wall, furious and tranſported, againſt whom ſo many *Muſket* Shot are levell'd; and that other all over Scars, pale, and fainting with Hunger, and yet reſolv'd rather to die, than to open his Gate to him, doſt thou think that theſe Men are there upon their own Account? No, peradventure in the Behalf of one whom they never ſaw, and that never concerns himſelf for their Pains, and Danger, but lyes wallowing the while in Sloth and Pleaſure: This other blear-ey'd, ſlovenly Fellow, that thou ſeeſt come out of his Study after Midnight, doſt thou think he has been tumbling over Books, to learn how to become a better Man, wiſer and more content: No ſuch Matter, he will there end his Days, but he will teach Poſterity the Meaſure of *Plautus*'s Verſes, and the Orthography of a Latin Word: Who is it that does not voluntarily exchange his Health, his Repoſe, and his very Life for Reputation, and Glory? The moſt uſeleſs, frivolous, and falſe Coin that paſſes current amongſt us: Our own Death does not ſufficiently terrify, and trouble us, let us moreover charge ourſelves with thoſe of Wives, Children, and Family: Our own Affairs do not afford us Anxiety enough, let us undertake thoſe of our Neighbours and Friends, ſtill more to break our Brains, and to torment us.

Vah quemquamne hominem in animum inſtituere aut
Parare, quod ſit charius, quam ipſe eſt ſibi * ?

Alas! What Mortal will be ſo unwiſe
Any Thing dearer than himſelf to prize?

Solitude ſeems to me to have the beſt Pretence in ſuch as have already employed their moſt active and flouriſhing Age in the World's Service; by the Example of *Thales*. We have lived enough for others, let us at leaſt live out the ſmall Remnant of Life for our Selves; let us now call in our Thoughts and Intentions to our Selves, and to our own Eaſe, and Repoſe: 'tis no light Thing to make a ſure Retreat, it will be enough to do without mixing other Enterpriſes and Deſigns, ſince God gives us Leiſure to prepare for, and to order our Remove, let us make ready pack up our Baggage, take Leave betimes of the Company; let us diſentangle ourſelves from thoſe violent Importunities that engage us elſewhere, and ſeparate us from ourſelves: We muſt break the Knot of our Obligations, how ſtrong ſoever, and hereafter love this, or that; but eſpouſe nothing, but ourſelves: That is to ſay, let the Remainder be our own, but not ſo join'd and cloſe, as not to be forc'd away without ſlaying us, or tearing Part of the whole Piece. The greateſt Thing in the World is for a Man to know, that he is his own: 'Tis Time to wean ourſelves from Society, when we can no more add any Thing to it; and who is not in a Condition to lend, muſt forbid himſelf to borrow. Our Forces begin to fail us, and are of no more Uſe for foreign Offices; let us call them in, and lock them up at Home; He that can within himſelf caſt off, and diſband the Offices of ſo many Friendſhips, and that Tumult of Converſation he has contracted in the buſy World, let him do it: In this Decay of Nature, which renders him uſeleſs, burthenſom, and importunate to others, let him have a Care of being uſeleſs, burthenſom, and importunate to himſelf: Let him ſooth, and careſs himſelf, and above all Things be ſure to govern himſelf with Reverence to his Reaſon and

* *Ter. Adel. Act.* 1. *Sc.*

Conſcience.

Conſcience, to that Degree, as to be aſham'd to make a falſe Step in their Preſence. *Rarum eſt enim, ut ſatis ſe quiſque vereatur* ‖. *For 'tis rarely ſeen that Men have Reſpect, and Reverence enough for themſelves. Socrates* ſays, that Boys are to cauſe themſelves to be inſtructed, Men to exerciſe themſelves in well doing, and old Men to retire from all Civil and military Employments, living at their own Diſcretion, without the Obligation to any certain Office. There are ſome Complexions more proper for theſe Precepts of Retirement, than others, ſuch as are of a ſoft and faint Apprehenſion, and of a tender Will, and Affection, as I am, will ſooner enline to this Advice, than active and buſy Soals, who embrace all, engage in all, and are hot upon every Thing, who offer, preſent, and give themſelves up to every Occaſion. We are to ſerve ourſelves with theſe accidental and extraneous Things, ſo far as they are pleaſant to us, but by no Means to lay our principal Foundation there. This is no true one, neither Nature nor Reaſon can allow it ſo to be, and why therefore ſhould we contrary to their Laws, enſlave our own Contentment, by giving it into the Power of another? To anticipate alſo the Accidents of Fortune, and to deprive ourſelves of thoſe Things we have in our own Power, as ſeveral have done upon the Account of Devotion, and ſome Philoſophers by Diſcourſe; a Man to be his own Servant, to lye hard, to put out his own Eyes, throw Wealth into the River, and to ſeek out Grief, (the one by the Uneaſineſs and Miſery of this Life, to pretend to Bliſs in another; the other by laying himſelf low, to avoid the Danger of falling) are Acts of an exceſſive Nature. The ſtouteſt and moſt obſtinate Natures, render even their moſt abſtruſe Retirements glorious and exemplary.

—Tuta, & parvula laudo,
Cum res deficiunt, ſatis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contigit, & unctius idem,
Hos ſapere, & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis *.

‖ *Pythag.* * *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 15.

Where Plenty fails,
A ſecure Competency I like well,
And love the Man Diſaſter cannot quell:
But when good Fortune with a liberal Hand
Her Gifts beſtows; thoſe Men I underſtand
Alone happy to live, and to be wiſe,
Whoſe Money does in neat built Villa's riſe.

A great deal leſs would ſerve my Turn well enough. 'Tis enough for me under Fortune's Favour to prepare myſelf for her Diſgrace, and being at my Eaſe to repreſent to myſelf, as far as my Imagination can ſtretch, the Ill to come; as we do at Juſts, and Tiltings, where we counterfeit War in the greateſt Calm of Peace. I do not think *Arceſilaus* the Philoſopher, the leſs temperate and reform'd for knowing that he made Uſe of Gold, and Silver Veſſels, when the Condition of his Fortune allow'd him ſo to do: But have a better Opinion of him, than if he had deny'd himſelf what he us'd with Liberality and Moderation. I ſee the utmoſt Limits of natural Neceſſity, and conſidering a poor Man begging at my Door oft-times more jocund and more healthy than I myſelf am, I put myſelf into his Place, and attempt to dreſs my Mind after his Mode; and running in like Manner over other Examples, though I fancy Death, Poverty, Contempt, and Sickneſs treading on my Heels, I eaſily reſolve not to be affrighted; though a leſs than I am takes them with ſo much Patience, I am not willing to believe that a leſs Underſtanding can do more than a greater; or that the Effects of Precept cannot arrive to as great a Height, as thoſe of Cuſtom: And knowing of how uncertain Duration theſe accidental Conveniencies are, I never forget, in the Height of all my Enjoyments, to make it my chiefeſt Prayer to Almighty God, that he will pleaſe to render me content with myſelf, and the Condition wherein he has placed me. I ſee ſeveral young Men very gay, and frolick; who nevertheleſs keep a Proviſion of Pills in their Trunk at home, to take when the Rheum ſhall fall, which they fear ſo much the leſs, becauſe they think they have Remedy at Hand. Every one ſhould do the ſame, and moreover if they find themſelves

themſelves ſubject to ſome more violent Diſeaſe, ſhould furniſh themſelves with ſuch Medicines as may numb and ſtupify the Part: The Employment a Man ſhould chuſe for a ſedentary Life, ought neither to be a laborious, nor an unpleaſing one, otherwiſe 'tis to no Purpoſe at all to be retir'd: And this depends upon every one's Liking and Humour; mine has no Manner of Complacency for Huſbandry, and ſuch as love it, ought to apply themſelves to it with Moderation.

Conantur ſibi res, non ſe ſubmittere rebus *.

A Man ſhould to himſelf his Buſineſs fit,
But ſhould not to Affairs himſelf ſubmit.

Huſbandry is otherwiſe a very ſervile Employment, as *Salluſt* tells us; though ſome Parts of it are more excuſable than the reſt, as the Care of Gardens, which *Xenophon* attributes to *Cyrus*, and a Mean may be found out betwixt ſordid and homely Affection, ſo full of perpetual Solitude, which is ſeen in Men who make it their entire Buſineſs and Study, and that ſtupid and extreme Negligence, letting all Things go at Random, we ſee in others.

——— Democriti *pecus edit agellos,*
Cultaque, dum peregre eſt animus ſine corpore velox †.

Democritus's Cattle ſpoils his Corn,
Whilſt he from thence on Fancy's Wings is born.

But let us hear what Advice the younger *Pliny* gives his Friend ‡ *Cornelius Rufus*, upon the Subject of Solitude; I adviſe thee, in the plentiful Retirement wherein thou art, to leave to thy Hinds and inferior Servants the Care of thy Huſbandry, and to addict thyſelf to the Study of Letters, to extract from thence ſomething that may be entirely and abſolutely thine own. By which, he means Reputation; like *Cicero*, who ſays, that he would employ his Solitude

* *Hor. Ep.* 1. † *Hor. Ep.* 12. ‡ *Caninius Rufus.*

and

and Retirement from publick Affairs, to acquire by his Writings an immortal Life.

> ——————*Usque adeo ne*
> *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter* * ?
>
> Is all thy Learning nothing, unless thou,
> That thou art knowing, make all others know ?

It appears to be Reason, when a Man talks of retiring from the World, that he should look quite out of himself. These do it but by Halves. They design well enough for themselves, 'tis true, when they shall be no more in it; but still they pretend to extract the Fruits of that Design from the World, when absented from it, by a ridiculous Contradiction. The Imagination of those who seek Solitude, upon the Account of Devotion, filling their Hopes with Certainty of divine Promises in the other Life, is much more rationally founded. They propose to themselves God, an infinite Object in Goodness and Power. The Soul has there wherewithal, at full Liberty, to satiate her Desires. Afflictions and Sufferings turn to their Advantage, being undergone for the Acquisition of an eternal Health, and everlasting Joys. Death is to be wished and longed for, where it is the Passage to so perfect a Condition. And the Tartness of these severe Rules they impose upon themselves, is immediately taken away by Custom, and all their carnal Appetites baffled and subdued, by refusing to humour and feed them; they being only supported by Use and Exercise. This sole End therefore of another happy and immortal Life, is that which really merits, that we should abandon the Pleasures and Conveniencies of this. And who can really and constantly enflame his Soul with the Ardour of this lively Faith and Hope, does erect for himself in this Solitude a more voluptuous and delicious Life, than any other Sort of Living whatever. Neither the End then, nor the Means of this Advice of *Pliny* pleases me, for we often fall out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. This Book-Employ-

* *Per. Sat.* 1.

ment

ment is as painful as any other, and as great an Enemy to Health, which ought to be the firſt Thing in every Man's Proſpect; neither ought a Man to be allured with the Pleaſure of it, which is the ſame that deſtroys the wary, avaricious, voluptuous and ambitious Men. The Wiſe give us Caution enough to beware of the Treachery of our Deſires, and to diſtinguiſh true and entire Pleaſures from ſuch as are mixed and complicated with greater Pain. For the greateſt Part of Pleaſures (ſay they) wheedle and careſs only to ſtrangle us, like thoſe Thieves whom the *Ægygtians* called *Philiſte*; and if the Head-Ach ſhould come after Drunkenneſs, we ſhould have a Care of drinking too much: But Pleaſure to deceive us, marches before, and conceals her Train. Books are pleaſant, but if by being over ſtudious we impair our Health, and ſpoil our good Humour, two of the beſt Pieces we have, let us give it over; for I for my Part am one of thoſe who think, that no Fruit derived from them can recompenſe ſo great a Loſs. As Men who feel themſelves weakned by a long Series of Indiſpoſition, give themſelves up at laſt to the Mercy of Medicine, and ſubmit to certain Rules of Living, which they are for the future never to tranſgreſs; ſo he who retires, weary of, and diſguſted with, the common Way of Living, ought to model this new one he enters into, by the Rules of Reaſon, and to inſtitute and eſtabliſh it by Premeditation, and after the beſt Method he can contrive. He ought to have taken Leave of all Sorts of Labour, what Advantage ſoever he may propoſe to himſelf by it; and generally to have ſhaken off all thoſe Paſſions which diſturb the Tranquillity of Body and Soul, and then chuſe the Way that beſt ſuits with his own Humour:

*Unuſquiſque ſua noverit ire via**.

Every one beſt doth know,
In his own Way to go.

In Menagery, Study, Hunting, and all other Exerciſes, Men are to proceed to the utmoſt Limits of Pleaſure; but

* *Propert. lib. Eleg.* 25.

muſt

muſt take Heed of engaging farther, where Solitude and Trouble begin to mix. We are to reſerve ſo much Employment only, as is neceſſary to keep us in Breath, and to defend us from the Inconveniencies, that the other Extreme, of a dull and ſtupid Lazineſs, brings along with it. There are ſome ſteril, knotty Sciences, and chiefly hammered out for the Crowd; let ſuch be left to them who are engaged in the publick Service: I for my Part care for no other Books, but either ſuch, as are pleaſant and eaſy, to delight me, or thoſe, that comfort and inſtruct me, how to regulate my Life and Death.

Tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt *.

Silently Meditating in the Groves
What beſt, a wiſe and honeſt Man behoves.

Wiſer Men propoſe to themſelves a Repoſe wholly ſpiritual, as having great Force and Vigour of Mind; but for me, who have a very ordinary Soul, I find it very neceſſary, to ſupport myſelf with bodily Conveniences; and Age having of late deprived me of thoſe Pleaſures that were moſt acceptable to me, I inſtruct and whet my Appetite to thoſe that remain, and are more ſuitable to this other Seaſon. We ought to hold with all our Force, both of Hands and Teeth, the Uſe of the Pleaſures of Life, that our Years, one after another, ſnatch away from us.

——*Carpamus dulcia, noſtrum eſt,*
Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies †.

Let us enjoy Life's Sweets, for ſhortly we,
Aſhes, pale Ghoſts, and Fables, all ſhall be.

Now as to the End that *Pliny* and *Cicero* propoſe to us of Glory; 'tis infinitely wide of my Account; for Ambi-

* *Hor. Ep.* 44. *lib.* 1. † *Perſius, Sat.* 5.

tion,

ſion, is, of all other, the moſt contrary Humour to Solitude; and Glory and Repoſe are ſo inconſiſtent, that they cannot poſſibly inhabit in one and the ſame Place; and for ſo much as I underſtand, thoſe have only their Arms and Legs diſingaged from the Crowd, their Mind and Intention remain engaged behind more than ever.

Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis eſcas ?.*

Doſt thou, old Dotard, at theſe Years,
Gather fine Tales for others Ears?

They are only retired to take a better Leap, and by a ſtronger Motion, to give a briſker Charge into the Crowd. Will you ſee how they ſhoot ſhort? Let us put into the Counterpoiſe, the Advice of two Philoſophers of two very different Sects, writing the one to *Idomeneus*, the other to *Lucilius*, their Friends, to retire into Solitude from worldly Honours, and the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs. You have, ſay they, hitherto lived Swimming and Floating, come now and die in the Harbour: You have given the firſt Part of your Life to the Light, give what remains to the Shade. It is impoſſible to give over Buſineſs, if you do not alſo quit the Fruit, and therefore diſengage yourſelves from all the Concerns of Name and Glory. 'Tis to be feared, the Luſtre of your former Actions will give you but too much Light, and follow you into your moſt private and obſcure Retreat: Quit with other Pleaſures, that which proceeds from the Approbation of another: And as to your Knowledge and Parts, never ſtand to yourſelves, they will not loſe their Effect, if yourſelves be ever the better for them. Remember him, who being aſked, Why he took ſo much Pains in an Art, that could come to the Knowledge of but few Perſons? A few are enough for me, reply'd he, I have enough of one, I have enough of never a one. He ſaid true, you and a Companion are Theatre enough to one another, or you to yourſelf. Let us be to you the whole People, and the whole People

* *Perſius Sat.* 1.

to

to you but one: 'Tis an unworthy Ambition, to think to derive Glory from a Man's Sloth and Privacy: You are to do like the Beaſts of Chace, who put out the Track at the Entrance into their Den. You are to concern yourſelf no more how the World talks of you, but how you are to talk to yourſelf: Retire yourſelf into yourſelf, but firſt prepare yourſelf there to receive yourſelf: It were a Folly to truſt yourſelf in your own Hands, if you cannot govern yourſelf; a Man may as well miſcarry alone, as in Company, till you have rendred yourſelf as ſuch, as before whom you dare not trip, and till you have a Baſhfulneſs and Reſpect for yourſelf, *Obverſantur ſpecies honeſtæ animo* *; *Let juſt and honeſt Things be ſtill repreſented to the Mind.* Preſent continually to your Imagination, *Cato*, *Phocion*, and *Ariſtides*, in whoſe Preſence the Fools themſelves will hide their Faults: Make them Controulers of all your Intentions. Should your Intentions deviate from Virtue, your Reſpect to thoſe Men will again ſet you right; they will keep you in the Way of being contented with yourſelf to borrow nothing of any other but yourſelf; to reſtrain and fix your Soul in certain and limited Thoughts, wherein ſhe may pleaſe herſelf, and having underſtood the true and real Goods, which Men the more enjoy, the more they underſtand, to reſt ſatisfied, without Deſire of Prolongation of Life or Memory. This is the Precept of the true and natural Philoſophy, not of a boaſting and prating Philoſophy, ſuch as that of the two former.

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* *Cicero Tuſc. Quæſt.* 1. 2.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

A Conſideration upon Cicero.

ONE Word more by Way of Compariſon, betwixt theſe two. There are to be gathered out of the Writings of *Cicero*, and this younger *Pliny*, (who, in my Opinion, but little reſembles his Uncle in his Humour,) infinite Teſtimonies of a Nature boundleſsly ambitious; and amongſt others, this for one, that they both, in the Sight of all the World, ſolicit the Hiſtorians of their Time, not to forget them in their Memoirs; and Fortune, as it were in ſpite, has made the Vanity of thoſe Requeſts live upon Record down to this Age of ours, when ſhe has long ſince damned the Hiſtories themſelves to Oblivion. But this exceeds all Meanneſs of Spirit in Perſons of ſuch Quality, as they were, to think to derive any great and living Renown from babling and prating; even to the publiſhing of their private Letters to their Friends, and ſo withal, that though ſome of them were never ſent, the Opportunity being loſt, they nevertheleſs expoſe them to the Light with this worthy Excuſe, that they were hereafter unwilling to loſe their Labours, and have their Lucubrations thrown away. Was it not very well becoming two Conſuls of *Rome*, Sovereign Magiſtrates of the Republick that commanded the World, to ſpend their Time in contriving queint and elegant Miſſives, thence to gain the Reputation of being Criticks in their own Mother-Tongue. What could a pitiful School-maſter have done worſe, whoſe Trade it was to get his Living? If the Acts of *Xenophon*, and *Cæſar*, had not far enough tranſcended their Eloquence, I ſcarce believe they would ever have taken the Pains to have writ them. They made it their Buſineſs to recommend, not their Speaking, but their Doing. And could the Perfection of Eloquence have added any Luſtre proportionable to the Merit of a great Perſon, certainly *Scipio* and *Lælius* had never reſigned the Ho-

nour of their Comedies, with all the Luxuriances and Delicacies of the *Latin* Tongue, to an *African* Slave; for that that Work was theirs, the Beauty and Excellency of it do ſufficiently declare; beſides, *Terence* himſelf confeſſes as much, and I ſhould take it ill from any one that would diſpoſſeſs me of that Belief. 'Tis a kind of injurious Mockery and Offence to extol a Man for Qualities miſbecoming his Merit and Condition, though otherwiſe commendable in themſelves, but ſuch as ought not however to be his chiefeſt Talent: As if a Man ſhould commend a King for being a good Painter, a good Architect, a good Markſman, or a good Runner at the Ring; Commendations that add no Honour unleſs mentioned altogether, and in the Train of thoſe that are more properly applicable to him, namely, his Juſtice, and the Science of Governing and Conducting his People both in Peace and War. At this Rate Agriculture was an Honour to *Cyrus*, and Eloquence and the Knowledge of good Letters to *Charlemaigne*. I have, in my Time, known ſome, who, by that Knack of Writing, having got both their Titles and Fortune, diſown their Apprenticeſhip, purpoſely corrupt their Stile, and affect Ignorance in ſo vulgar a Quality (which alſo our Nation obſerves, to be rarely ſeen in very intelligent Hands) to ſeek a Reputation by better Qualities. The Companions to *Demoſthenes* in the Embaſſy to *Philip*, extolling that Prince for handſom, eloquent, and a ſtout Drinker; *Demoſthenes* reply'd, That thoſe were Commendations more proper for a Woman, an Advocate, or a Spunge, than for a King.

Imperet bellante prior jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem *.

Firſt let his Empire from his Valour flow,
And then by Mercy on a proſtrate Foe.

'Tis not his Profeſſion to know either how to hunt, or to dance well.

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* *Horat. Carm.*

Orabunt

Orabunt Cauſas alii, cœlique meatus
Deſcribent radio, & fulgentia ſydera dicent,
Hic regere imperio populos ſciat *.

Let others plead at the litigious Bar,
Deſcribe the Spheres, point out each twinkling Star,
Let this Man rule a greater Art by far.

Plutarch ſays, moreover, that to appear ſo excellent in theſe leſs neceſſary Qualities, is to produce Witneſs againſt a Man's ſelf, that he has ſpent his Time, and apply'd his Study ill, which ought to have been employ'd in the Acquiſition of more neceſſary, and more uſeful Things; ſo that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, having heard the Great *Alexander* his Son, ſing once at a Feaſt to the Wonder and Envy of the beſt Muſicians there: Art not thou aſhamed, ſaid he to him, to ſing ſo well? And to the ſame *Philip*, a Muſician, with whom he was diſputing about ſome Things concerning his Art: *Heaven forbid! Sir*, ſaid he, *that ſo great a Misfortune ſhould ever befal you, as to underſtand theſe Things better than I.* A King ſhould be able to anſwer, as *Ipbicrates* did the Orator, who preſſed upon him in his Invective after this Manner: And what art thou, that thou braveſt it at this Rate? Art thou a Man at Arms? Art thou an Archer? Art thou a Pike? I am none of all this; but I know how to command all theſe. And *Antiſthenes* took it for an Argument of little Valour in *Iſmenias*, that he was commended for playing excellently well upon a Flute. I know very well, that when I hear any one inſiſt upon the Language of *Eſſays*, I had rather a great deal he would ſay nothing. 'Tis not ſo much to elevate the Stile, as to depreſs the Senſe, and ſo much the more offenſively, as they do it diſgracefully, and out of the Way. I am much deceived, if many other Eſſayiſts deliver more worth nothing as to the Matter, and how well or ill ſoever, if any other Writer has ſtrewed them either much more material, or thicker upon his Paper than myſelf. To bring the more in, I only muſter up the Heads; ſhould I

* *Virg. Æn. l.* 6.

annex the Sequel, I ſhould ſtrangely multiply theſe Volumes: And how many Stories have I ſcattered up and down in this Book, that I only touch upon, which ſhould any one more curiouſly ſearch into, they would find Matter enough to produce infinite *Eſſays:* Neither thoſe Stories, nor my Allegations, do always ſerve ſimply for Example, Authority or Ornament; I do not only regard them for the Uſe I make of them; they carry ſometimes, beſides what I apply them to, the Seed of a richer and a bolder Matter, and ſometimes collaterally a more delicate Sound both to me myſelf, who will expreſs no more in this Place, and to others who ſhall happen to be of my Ear.

But returning to the ſpeaking Virtue; I find no great Choice betwixt, not knowing to ſpeak any thing but very ill, and not knowing to ſpeak any thing but very well. *Non eſt Ornamentum virile Concinnitas* *: *Neatneſs of Stile, is no manly Ornament.* The *Sages* tell us, that as to what concerns Knowledge, there is nothing but Philoſophy; and to what concerns Effects, nothing but Virtue, that is generally proper to all Degrees, and to all Orders. There is ſomething like this in theſe two other Philoſophers, for they alſo promiſe Eternity to the Letters they write to their Friends; but 'tis after another Manner, and by accommodating themſelves for a good End, to the Vanity of another; for they write to them, that if the Concern of making themſelves known to future Ages, and the Thirſt of Glory, do yet detain them in the Management of publick Affairs, and make them fear the Solitude and Retirement to which they would perſuade them; let them never trouble themſelves more about it, foraſmuch as they ſhall have Credit enough with Poſterity to aſſure them, that were there nothing elſe but the very Letters thus writ to them, thoſe Letters will render their Names as known and famous as their own publick Actions themſelves could do. And beſides this Difference, theſe are not idle and empty Letters, that contain nothing but a fine Gingle of well-choſen Words, and fine couch'd Phraſes, but rather replete and abounding with grave and learned Diſcourſes, by which a Man may

* *Sen. Ep.* 6.

render

render himſelf not more eloquent, but more wiſe; and that inſtruct us not to ſpeak, but to do well: Away with that Eloquence that ſo inchants us with it's Harmony, that we ſhould more ſtudy it than Things. Unleſs you will allow that of *Cicero*, to be of ſo ſupreme a Perfection, as to form a complete Body of itſelf: And of him I ſhall farther add one Story we read of him to this Purpoſe, wherein his Nature will much more manifeſtly be laid open to us: He was to make an Oration in Publick, and found himſelf a little ſtraitned in Time, to fit his Words to his Mouth, as he had a mind to do; when *Eros*, one of his Slaves, brought him Word, that the Audience was deferr'd 'till the next Day, at which he was ſo raviſh'd with Joy, that he enfranchis'd him for the good News.

Upon this Subject of Letters, I will add this more to what has been already ſaid, that it is a kind of Writing, wherein my Friends think I can do ſomething; and I am willing to confeſs, I ſhould rather have choſe to publiſh my Whimſies that Way, than any other, had I had to whom to write; but I wanted ſuch a ſettled Correſpondency as I once had to attract me to it, to raiſe my Fancy, and maintain the reſt againſt me. For to traffick with the Wind, as ſome others have done, and to forge vain Names to direct my Letters to, in a ſerious Subject, I could never do it but in a Dream, being a ſworn Enemy to all Manner of Falſification: I ſhould have been more diligent, and more confidently ſecure, had I had a judicious and indulgent Friend, to whom to addreſs, than thus to expoſe myſelf to various Judgments of a whole People; and I am deceived, if I had not ſucceeded better: I have naturally a comick and familiar Stile; but it is a peculiar one, and not proper for publick Buſineſs, but like the Language I ſpeak, too compact, irregular, abrupt, and ſingular; and as to Letters of Ceremony, that have no other Subſtance, than a fine Contexture of courteous and obliging Words, I am wholly to ſeek, I have neither Faculty nor Reliſh for thoſe tedious Offers of Service and Affection; I am not good-natur'd to that Degree, and ſhould not forgive myſelf, ſhould I offer more than I intend, which is very remote from the preſent Practice; for there never was ſo abject and ſervile a *Proſtitution of Tenders of Life, Soul, Devotion, Adoration, Vaſſal,*

Slave, and I cannot tell what, as now; all which Expreſſions are ſo commonly, and ſo indifferently poſted to and fro by every one, and to every one, that when they would profeſs a greater and more reſpective Inclination upon more juſt Occaſions, they have not wherewithal to expreſs it: I hate all Air of Flattery to Death, which is the Cauſe that I naturally fall into a ſhy, rough, and crude Way of Speaking, that to ſuch as do not know me, may ſeem a little to reliſh of Diſdain: I honour thoſe moſt to whom I ſhew the leaſt Honour and Reſpect; and where my Soul moves with the greateſt Chearfulneſs, I eaſily forget the Ceremonies of Look and Geſture; I offer myſelf faintly and bluntly, to them whoſe I effectually am, and tender myſelf the leaſt to him, to whom I am the moſt devoted: Methinks they ſhould read it in my Heart, and that my Expreſſion would but injure the Love I have conceived within. To welcome, take Leave, give Thanks, accoſt, offer my Service, and ſuch verbal Formalities as the Laws of our modern Civility enjoin, I know no Man ſo ſtupidly unprovided of Language as myſelf: And have never been employ'd in writing Letters of Favour and Recommendation, that he, in whoſe Behalf it was, did not think my Mediation cold and imperfect. The *Italians* are great Printers of Letters. I do believe I have at leaſt an hundred ſeveral Volumes of them; of all which thoſe of *Hannibal Caro* ſeem to me to be the beſt: If all the Paper I have ſcribbled to the Ladies, all the Time when my Hand was really prompted by my Paſſion, were now in Being, there might peradventure be found a Page worthy to be communicated to our young Enamorato's, that are beſotted with that Fury. I always write my Letters Poſt, and ſo precipitouſly, that though I write an intolerable ill Hand, I rather chuſe to do it myſelf than to employ another; for I can find none able to follow me, and never tranſcribe any; but have accuſtomed the great Ones that know me to endure my Blots and Daſhes, and upon Paper without Fold or Margent. Thoſe that coſt me the moſt Pains, are the worſt of mine; when I once begin to draw it in by Head and Shoulders, 'tis a Sign I am not there. I fall to without Premeditation or Deſign, the firſt Word begets the ſecond, and ſo to the End of the Chapter.

The Letters of this Age conſiſt more in fine Foldings and Prefaces, than Matter; where I had rather write two Letters, than cloſe and fold up one, and always aſſign that Employment to ſome other; as alſo when the Buſineſs of my Letter is diſpatch'd, I would with all my Heart tranſfer it to another Hand, to add thoſe long Harangues, Offers, and Prayers that we place at the Bottom, and ſhould be glad that ſome new Cuſtom would diſcharge us of that unneceſſary Trouble; as alſo ſuperſcribing them with a long Ribble-row of Qualities and Titles, which, for Fear of Miſtakes, I have ſeveral Times given over Writing, and eſpecially to Men of the long Robe. There are ſo many Innovations of Offices, that 'tis hard to place ſo many Titles of Honour in their proper and due Order, which alſo being ſo dearly bought, they are neither to be miſtaken nor omitted without Offence. I find the ſame Fault likewiſe with charging the Fronts and Title-Pages of the Books we commit to the Preſs, with ſuch a Clutter of Titles.

CHAP. XL.

That the Reliſh of Goods and Evils, does, in a great Meaſure, depend upon the Opinion we have of them.

MEN (ſays an ancient *Greek* Sentence) are tormented with the Opinions they have of Things, and not by the Things themſelves. It would be a great Victory obtained for the Relief of our miſerable human Condition, could this Propoſition be eſtabliſhed for certain and true throughout. For if Evils have no Admiſſion into us, but by the Judgment we ourſelves make of them, it ſhould ſeem that it is then in our own Power to deſpiſe them, or to turn them to good. If Things ſurrender themſelves

to our Mercy, why do we not convert and accommodate them to our Advantage? If what we call Evil and Torment, is neither Evil nor Torment in itself, but only that our Fancy gives it that Quality, and makes it so, it lyes in us to change and alter it; and it being in our own Choice, if there be no Constraint upon us, we must certainly be very strange Fools, to take Arms for that Side, which is most offensive to us, and to give Sickness, Want, and Contempt, a nauseous Taste, if it be in our Power to give them a more grateful Relish; and if Fortune simply provides the Matter, 'tis our Business to give it the Form. Now that which we call Evil, is not so of itself, or at least to that Degree that we make it; and that it depends upon us, to give it another Taste or Complexion, (for all comes to one) let us examine how that can be maintain'd. If the original Being of those Things we fear had Power to lodge themselves in us, by their own Authority, it would then lodge itself alike, and in like Manner in all; for Men are all of the same Kind, and saving in greater and less Proportions, are all provided with the same Utensils and Instruments to conceive and to judge; but the Diversity of Opinions we have of those Things, does clearly evince, that they only enter us by Composition: One particular Person, peradventure, admits them in their true Being; but a Thousand others give them a new and contrary Being in them. We hold Death, Poverty, and Grief, for our principal Enemies, but this Death which some repute the most dreadful of all dreadful Things, who does not know that others call it the only secure Harbour from the Storms and Tempests of Life? The sovereign Good of Nature? The sole Support of Liberty? And the common and sudden Remedy of all Evils? And as the one expect it with Fear and Trembling, the other support it with greater Ease than Life. That Blade complains of it's Facility,

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ subducere nolles,
Sed Virtus te sola daret * *!*

* *Luc. l.* 3.

O Death!

O Death! I wiſh thou wouldſt the Coward ſpare,
That but the Daring none might thee confer.

But let us leave theſe glorious Courages. *Theodorus* anſwered *Lyſimachus*, who threatned to kill him, Thou wilt do a brave Thing, ſaid he, to arrive at the Force of a *Cantharides*. The greateſt Part of Philoſophers are obſerved to have either purpoſely prevented, or haſtened and aſſiſted their own Death. How many ordinary People do we ſee led to Execution, and that not to a ſimple Death, but mixt with Shame, and ſometimes with grievous Torments, appear with ſuch Aſſurance, what through Obſtinacy, or natural Simplicity, that a Man can diſcover no Change from their ordinary Condition; ſettling their domeſtick Affairs, recommending them to their Friends, ſinging, preaching, and diverting the People ſo much, as ſometimes to ſally out into Jeſts, and to drink to their Companions, as well as *Socrates*. One that they were leading to the Gallows, told them they muſt not carry him through ſuch a Street, leſt a Merchant that lived there ſhould arreſt him by the Way for an old Debt. Another told the Hangman, he muſt not touch his Neck, for fear of making him laugh, he was ſo tickliſh. Another anſwered his Confeſſor, who promiſed him, that he ſhould that Day ſup with our Lord. Do you go then, ſaid he, in my room; for I for my Part keep Faſt to Day. Another having called for Drink, and the Hangman having drank firſt, ſaid he would not drink after him, for Fear of catching the Pox. Every Body has heard the Tale of the *Piccard*, to whom, being upon the Ladder, they preſented a Whore, telling him, (as our Law does ſometimes permit) that if he would marry her, they would ſave his Life; he having a while conſidered her, and perceiving that ſhe halted, Come, tie up, tie up, ſaid he, ſhe limps. And they tell another Story of the ſame Kind, of a Fellow in *Denmark*, who being condemned to loſe his Head, and the like Condition being propoſed to him upon the Scaffold, refuſed it, by Reaſon the Maid they offered him, had hollow Cheeks, and too ſharp a Noſe. A Servant at *Tholouſe* being accuſed of Hereſy, for the Sum of his Belief referred himſelf to that of his Maſter, a young Student Priſoner with him, chuſing rather to die,

than ſuffer himſelf to be perſuaded, that his Maſter could err. We read, that of the Inhabitants of *Arras*, when *Lewis* the Eleventh took that City, a great many let themſelves be hang'd, rather than they would ſay, *God ſave the King*. And amongſt that mean-ſoul'd Race of Men, the Buffoons, there have been ſome, who would not leave their Fooling at the very Moment of Death. He that the Hangman turned off the Ladder, cried, *Launch the Galley*, an ordinary fooliſh Saying of his; and the other, whom at the Point of Death, his Friends having laid upon a Pallet before the Fire, the Phyſician aſking him where his Pain lay, betwixt the Bench and the Fire, ſaid he; and the Prieſt, to give him the extreme Unction, groping for his Feet, which his Pain had made him pull up to him, you will find them, ſaid he, at the End of my Legs. To one that being preſent exhorted him to recommend himſelf to God, why, who goes thither, ſaid he? And the other replying, it will preſently be yourſelf, if it be his good Pleaſure; would I were ſure to be there by Tomorrow Night, ſaid he; do but recommend yourſelf to him, ſaid the other, and you will ſoon be there: I were beſt then, ſaid he, to carry my Recommendations myſelf. In the Kingdom of *Narſingua* to this Day, the Wives of their Prieſts are buried alive with the Bodies of their Huſbands, all other Wives are burnt at their Huſbands Funerals, which alſo they not only conſtantly, but chearfully undergo. At the Death of their King, his Wives and Concubines, his Favourites, all his Officers and domeſtick Servants, which make up a great Number of People, preſent themſelves ſo chearfully to the Fire where his Body is burnt, that they ſeem to take it for a ſingular Honour to accompany their Maſter in Death. During our late War of *Milan*, where there happened ſo many Takings and Retakings of Towns, the People impatient of ſo many various Changes of Fortune, took ſuch a Reſolution to die, that I have heard my Father ſay, he there ſaw a Liſt taken of five and twenty Maſters of Families, that made themſelves away in one Week's Time: An Accident ſomewhat reſembling that of the *Zanthians*, who being beſieged by *Brutus*, precipitated themſelves, Men, Women, and Children, into ſuch a furious Appetite of dying, that nothing

nothing can be done to evade Death, which they did not put in Practice to avoid Life; inſomuch, that *Brutus* with all his Endeavours could ſave but a very ſmall Number. Every Opinion is of Force enough, to make itſelf to be eſpouſed at the Expence of Life. The firſt Article of that valiant Oath that *Greece* took and obſerv'd in the *Median* War, was, that every one ſhould ſooner exchange Life for Death, than their own Laws for thoſe of *Perſia*. What a World of People do we ſee in the Wars betwixt the *Turks* and the *Greeks*, rather embrace a cruel Death, than to uncircumciſe themſelves to admit of Baptiſm. An Example of which no Sort of Religion is incapable. The Kings of *Caſtile* having baniſh'd the *Jews* out of their Dominions, *John*, King of *Portugal*, in Conſideration of eight Crowns a Head, ſold them a Retirement into his, for a certain limited Time; upon Condition that the Time prefix'd coming to expire, they ſhould be gone; and he to furniſh them with Shipping, to tranſport them into *Africk*. The limited Day came, which once laps'd they were given to underſtand, that ſuch as were afterwards found in the Kingdom ſhould remain Slaves: Veſſels were very ſlenderly provided, and thoſe who embark'd in them, were rudely and villainouſly us'd by the Seamen, who beſides other Indignities, kept them cruiſing upon the Sea, one while forwards, and another backwards 'till they had ſpent all their Proviſions, and were conſtrain'd to buy of them at ſo dear Rates, and ſo long withal, that they ſet them not on Shore, 'till they were all ſtript to their very Shirts. The News of this inhuman Uſage being brought to thoſe who remain'd behind, the greater Part of them reſolv'd upon Slavery, and ſome made a Shew of changing their Religion. *Emanuel*, the Succeſſor of *John*, being come to the Crown, firſt ſet them at Liberty; and afterwards altering his Mind, order'd them to depart his Country, aſſigning three Ports for their Paſſage. Hoping (ſays the Biſhop of *Oſorius*, no contemptible Latin Hiſtorian of theſe latter Times) that the Favour of the Liberty he had given them, having fail'd of converting them to Chriſtianity; yet the Difficulty of committing themſelves to the Mercy of the Mariners, and of abandoning a Country they were now habituated to, and were grown very rich in, to go and expoſe themſelves in ſtrange and unknown Regions, would

would certainly do it: But finding himself deceiv'd in his Expectation, and that they were all resolv'd upon the Voyage, he cut off two of the Ports he had promised them, to the End, that the Length and Incommodity of the Passage might reduce some; or that he might have Opportunity, by crowding them all into one Place, the more conveniently to execute what he had designed; which was to force all the Children under fourteen Years of Age, from the Arms of their Fathers and Mothers, to transport them from their Sight and Conversation, into a Place where they might be instructed, and brought up in our Religion. He says that this produc'd a most horrid Spectacle; the natural Affection, betwixt the Parents and their Children, and moreover their Zeal to their ancient Belief, contending against this violent Decree. Fathers and Mothers were commonly seen making themselves away, and by a yet much more rigorous Example, precipitating out of Love and Compassion, their young Children into Wells and Pits, to avoid the Severity of this Law. As to the Remainder of them, the Time that had been prefix'd being expir'd, for want of Means to transport them, they again return'd into Slavery. Some also turned Christians, upon whose Faith, as also that of their Posterity even to this Day, which is a hundred Years since, few *Portugueſe* can yet rely or believe them to be real Converts; though Custom, and Length of Time, are much more powerful Counsellors in such Changes, than all other Constraints whatever. In the Town of *Castlenau-Darry*, fifty Hereticks, *Albegenſes* at one Time suffer'd themselves to be burnt alive in one Fire, rather than they would renounce their Opinions. *Quoties non modo ductores noſtri, dicit* Cicero, *ſed univerſi etiam exercitus, ad non dubiam mortem concurrerunt? How oft, have not only our Leaders, but whole Armies, run to a certain and apparent Death?* I have seen an intimate Friend of mine, with a real Affection, that was rooted in his Heart by divers plausible Arguments, which he would never permit me to dispossess him of, run headlong upon Death upon the first honourable Occasion that offer'd itself to him, to precipitate himself into it; and that too, without any Manner of visible Reason, with an obstinate and ardent Desire of dying.

We

We have ſeveral Examples of our own Times of thoſe, even among little Children, who for Fear of a Whipping, or ſome ſuch little Thing, have diſpatch'd themſelves. And, what ſhall we not fear, (ſays one of the Ancients to that Purpoſe) if we dread that which Cowardice itſelf has choſen for it's Refuge? Should I here produce a tedious Catalogue of thoſe of all Sexes and Conditions, and of all Sorts, even in the moſt happy Ages, who have either with great Conſtancy look'd Death in the Face, or voluntarily ſought it; and ſought it not only to avoid the Evils of this Life, but ſome purely to avoid the Satiety of living; and others, for the Hope of a better Condition elſewhere, I ſhould never have done. Nay, the Number is ſo infinite, that in Truth, I ſhould have a better Bargain on't, to reckon up thoſe who have fear'd it. This one therefore ſhall ſerve for all; *Pyrrho*, the Philoſopher, being one Day in a Boat, in a very great Tempeſt, ſhew'd to thoſe he ſaw the moſt affrighted about him, and encourag'd them by the Example of a Hog, that was there, nothing at all concern'd at the Storm. Shall we then dare to ſay, that this Advantage of Reaſon, of which we ſo much boaſt, and upon the Account of which we think ourſelves Maſters and Emperors over the reſt of the Creatures, was given us for a Torment? To what End ſerves the Knowledge of Things, if it renders us more unmanly? If we loſe the Tranquillity and Repoſe we ſhould enjoy without it? And if it puts us into a worſe Condition than *Pyrrho*'s Hog? Shall we employ the Underſtanding that was conferr'd upon us for our greateſt Good, to our own Ruin? Setting ourſelves againſt the Deſign of Nature, and the univerſal Order of Things, which intend that every one ſhould make Uſe of the Faculties, Members and Means he has, to his own beſt Advantage? But it may peradventure be objected againſt me your Rule is true enough as to what concerns Death: But what will you ſay of Neceſſity? What will you moreover ſay of Pain, that *Ariſtippus*, *Hieronymus*, and almoſt all the wiſe Men have reputed the worſt of Evils? And thoſe who have deny'd it by Word of Mouth, did however confeſs it in Effects. *Poſſidonius* being extremely tormented with a ſharp and painful Diſeaſe, *Pompeius* came to viſit him, excuſing himſelf, that he had taken ſo unſeaſonable a Time to

come to hear him diſcourſe of Philoſophy; God forbid, ſaid *Poſſidonius* to him again, that Pain ſhould ever have the Power to hinder me from talking, and thereupon fell immediately upon a Diſcourſe of the Contempt of Pain: But in the mean Time, his own Infirmity was playing it's Part, and plagu'd him to the Purpoſe; to which he cry'd out, thou may'ſt work thy Will, Pain, and torment me with all the Power thou haſt, but thou ſhalt never make me ſay, that thou art an Evil. This Story that they make ſuch a Clutter withal, what is there in it, I fain would know, to the Contempt of Pain? It only fights it with Words, and in the mean Time, if the Shootings and Dolours he felt, did not move him, why did he interrupt his Diſcourſe? Why did he fancy he did ſo great a Thing, in forbearing to confeſs it an Evil? All does not here conſiſt in the Imagination, our Fancies may work upon other Things: But this here is a certain Science that is playing it's Part, of which our Senſes themſelves are Judge.

Qui niſi ſunt veri, ratio quoque falſa ſit omnis *.

Which if it be not here moſt true;
Reaſon itſelf muſt be falſe too.

Shall we perſuade our Skins, that the Jerks of a Whip tickle us? Or our Taſte, that a Potion of Aloes is *Graves* Wine. *Pyrrho*'s Hog is here in the ſame Predicament with us; he is not afraid of Death, 'tis true, but if you beat him, he will cry out to ſome Purpoſe: Shall we force the general Law of Nature, which in every living Creature under Heaven is ſeen to tremble under Pain? The very Trees ſeem to groan under the Blows they receive. Death is only felt by Diſcourſe, foraſmuch as it is the Motion of an Inſtant.

Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil eſt præſentis in illa,
Morſque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis habet ‖.

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* *Luc.* 4. ‖ *Ovid. Epiſt. Ariad.*

Death's

Death's always paſt, or coming on, in this
There never any thing of Preſent is:
And the Delays of Death more painful are,
Than Death itſelf, and Dying is by far.

A Thouſand Beaſts, a Thouſand Men, are ſooner dead than threatned. That alſo which we principally pretend to fear in Death is Pain, the ordinary Forerunner of it: Yet, if we may believe a holy Father, *Malam mortem non facit, niſi quod ſequitur mortem. Nothing makes Death Evil, but what follows it.* And I ſhould yet ſay more probably, that neither that which goes before, nor that which follows after, are at all the Appendants of Death: We excuſe ourſelves ſafely. And I find by Experience, that it is rather our Impatience at the Imagination of Death, that makes us impatient of Pain; and that we find it doubly grievous, as it threatens us with Death. But Reaſon accuſing our Cowardice, for fearing a Thing ſo ſudden, ſo unavoidable, and ſo inſenſible, we take the other as the more excuſable Pretence. All Ills that carry no other Danger along with them, but ſimply the Evils themſelves, we deſpiſe as Things of no Danger. The Tooth-Ach, or the Gout, as painful as they are, being yet not reputed mortal, who reckons them in the Catalogue of Diſeaſes? But let us preſuppoſe, that in Death we principally regard the Pain, as alſo, there is nothing to be fear'd in Poverty, but the Miſeries it brings along with it, of Thirſt, Hunger, Cold, Heat, Watching, and the other Inconveniences it makes us ſuffer, yet ſtill we have nothing to do with any Thing but Pain. I will grant, and very willingly, that it is the worſt Accident of our Being, (for I am the Man upon Earth that the moſt hates and avoids it, conſidering, that hitherto I thank God I have had ſo little Commerce with it) but ſtill it lyes in us, if not to annihilate, at leaſt to leſſen it by Patience, and though the Body ſhould mutiny, to maintain the Soul nevertheleſs in a good Temper. And were it not ſo, who would ever have given Reputation to Virtue, Valour, Force, Magnanimity, and Reſolution? Where were their Parts to be plaid, if there were no Pain to be defied? *Avida eſt periculi virtus*. Virtue is greedy of Danger.*

* *Seneca.*

Were

Were there no lying upon the hard Ground, no enduring, armed at all Points, the Southern and Mid-day Heats, no feeding upon the Flesh of Horses and Asses, no seeing ourselves hack'd and hew'd to Pieces, no suffering a Bullet to be pulled out from amongst the shattered Bones, the stitching up, cauterising, and searching of Wounds, by what Means were the Advantage we covet to have over the Vulgar to be acquired? 'Tis far from flying Evil and Pain, what the Sages say, that of Actions equally good, a Man should most covet to perform that wherein there is greatest Labour and Pain. *Non est enim hilaritate, nec lascivia, nec risu, aut joco comite levitatis, sed sæpe etiam tristes firmitate, & constantia sunt beati* : For Men are not only happy by Mirth and Wantonness, neither by Laughter and Jesting, the Companion of Levity, but very often the graver and more melancholick Sort of Men reap Felicity from their Steadiness and Constancy.* And for this Reason it ever was impossible to persuade our Fore-fathers, but that the Victories obtained by Dint of Force, and the Hazard of War, were still more honourable than those gained with great Security, by Stratagem or Practice.

Lætius est, quoties magno sibi constat honestum †.

A handsom Act more handsom does appear,
By how much more it cost the Doer dear.

Besides, this ought to be our Comfort, that naturally, *if the Pain be violent, 'tis but short; and if long, nothing violent: Si gravis, brevis: Si longus, levis ‡.* Thou wilt not feel it long, if thou feelest it too much, it will either put an End to itself, or to thee; if thou can'st not support it, it will export thee. *Memineris maximos morte finiri; parvos multa habere intervalla requietis: Mediocrium nos esse dominos: Ut si tolerabiles sint, feramus; sin minus, è vita, quam ea non placeat tanquam è theatro exeamus ‖ : Remember, that great Ones are terminated by Death, that small*

* *Cicero de fin. l.* 2. † *Luc. lib.* 9. ‡ *Cicero.* ‖ *Cicero de fin.*

have

have long Intermiſſions of Repoſe, and that we are Maſters of the moderate Sort: So that, if tolerable, we may bear them, if not, we can go out of Life as from a Theatre, where the Entertainment does not pleaſe us; that which makes us ſuffer Pain with ſo much Impatience, is the not being accuſtomed to repoſe our chiefeſt Contentment in the Soul, that we do not enough rely upon her who is the ſole and ſovereign Miſtreſs of our Condition. The Body, ſaving in greater or leſs Proportion, has but one and the ſame Bent and Biaſs; whereas the Soul is variable into all Sorts of Forms, and ſubjects to herſelf, and to her own Empire, all Things whatſoever; both the Senſes of the Body, and all other Accidents: And therefore it is, that we ought to ſtudy her, to enquire into her, and to rouze up all her powerful Faculties. There is neither Reaſon, Form, nor Preſcription, that can any thing prevail againſt her Inclination and Choice; of ſo many Thouſands of Biaſſes that ſhe has at her Diſpoſal, let us give her one proper to our Repoſe and Converſation, and then we ſhall not only be ſheltered and ſecured from all Manner of Injury and Offence, but moreover gratified and obliged, if we will, with Evils and Offences. She makes her Profit indifferently of all Things. Error and Dreams ſerve her to good Uſe, as a loyal Matter to lodge us in Safety and Contentment. 'Tis plain enough to be ſeen, that 'tis the Sharpneſs of our Conceit that gives the Edge to our Pains and Pleaſures. Beaſts that have no ſuch Thing, leave to their Bodies their own free and natural Sentiments, and conſequently, in every Kind, very near the ſame, as appears by the reſembling Application of their Motions. If we would not diſturb, in our Members, the Juriſdiction that appertains to them in this, 'tis to be believed, it would be the better for us, and that Nature has given them a juſt and moderate Temper, both to Pleaſure and Pain; neither can it fail of being juſt, being equal, and common. But ſeeing we have enfranchis'd ourſelves from theſe Rules, to give ourſelves up to the rambling Liberty of our own Fancies, let us at leaſt help to incline them to the moſt agreeable Side. *Plato* fears our too vehemently engaging ourſelves with Grief and Pleaſure, forasmuch as theſe two much knit and ally the Soul to the Body: Whereas I rather quite contrary, by Reaſon it too much

much ſeparates and diſunites them. As an Enemy is made more fierce by our Flight, ſo Pain grows proud to ſee us truckle under it. She will ſurrender upon much better Terms to them who make Head againſt her: A Man muſt oppoſe, and ſtoutly ſet himſelf againſt it. In retiring and giving Ground, we invite and pull upon ourſelves the Ruin that threatens us. As the Body is more firm in an Encounter, the more ſtiffly and obſtinately it applies itſelf to it; ſo it is with the Soul. But let us come to Examples, which are the proper Commodity for Fellows of ſuch feeble Reins as myſelf; where we ſhall find, that it is with Pain as with Stones that receive a more ſpritely, or a more languiſhing Luſtre, according to the Foil they are ſet upon, that it has no more Room in us than we are pleaſed to allow it. *Tantum doluerunt, quantum doloribus ſe inſeruerunt* *: *They grieved ſo much the more, by how much they ſet themſelves to grieve.* We are more ſenſible of one little Touch of a Chirurgeon's Lancet, than of twenty Wounds with a Sword in the Heat of Fight. The Pains of Child-bearing, ſaid by the Phyſician, and even by God himſelf, to be very great, and which our Women keep ſo great a Clutter about, there are whole Nations that make nothing of them. To ſay nothing of the *Lacedæmonian* Women, what Alteration can you ſee in our *Switzers* Wives of the Guard, ſaving, as they trot after their Huſbands, you ſee them To-day with the Child hanging at their Backs, that they carried Yeſterday in their Bellies? And the counterfeit Gypſies we have amongſt us, go themſelves to waſh their's as ſoon as they come into the World, in the firſt River they meet. Beſides ſo many Whores as daily ſteal their Children out of their Womb, as before they ſtole them in; that fair and noble Wife of *Sabinus*, a Patrician of *Rome*, for another's Intereſt alone, without Help, without crying out, or ſo much as a Groan, endured the Bearing of Twins. A poor ſimple Boy of *Lacedæmon*, having ſtole a Fox, (for they more fear the Shame of their Knavery in Stealing, than we do the Puniſhment of our Knavery) and having got him under his Coat, did rather endure the Tearing out of

* *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

his

his Bowels than he would diſcover his Theft. And another curſing at a Sacrifice, ſuffered himſelf to be burnt to the Bone, by a Coal that fell into his Sleeve, rather than diſturb the Ceremony. There have been a great Number, for a ſole Trial of Virtue, who, following their Inſtructions, have at ſeven Years old endured to be whipt to Death, without changing their Countenance: And *Cicero* has ſeen them fight in Parties, with Fiſts, Feet and Teeth, 'till they have fainted and ſunk down, rather than confeſs themſelves overcome. Cuſtom would never conquer Nature, for ſhe is ever invincible, but we have infected the Mind with Shadows, Delights, Wantonneſs, Negligence and Sloth; and with vain Opinions, and corrupt Manners, render'd it effeminate and mean. Every one knows the Story of *Scævola*, who having ſlipt into the Enemies Camp to kill their General, and miſſing his Blow, to repair his Fault, by a more ſtrange Invention, and to deliver his Country, he boldly confeſſed to *Porſenna*, (who was the King he had an Intent to kill) not only his Deſign, but moreover added, That there were then in his Camp a great Number of *Romans*, his Accomplices in the Enterprize, as good Men as he, and to ſhew what a one he himſelf was, having cauſed a Pan of burning Coals to be brought, he ſaw and endured his Arm to broil and roaſt, 'till the King himſelf conceiving Horror at the Sight, commanded the Pan to be taken away. What would you ſay of him, that would not vouchſafe to reſpite his reading in a Book, whilſt he was under Inciſion? And of the other that perſiſted to mock and laugh, in Contempt of the Pains inflicted upon him; ſo that the provok'd Cruelty of the Executioners that had him in handling, and all the Inventions of Tortures redoubled upon him one after another, ſpent in vain, gave him the Bucklers? But he was a Philoſopher. A Fencer of *Cæſar*'s endur'd, and laughing all the while, his Wounds to be ſearched, lanced and laid open.* *Quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit? Quis vultum mutavit unquam? Quis non modo ſtetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter? Quis cum decubuiſſet, ferrum recipere juſſus, collum contraxit*? What*

* *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 2.

mean Fencer ever ſo much as gave a Groan? Which of them ever ſo much as changed his Countenance? Which of them ſtanding or falling did either with Shame? Which of them, when he was down, and commanded to receive the Blow of the Sword, ever ſhrunk in his Neck? Let us bring in the Women too. Who has not heard at *Paris* of her who cauſed her Face to be flea'd, only for the freſher Complexion of a new Skin? There are ſome who have drawn good and ſound Teeth, to make their Voices more ſoft and ſweet, or to place them in better Order. How many Examples of the Contempt of Pain have we in that Sex? What can they not do? What do they fear to do, for never ſo little Hopes of an Addition to their Beauty?

Vellere queis cura eſt albos à ſtirpe capillos,
Et faciem dempta pelle referre novam.*

Who pluck'd their gray Hairs by the Roots, and try
An old Head, Face, with young Skin to ſupply.

I have ſeen ſome of them ſwallow Sand, Aſhes, and do their utmoſt to deſtroy their Stomachs, to get pale Complexions. To make a fine *Spaniſh* Boy, what Racks will they not endure of Tweaking and Bracing, 'till they have Notches in their Sides, cut into the very quick Fleſh, and ſometimes to Death? It is an ordinary Thing with ſeveral Nations at this Day, to hurt themſelves in good Earneſt, to gain Credit to what they profeſs, of which our King relates notable Examples of what he has ſeen in *Poland*, and done towards himſelf. But beſides this, which I know to have been imitated by ſome in *France*, when I came from that famous Aſſembly of the Eſtates at *Blois*, I had a little before ſeen a Maid in *Picardy*, who, to manifeſt the Ardour of her Promiſes, as alſo her Conſtancy, gave herſelf, with a Bodkin ſhe wore in her Hair, four or five good luſty Stabs into the Arm, 'till the Blood guſhed out to ſome Purpoſe. The *Turks* make themſelves great Scars in Honour of their Miſtreſſes, and to the End they may the longer remain,

* *Tib. lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 9.

they

they preſently clap Fire to the Wound, where they hold it an incredible Time to ſtop the Blood, and form the Cicatrice; People that have been Eye-Witneſſes of it, have both writ and ſworn it to me. But for ten Aſpers, there are there every Day Fellows to be found, that will give themſelves a good deep Slaſh in the Arms or Thighs. I am willing, though, to have the Teſtimonies neareſt to us, when we have moſt Need of them; for Chriſtendom does furniſh us with enough. And after the Example of our bleſſed Guide, there have been many who would bear the Croſs. We learn by Teſtimony, very worthy of Belief, that the King St. *Lewis* wore a Hair-Shirt, 'till in his old Age his Confeſſor gave him a Diſpenſation to leave it off; and that every *Friday* he cauſed his Shoulders to be drubbed by his Prieſt with ſix ſmall Chains of Iron, which were always carried about amongſt his Night Accoutrements for that Purpoſe. *William*, our late Duke of *Guienne*, the Father of this *Eleanor*, who has tranſmitted this Dutchy into the Houſes of *France* and *England*, continually for ten or twelve Years before he died, wore a Suit of Armour under a religious Habit, by Way of Penance. *Fulk*, Count of *Anjou*, went as far as *Jeruſalem*, to cauſe himſelf to be whipt there by two of his Servants, with a Rope about his Neck, before the Sepulchre of our Lord: But do we not, moreover, every *Good-Friday*, in ſeveral Places, ſee great Numbers of Men and Women, beat and whip themſelves 'till they lacerate and cut the Fleſh to the very Bones? I have often ſeen this, and without Enchantment, when it was ſaid, there were ſome amongſt them, (for they go diſguiſed) who for Money undertook by this Means to ſave harmleſs the Religion of others, by a Contempt of Pain, ſo much the greater, as the Incentives of Devotion are more effectual, than thoſe of Avarice. *Q. Maximus* buried his Son when he was a Conſul, and *M. Cato* his when Prætor elect; and *L. Paulus* both his, within a few Days one after another, with ſuch a Countenance as expreſſed no Manner of Grief. I ſaid once merrily of a certain Perſon, that he had diſappointed the divine Juſtice: For the violent Death of three grown up Children of his, being one Day ſent him, for a ſevere Scourge, as it is to be ſuppoſed, he was ſo far from being afflicted at the Accident, that he rather took it for a

particular Grace and Favour of Heaven. I do not follow theſe monſtrous Humours, though I loſt two or three at Nurſe, if not without Grief, at leaſt, without repining, and yet there is hardly any Accident that pierces nearer to the Quick. I ſee a great many other Occaſions of Sorrow, that ſhould they happen to me, I ſhould hardly feel; and have deſpiſed ſome when they have befallen me, to which the World has given ſo terrible a Figure, that I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of my Conſtancy. *Ex quo intelligitur, non in Natura, ſed in Opinione eſſe Ægritudinem*: By which it is underſtood, that the Grief is not in Nature, but Opinion.* Opinion is a powerful Party, bold, and without Meaſure; who ever ſo greedily hunted after Security and Repoſe, as *Alexander* and *Cæſar* did after Diſturbances and Difficulties? *Terex*, the Father of *Sitalces*, was wont to ſay, that when he had no Wars, he fancied there was no Difference betwixt him and his Groom. *Cato* the Conſul, to ſecure ſome Cities of *Spain* from Revolt, only interdicting the Inhabitants from wearing Arms, a great many killed themſelves: *Ferox gens, nullam vitam rati ſine Armis eſſe: A fierce People, who thought there was no Life without Arms.* How many do we know, who have forſaken the Calms and Sweets of a quiet Life, at home amongſt their Acquaintance, to ſeek out the Honour of uninhabitable Deſerts; and having precipitated themſelves into ſo abject a Condition, as to become the Scorn and Contempt of the World, have hugged themſelves with the Conceit, even to Affectation. Cardinal *Barromeus*, who died lately at *Milan*, in the Midſt of all the Jollity that the Air of *Italy*, his Youth, Birth and great Riches invited him too, kept himſelf in ſo auſtere a Way of Living, that the ſame Robe he wore in Summer, ſerved him for Winter too; had only Straw for his Bed, and his Hours of Vacancy from the Affairs of his Employment, he continually ſpent in Study upon his Knees, having a little Bread and a Glaſs of Water ſet by his Book, which was all the Proviſion of his Repaſt, and all the Time he ſpent in Eating. I know ſome who conſentingly have acquired both Profit and Advancement from Cuckoldry, of which the

* *Cicero.*

bare

bare Name only affrights ſo many People. If the Sight be not the moſt neceſſary of all our Senſes, 'tis at leaſt the moſt pleaſant: But the moſt pleaſant and the moſt uſeful of all our Members, ſeem to be thoſe of Generation, and yet a great many have conceived a mortal Hatred againſt them, only for this, that they were too amiable; and have deprived themſelves of them, only for their Value. As much thought he of his Eyes, that put them out. The Generality and more ſolid Sort of Men look upon Abundance of Children as a great Bleſſing; I, and ſome others, think it as great a Benefit to be without them. And when you aſk *Thales*, why he does not marry, he tells you, becauſe he has no Mind to leave any Poſterity behind him. That our Opinion gives the Value to Things, is very manifeſt in a great many of theſe which we do not ſo much regard to prize them, but ourſelves; and never conſider, either their Virtues, or their Uſe; but only how dear they coſt us: As though that were a Part of their Subſtance: And we only repute for Value in them, not what they bring to us, but what we add to them. By which I underſtand, that we are great Managers of our Expence. As it weighs, it ſerves for ſo much as it weighs; our Opinion will never ſuffer it to want of it's Value. The Price gives Value to the Diamond, Difficulty to Virtue, Suffering to Devotion, and Griping to Phyſick. A certain Perſon to be poor, threw his Crowns into the ſame Sea to which ſo many came from all Parts of the World to fiſh and rifle for Riches. *Epicurus* ſays, That to be rich, is no Advantage, but only an Alteration of Affairs. In plain Truth, it is not Want, but rather Abundance that creates Avarice. Neither will I ſtick to deliver my own Experience concerning this Affair.

I have ſince my Childhood lived in three Sorts of Conditions; the firſt, which continued for twenty Years, I paſt over without any other Means but what were accidental, and depending upon the Allowance and Aſſiſtance of others, without Stint or certain Revenue. I then ſpent my Money ſo much the more chearfully, and with ſo much the leſs Care how it went, as it wholly depended upon my over Confidence of Fortune; and never lived more at my Eaſe, I never had the Repulſe of finding the Purſe of any of my Friends ſhut againſt me, having enjoined myſelf this

Neceſſity above all other Neceſſities whatever, by no Means to fail of Payment at the appointed Time, which alſo they have a thouſand Times reſpited, ſeeing how careful I was to ſatisfy them; ſo that I practiſed at once a thrifty, and withal, a Kind of alluring Honeſty. I naturally feel a Kind of Pleaſure in Paying, as if I eaſed my Shoulders of a troubleſom Weight, and in freeing myſelf from that Image of Slavery; as alſo, that I had a raviſhing Kind of Satisfaction, in pleaſing another by doing a juſt Action. Thoſe Kind of Payments excepted, where the Trouble of Reckoning and Dodging are required, and in ſuch Caſes, where I can meet with no Body to eaſe me of that hateful Torment, I avoid them, how ſcandalouſly and injuriouſly ſoever, all I poſſibly can, for fear of thoſe little wrangling Diſputes, for which, both my Humour, and Way of Speaking, are ſo totally improper and unfit. There is nothing I hate ſo much, as driving on a Bargain; 'tis a mere Traffick of Cozenage and Impudence; where, after an Hour's Cheapning and Dodging, both Parties abandon their Word and Oath for five Sols Profit or Abatement. And yet I always borrowed at great Diſadvantage, for wanting the Confidence to ſpeak to the Perſon myſelf, I committed my Requeſt to the Perſuaſion of a Letter, which uſually is no very ſucceſsful Advocate, and is of very great Advantage to him who has a Mind to deny. I in thoſe Days more jocundly and freely referred the Conduct of my Affairs to the Stars, than I have ſince done to my own Providence and Judgment. Moſt good Huſbands look upon it as a horrible Thing to live always thus in Uncertainty, and are not angry in the firſt Place, that the greateſt Part of the World live ſo. How many worthy Men have wholly ſlighted and abandoned the Certainty of their own Eſtates, and yet daily do it, to truſt to the inconſtant Favour of Princes and fickle Fortune? *Cæſar* ran above a Million of Gold, more than he was worth, in Debt, to become *Cæſar*. And how many Merchants have begun their Traffick by the Sale of their Farms, which they ſent into the *Indies?*

Tot per impotentia freta *?

* *Cat. Epig.* 4.

In

In ſo great a Dearth of Devotion, as we ſee in theſe Days, we have a thouſand and a thouſand Colleges that paſs it over commodiouſly enough, expecting every Day their Dinner from the Liberality of Heaven. Secondly, They do not take Notice, that this Certitude, upon which they ſo much rely, is not much leſs uncertain and hazardous than Hazard itſelf. I ſee Miſery as near beyond two thouſand Crowns a Year, as if it ſtood cloſe by me; for beſides, that it is in the Power of Chance to make a hundred Breaches to Poverty, through the greateſt Strength of our Riches (there being very often no Mean betwixt the higheſt and the loweſt Fortune.)

Fortuna vitrea eſt: Tum, quum ſplendet, frangitur *.

Fortune is Glaſs, the brighter it doth ſhine
More frail, and ſooneſt broken when moſt fine.

And to turn all our Barricado's and Bulwarks Topſy-Turvy, I find that by divers Cauſes, Indigence is as frequently ſeen to inhabit with thoſe who have Eſtates, as with thoſe that have none; and, peradventure, it is then far leſs grievous when alone, than when accompany'd with Riches; which flow more from good Management than Income. *Faber eſt ſuæ quiſque Fortunæ* †: *Every one is the Hammerer of his own Fortune*; and an uneaſy, neceſſitous, buſy Man, ſeems to me more miſerable, than he that is ſimply poor. *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egeſtatis graviſſimum eſt. Poor in the Midſt of Riches, which is the moſt inſupportable Kind of Poverty.* The greateſt and moſt wealthy Princes are by Poverty and Want driven to the moſt extreme Neceſſity: For can there be any more Extreme, than to become Tyrants and unjuſt Uſurpers of their Subjects Goods and Eſtates?

My ſecond Condition of Life was, to have Money of my own; wherein I ſo ordered the Matter, that I had ſoon laid up a very notable Sum out of ſo mean a Fortune; conſidering with myſelf, that that only was to be reputed

* *Sen. Provid.* † *Sen. Ep.* 4.

having, which a Man reſerved from his ordinary Expence; that a Man could not abſolutely rely upon Revenue to receive, how clear ſoever his Eſtate might be. For what, ſaid I, if I ſhould be ſurprized by ſuch or ſuch an Accident; and after ſuch like vain and vicious Imaginations, would very learnedly, by this Hoarding of Money, provide againſt all Inconveniencies; and could moreover anſwer, ſuch as objected to me, that the Number of them was too infinite, that I could not lay up for all, I could however do it at leaſt for ſome, and for many. Yet was not this done without a great deal of Solicitude and Anxiety of Mind. I kept it very cloſe, and though I dare talk ſo boldly of myſelf, never ſpoke of my Money, but falſely, as others do, who being rich, pretend to be poor, and being poor, pretend to be rich, diſpenſing with their Conſciences from ever telling ſincerely what they have. A ridiculous and ſhameful Prudence. Was I to go a Journey? methought I was never enough provided; and the more I loaded myſelf with Money, the more alſo was I loaded with Fear, one while the Danger of the Roads, another of the Fidelity of him who had the Charge of my Baggage, of whom, as ſome others that I know, I was never ſufficiently ſecure, if I had him not always in my Eye. If I chanced to leave the Key of my Cabinet behind me, what ſtrange Jealouſies and Anxiety of Mind did I enter into? And which was worſe, without daring to acquaint any Body with it. My Mind was eternally taken up with ſuch Things as theſe, ſo that all Things conſidered, there is more Trouble in keeping Money, than in getting it. And if I did not altogether ſo much as I ſay, or was not effectually ſo ſcandalouſly ſolicitous of my Money, as I have made myſelf; yet it coſt me ſomething at leaſt to govern myſelf from being ſo. I reaped little or no Advantage by what I had, and my Expences ſeemed nothing leſs to me, for having the more to ſpend: For, as *Bion* ſaid, The hairy Men are as angry as the bald to be pulled; and after you are once accuſtomed to it, and have once ſet your Heart upon your Heap, it is no more at your Service, you cannot find in your Heart to break it: 'Tis a Building that you will fancy, muſt of Neceſſity all tumble down to Ruin, if you ſtir but the leaſt Pebble. Neceſ-

ſity

fity muſt firſt take you by the Throat, before you can prevail upon yourſelf to touch it: And I would ſooner have pawn'd any Thing I had, or ſold a Houſe, and with much leſs Conſtraint upon myſelf, than have made the leaſt Breach in that beloved Purſe I had ſo cunningly laid by. But the Danger was, that a Man cannot eaſily preſcribe certain Limits to this Deſire, (for they are hard to find in Things that a Man conceives to be good,) and to ſtint this good Huſbandry ſo, that it may not degenerate into Avarice: Men ſtill being intent upon adding to the Heap, and increaſing the Stock from Sum to Sum, 'till at laſt they vilely deprive themſelves of the Emjoyment of their own proper Goods, and throw all in Reſerve, without making any Uſe of them at all. According to this Rule, they are the richeſt People in the World, who are ſet to guard the Goals, and to defend the Walls of a wealthy City. All money'd Men I conclude to be covetous. *Plato* places corporal or human Riches in this Order; Health, Beauty, Strength and Riches; and Riches, ſays he, is not blind, but very clear ſighted, when illuminated by Prudence. *Dionyſius* the Son, did a very handſom Act upon this Subject. He was informed, that one of the *Syracuſans* had hid a Treaſure in the Earth, and thereupon ſent to the Man to bring it to him, which he accordingly did, privately reſerving a ſmall Part of it only to himſelf, with which he went to another City, where being cured of his Appetite of Hoarding, he began to live at a more liberal Rate; which *Dionyſius* hearing, cauſed the reſt of his Treaſure to be reſtor'd to him, ſaying, that ſince he had learnt how to uſe it, he very willingly returned it back unto him.

I continued ſome Years in this hoarding Humour, when I know not what good Genius fortunately put me out of it, as he did the *Syracuſan*, and made me throw abroad all my Reſerve at Random; the Pleaſure of a certain Voyage I took of very great Expence, having made me ſpurn this fond Love of Money under Foot, by which Means I am now fallen into a third Way of Living, (I ſpeak what I think of it) doubtleſs much more pleaſant and moderate, which is, that I live at the Height of my Revenue, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other may perhaps exceed, but 'tis very little, and but rarely that they differ at all; I

live

what Manner we ſee it. But after all this, why amongſt ſo many Diſcourſes, that by ſo many Arguments perſuade Men to deſpiſe Death, and endure Pain, can we not find out one that makes for us? And of ſo many Sorts of Imaginations as have ſo prevailed upon others, as to perſuade them to do ſo, why does not every one apply ſome one to himſelf, the moſt ſuitable to his own Humour? If he cannot away with a ſtrong working Apozem to eradicate the Evil, let him at leaſt take a Lenitive to eaſe it. *Opinio eſt quædam effeminata, at levis: Nec in dolore magis, quam eadem in voluptate: Qua quum liqueſcimus fluimuſque mollitia, apis aculeum ſine clamore ferre non poſſumus. Totum in eo eſt, ut tibi impares* *: *There is a certain Light and effeminate Opinion, and that not more in Pain than it is even in Pleaſure itſelf; by which, whilſt we reſt and wallow in Eaſe and Wantonneſs, we cannot endure ſo much as the Stinging of a Bee without roaring. All that lyes in it is only this, to command thyſelf.* As to the reſt, a Man does not tranſgreſs Philoſophy, by permitting the Acrimony of Pains and human Frailty to prevail ſo much above Meaſure; for they will at laſt be reduced to theſe invincible Replies: If it be ill to live in Neceſſity, at leaſt there is no Neceſſity upon a Man to live in Neceſſity. No Man continues ill long, but by his own Fault. And who has neither the Courage to die, nor the Heart to live: Who will neither reſiſt nor fly, what ſhould a Man do to him?

* *Cicero Tuſc. lib.* 2.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

Not to communicate a Man's Honour.

OF all the Follies of the World, that which is moſt univerſally received is the Solicitude of Reputation and Glory, which we are fond of to that Degree, as to abandon Riches, Peace, Life and Health, which are effectual and ſubſtantial Goods, to purſue this vain Phantom, and empty Word, that has neither Body nor Hold to be taken of it.

La fama ch' invaghiſce a un dolce ſuono
Gli ſuperbi mortali, & par' ſi bella,
Fun echo, un Sogno, anzi d' un Sogno un' ombra
Ch' ad ogni vento ſi dilegua, & ſgombra *.

Honour, that with ſuch an alluring Sound,
Proud Mortals charms, and does appear ſo fair,
An Eccho, Dream, Shade of a Dream is found,
Diſperſt abroad by ev'ry Breath of Air.

And of all the irrational Humours of Men, it ſhould ſeem, that even the Philoſophers themſelves have the moſt ado, and do the lateſt diſengage themſelves from this, as the moſt reſty and obſtinate of human Follies. *Quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non ceſſat* †: *Becauſe it ceaſes not to attack even the wiſeſt and beſt lettered Minds.* There is not any one Vice, of which Reaſon does ſo clearly accuſe the Vanity, as of that; but it is ſo deeply rooted in us, that I dare not determine, whether any one ever clearly ſequeſtered himſelf from it or no. After you have ſaid all, and believed all that has been ſaid to it's Prejudice, it creates ſo inteſtine an Inclination in Oppoſition to your beſt Argu-

* *Taſſo. Canto* 10. † *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

ments,

ments, that you have little Power and Conſtancy to reſiſt it: For (as *Cicero* ſays) even thoſe who moſt controvert it, would yet, that the Books they write ſhould viſit the Light under their own Names, and ſeek to derive Glory from ſeeming to deſpiſe it. All other Things are communicable, and fall into Commerce; we lend our Goods, and ſtake our Lives for the Neceſſity and Service of our Friends; but to communicate a Man's Honour, and to rob another with a Man's own Glory, is very rarely ſeen. And yet we have ſome Examples of that Kind. *Catulus Luctatius* in the *Cymbrian* War, having done all that in him lay to make his flying Soldiers face about upon the Enemy, ran himſelf at laſt away with the reſt, and counterfeited the Coward, to the End his Men might rather ſeem to follow their Captain, than to fly from the Enemy; which was to abandon his own Reputation, to palliate the Shame of others. When *Charles* the Fifth came into *Provence* in the Year 1537, 'tis ſaid, that *Antonio de Leva* ſeeing the Emperor poſitively reſolved upon this Expedition, and believing it would redound very much to his Honour, did nevertheleſs very ſtiffly oppoſe it in the Council, to the End that the entire Glory of that Reſolution ſhould be attributed to his Maſter; and that it might be ſaid, his own Wiſdom and Foreſight had been ſuch, as that, contrary to the Opinion of all, he had brought about ſo great, and ſo generous an Enterprize, which was to do him Honour at his own Expence. The *Thracian* Embaſſadors, coming to comfort *Archileonida*, the Mother of *Braſidas*, upon the Death of her Son, and commending him to that Height, as to ſay, he had not left his Like behind him; ſhe rejected this private and particular Commendation, to attribute it to the Publick: Tell me not that (ſaid ſhe) I know the City of *Sparta* has ſeveral Citizens both greater, and of greater Valour than he. In the Battle of *Creſſy*, the Prince of *Wales*, being then very young, had the Vant-guard committed to him, and the main Streſs of the Battle happened to be in that Place, which made the Lords that were with him, finding themſelves over-match'd, to ſend to King *Edward*, that he would pleaſe to advance to their Relief; who thereupon enquiring what Condition his Son was in, and being anſwered, that he was yet living, and on Horſe-back: I ſhould then do him

him Wrong (ſaid the King) now to go, and deprive him of the Honour of winning this Battle he has ſo long, and ſo bravely diſputed, what Hazard ſoever he runs, it ſhall be entirely his own: And accordingly would neither go nor ſend, knowing that if he went, it would be ſaid all had been loſt without his Succour, and that the Honour of the Victory would be wholly attributed to him. *Semper enim quod poſtremum adjectum eſt, id rem totam videtur traxiſſe. For the laſt Stroke to a Buſineſs ſeems to draw along with it the Performance of the whole Action.* Many at *Rome* thought, and would uſually ſay, that the greateſt of *Scipio*'s Acts were, in Part, due to *Lelius*, whoſe conſtant Practice it was ſtill to advance, and ſhoulder *Scipio*'s Grandeur and Renown, without any Care of his own. And *Theopompus*, King of *Sparta*, to him who told him the Republick could not miſcarry, ſince he knew ſo well how to command, 'tis rather (anſwered he) becauſe the People know ſo well how to obey. As Women ſucceeding to Peerages, had, notwithſtanding their Sex, the Privilege to aſſiſt, and give in their Votes in the Cauſes that appertained to the Juriſdiction of Peers: So the Eccleſiaſtical Peers, notwithſtanding their Profeſſion, were obliged to aſſiſt our Kings in their Wars, not only with their Friends and Servants, but in their own Perſons. As the Biſhop of *Beauvais* did, who being with *Philip Auguſtus* at the Battle of *Bouvines*, had a notable Share in that Action; but he did not think it fit for him to participate in the Fruit and Glory of that violent and bloody Trade. He with his own Hand reduced ſeveral of the Enemy that Day to his Mercy, whom he delivered to the firſt Gentleman he met, either to kill, or to receive them to Quarter, referring the Execution to another Hand. As alſo did *William*, Earl of *Saliſbury*, to Meſſire *Jane de Neſle*, with a like Subtlety of Conſcience to the other we named before; he would kill, but not wound him, and for that Reaſon ever fought with a Mace. And a certain Perſon of my Time, being reproached by the King, that he had laid Hands on a Prieſt, ſtiffly and poſitively deny'd he had done any ſuch Thing: The Meaning of which was, he had cudgell'd and kick'd him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the Inequality amongſt us.

Plutarch ſays ſomewhere, that he does not find ſo great a Difference betwixt Beaſt and Beaſt, as he does betwixt Man and Man. Which is ſaid in Reference to the internal Qualities and Perfections of the Soul. And in Truth, I find, (according to my poor Judgment,) ſo vaſt a Diſtance betwixt *Epaminondas*, and ſome that I know, (who are yet Men of common Senſe,) that I would willingly enhance upon *Plutarch*, and ſay, that there is more Difference betwixt ſuch and ſuch a Man, than there is betwixt ſuch a Man and ſuch a Beaſt:

Hem vir viro quid præſtat * *!*

——How much alas,
One Man another doth ſurpaſs!

And that there are as many and innumerable Degrees of Wits, as there are Cubits betwixt this and Heaven. But as touching the Eſtimate of Men, 'tis ſtrange, that, ourſelves excepted, no other Creature is eſteemed beyond it's proper Qualities. We commend a Horſe for his Strength and Sureneſs of Foot,

——————————*Volucrem*
Sic laudamus equum, faciliſcui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo †.

So we commend the Horſe for being fleet,
Who many Palms by Breath and Speed does get,
And which the Trumpets in the Circle grace,
With their hoarſe Clangors for his well-run Race.

* *Ter. For. Act.* 5. *Sc.* 3. † *Juvenal, Sat.* 8.

and not for his rich Capariſons; a Greyhound for his Share of Heels, not for his fine Collar; a Hawk for her Wing, not for her Geſſes and Bells. Why, in like Manner, do we not value a Man for what is properly his own? He has a great Train, a beautiful Palace, ſo much Credit, ſo many thouſand Pounds a Year, and all theſe are about him; but not in him. You will not buy a Pig in a Poke: If you cheapen a Horſe, you will ſee him ſtript of his Houſing clothes, you will ſee him naked and open to your Eye; or if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to preſent them to Princes to ſell, 'tis only on the leſs important Parts, that you may not ſo much conſider the Beauty of his Colour, or the Breadth of his Crupper, as principally to examine his Limbs, Eyes and Feet, which are the Members of greateſt Uſe:

Regibus hic mos eſt, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Suſpiciunt, ne ſi facies, ut ſæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede eſt, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix *.

When Kings Steeds cloth'd, as 'tis their Manner, buy,
They ſtraight examine very curiouſly,
Leſt a ſhort Head, a thin and well rais'd Creſt,
A broad ſpread Buttock, and an ample Cheſt,
Should all be propt with an old beaten Hoof,
To gull the Buyer when they come to Proof.

Why in giving your Eſtimate of a Man, do you prize him wrapt and muffled up in Clothes? He then diſcovers nothing to you, but ſuch Parts as are not in the leaſt his own; and conceals thoſe, by which alone one may rightly judge of his Value. 'Tis the Price of the Blade that you enquire into, and not of the Scabbard: You would not, peradventure, bid a Farthing for him, if you ſaw him ſtripped. You are to judge him by himſelf, and not by what he wears. And as one of the Ancients very pleaſantly ſaid, Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 2.

Heighth of his Chepines, whereas the Pedeſtal is no Part of the Statue. Meaſure him without his Stilts, let him lay aſide his Revenues and his Titles, let him preſent himſelf in his Shirt, then examine if his Body be ſound and ſpritely, active and diſpoſed to perform it's Functions? What Soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her Faculties? Is ſhe rich of what is her own, or of what ſhe has borrowed? Has Fortune no Hand in the Affair? Can ſhe, without winking, ſtand the Lightning of Swords? Is ſhe indifferent, whether her Life expire by the Mouth, or through the Throat? Is ſhe ſettled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vaſt Differences betwixt Man and Man. Is he

——Sapiens, ſibique imperioſus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari,
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna * ?

Wiſe, and commanding o'er his Appetite.
One whom, nor Want, nor Death, nor Bonds can fright,
To check his Luſts, and Honours ſcorn, ſo ſtout,
And in himſelf ſo round and clear throughout,
That no external Thing can ſtop his Courſe,
And on whom Fortune vainly tries her Force.

ſuch a Man is raiſed five hundred Fathoms above Kingdoms and Dutchies, he is an abſolute Monarch in and to himſelf.

Sapiens Pol ipſe fingit fortunam ſibi †.

The wiſe Man his own Fortune makes.

What remains for him to covet or deſire?

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 7.* † *Plaut. Tri. Act. 2. Sc. 2.*

——————— Nonne videmus
Nil aliud ſibi naturam latrare, niſi ut quum
Corpore ſejunctus dolor abſit, mente fruatur
Jucundo ſenſu, cura ſemotus metuque * ?

We ſee that Nature to no more aſpires;
Nor to herſelf a greater Good requires,
Than that, whoſe Body is from Dolors free,
He ſhould his Mind with more Serenity,
And a more pleaſing Senſe enjoy, quite clear,
From thoſe two grand Diſturbers, Grief and Fear.

Compare with ſuch a one the common Rabble of Mankind, ſtupid and mean-ſpirited, ſervile, inſtable, and continually floating with the Tempeſt of various Paſſions, that toſſes and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater Diſtance than betwixt Heaven and Earth; and yet the Blindneſs of common Uſage is ſuch, that we make little or no Account of it. Whereas, if we conſider a Peaſant and a King, a Nobleman and a Clown, a Magiſtrate and a private Man, a rich Man and a poor, there appears a vaſt Diſparity, though they differ no more (as a Man may ſay) than in their Breeches. In *Thrace* the King was diſtinguiſhed from his People after a very pleaſant Manner; he had a Religion by himſelf, a God of his own, and which his Subjects were not to preſume to adore, which was *Mercury*; whilſt, on the other Side, he diſdained to have any Thing to do with theirs, *Mars*, *Bacchus*, and *Diana*. And yet they are no other than Pictures, that make no eſſential Diſſimilitude; for as you ſee Actors in a Play, repreſenting the Perſon of a Duke or an Emperor, upon the Stage, and immediately after, in the Tiring-Room, return to their true and original Condition; ſo the Emperor, whoſe Pomp and Luſtre does ſo dazzle you in Publick,

Silicet, & grandes viridi cum luce ſmaragdi
Auro includuntur, teriturque Thalaſſina veſtis
Aſſidue, & veneris ſudorem exercita potat †.

* *Lucr. l.* 2. † *Lucr. l.* 4.

Great Emeralds richly are in Gold enchaſt,
To dart green Luſtre, and the Sea-green Veſt
Continually is worn and rubb'd to Frets,
Whilſt it imbibes the Juice that *Venus* ſweats.

do but peep behind the Curtain, and you'll ſee nothing more than an ordinary Man, and peradventure more contemptible than the meaneſt of his Subjects. *Ille beatus introrſum eſt, iſtius bractæata felicitas eſt* *: *True Happineſs lyes within, the other is but a counterfeit Felicity.* Cowardice, Irreſolution, Ambition, Spite and Envy, are as predominant in him as in another.

Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor. miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes †.

For neither Wealth, Honours, nor Offices,
Can the wild Tumults of the Mind appeaſe,
Nor chaſe thoſe Cares, that with unwearied Wings
Hover about the Palaces of Kings.

Nay, Solitude and Fear attack him, even in the Center of his Battalions.

Reveraque metus hominum, curæque ſequaces,
Nec metuunt ſonitus armorum, nec fera tela,
Audacterque inter Reges, rerumque potentes
Verſantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro ‡.

For Fears and Cares warring with human Hearts,
Fear not the Claſh of Arms, nor Points of Darts;
But with great Kings and Potentates make bold,
Maugre their Purple and their glitt'ring Gold.

Do Fevers, Gouts and Apoplexies ſpare them any more than one of us? When old Age hangs heavy upon a Prince's

* *Seneca, Ep.* 115. † *Horace, lib.* 2. *Ode* 16. ‡ *Lucr. l.* 2.

Shoulders, can the Yeomen of his Guard eaſe him of the Burthen? When he is aſtoniſhed with the Apprehenſion of Death, can the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber comfort and aſſure him? When Jealouſy, or any other Capricio, ſwims in his Brain, can our Compliments and Ceremonies reſtore him to his good Humour? The Canopy embroidered with Pearl and Gold he lyes under, has no Virtue againſt a violent Fit of the Stone or Colick.

Nec calidæ citius decedunt corpore febres
Textilibus ſi in picturis, oſtroque rubenti
Jacteris, quam ſi plebeia in veſte cubandum eſt *.

Nor ſooner will a Calenture depart,
Altho' in figur'd Tiſſues lodg'd thou art,
Than if thy homely Couch were meanly ſpread
With pooreſt Blankets of the coarſeſt Thread.

The Flatterers of *Alexander the Great* poſſeſſed him, that he was the Son of *Jupiter*: But being one Day wounded, and obſerving the Blood ſtream from his Wound, What ſay you now, (my Friends) ſaid he, is not this Blood of a crimſon Colour, and purely Human? This is not of the Complexion with that which *Homer* makes to iſſue from the wounded Gods. The Poet *Hermodorus* had writ a Poem in Honour of *Antigonus*, wherein he called him the Son of the Sun: But he that has the emptying of my Cloſe-ſtool (ſaid *Antigonus*) will find to the contrary. He is but a Man at beſt, and if he be deformed, or ill qualified from his Birth, the Empire of the Univerſe can neither mend his Shape nor his Nature;

Puellæ
Hunc rapiant, quidquid culcaverit hic, roſa fiat †.

Tho' Maids ſhould raviſh him, and where he goes,
In ev'ry Step he takes ſhould ſpring a Roſe;

* *Lucr. l.* 2. † *Perſius, Sat.* 2.

what of all that, if he be a Fool and a Sot, even Pleasure and good Fortune are not relished without Vigour and Understanding.

Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet,
Qui uti scit, ei bona, illi, qui non utitur recte, mala *.

Things to the Souls of their Possessors square;
Goods if well us'd, if ill, they Evils are.

Whatever the Benefits of Fortune are, they yet require a Palate fit to relish and taste them: 'Tis Fruition, and not Possession, that renders us happy.

Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas; valeat possessor oportet,
Qui comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ Tabulæ, fomenta podagram †.

Mannors, or Heaps of Brass and Gold, afford
No Ease at all to their Febrifick Lord;
Nor can they cure his Cares; 'tis requisite
The Good's Possessor know the Use of it.
Who fears or covets, these so help him out,
As Pictures blind Folks, Cataplasms the Gout.

He is a Sot, his Taste is palled and flat; he no more enjoys what he has, than one that has a Cold relishes the Flavour of Canary; or than a Horse is sensible of his rich Caparison. *Plato* is in the right, when he tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour and Riches, and all the other Things called Goods, are equally Evil to the Unjust, as Good to the Just, and the Evil on the contrary the same. And therefore, where either the Body or the Mind are in Disorder, to what Use serve these external Conveniencies? Considering, that the least Prick with a Pin, or the least Passion of the Soul, is

* *Ter. Heaut. Act.* 1. † *Horace, lib.* 1. *Epist.* 2.

sufficient

ſufficient to deprive us of the Pleaſure of being ſole Monarch of the World. At the firſt Twitch of the Gout, it ſignifies much to be called Sire, and your Majeſty;

Totus, & argento conflatus, totus & auro.*

Altho' his Cheſts are cramm'd, whilſt they will hold,
With immenſe Sums of Silver Coin and Gold.

does he not forget his Palaces and Grandeurs? If he be angry, can his being a Prince keep him from looking red, and looking pale, and grinding his Teeth like a Mad-man? Now if he be a Man of Parts, and well deſcended, Royalty adds very little to his Happineſs:

Si ventri bene, ſi lateri eſt pedibuſque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus †.

If thou art right and ſound from Head to Foot,
A King's Revenue can add nothing to't.

He diſcerns, 'tis nothing but Counterfeit and Gullery. Nay, perhaps, he would be of King *Seleucus*'s Opinion, That he that knew the Weight of a Scepter, would not deign to ſtoop to take it up; which he ſaid, in Reference to the great and painful Duty incumbent upon a good King. Doubtleſs it can be no eaſy Taſk to rule others, when we find it ſo hard a Matter to govern ourſelves. And as to the Thing Dominion, that ſeems ſo ſweet and charming, the Frailty of human Wiſdom, and the Difficulty of Choice in Things that are new and doubtful to us conſidered, I am very much of Opinion, that it is much more pleaſant to follow than to lead; and that it is a great Settlement and Satisfaction of Mind, to have only one Path to walk in, and to have none to anſwer for, but for a Man's ſelf;

Ut ſatius multo jam ſit, parere quietum,
Quam regere imperio res velle ‡.

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *El.* 2. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ep.* 12. ‡ *Lucret. lib.* 5.

So that 'tis better calmly to obey,
Than in the Storms of State to rule and ſway.

To which we may add that Saying of *Cyrus*, That no Man was fit to rule, but he, who in his own Worth, was of greater Value than all thoſe he was to govern: But King *Hiero* in *Xenophon*, ſays farther, That in the Fruition even of Pleaſure itſelf, they are in a worſe Condition than private Men; foraſmuch as the Opportunities and Facility they have of commanding thoſe Things at Will, takes off from the Delight:

Pinguis amor, nimiumque potens, in tædia nobis
Vertitur, & Stomacho dulcis ut eſca nocet *.

Too potent Love, in Loathing never ends,
As higheſt Sauce the Stomach moſt offends.

Can we think, that the Singing-Boys of the Quire take any great Delight in their own Muſick? The Satiety does rather render it troubleſom and tedious to them. Feaſts, Balls, Maſquerades and Tiltings, delight ſuch as but rarely ſee, and deſire to be at ſuch Solemnities: But having been frequent at ſuch Entertainments, the Reliſh of them grows flat and inſipid: Nay, Women (the greateſt Temptation) do not ſo much delight thoſe who make a common Practice of the Sport. He who will not give himſelf Leiſure to be thirſty, can never find the true Pleaſure of Drinking. Farces and tumbling Tricks are pleaſant to the Spectators, but a Pain to thoſe by whom they are performed. And that this is effectually ſo, we ſee that Princes divert themſelves ſometimes in diſguiſing their Qualities, a-while to depoſe themſelves, and to ſtoop to the poor and ordinary Way of Living of the meaneſt of their People.

Plerumque gratæ Principibus vices
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ ſine aulæis, & oſtro,
Sollicitum explicuere frontem †.

* *Ovid. Amor. l. 2. Eleg.* 19. † *Hor. car. lib.* 3. *Ode* 29.

E'en

E'en Princes with Variety tempted are,
Which makes them oft feed on clean homely Fare,
In a poor Hut, laying aſide the State,
Purple and Pomp, which ſhould on Grandeur wait,
In ſuch a Solitude to ſmooth the Frown,
Forc'd by the weighty Preſſure of a Crown.

Nothing is ſo diſtaſtful and diſappointing, as Abundance. What Appetite would not be baffled, to ſee three hundred Women at his Mercy, as the *Grand Seignior* has in his *Seraglio?* And what Fruition of Pleaſure, or Taſte of Recreation of his Anceſtors, did he reſerve to himſelf, who never went a Hawking without ſeven thouſand Falconers? And beſides all this, I fancy that this Luſtre of Grandeur brings with it no little Diſturbance and Uneaſineſs upon the Enjoyment of the moſt tempting Pleaſures: They are too conſpicuous, and lye too open to every one's View. Neither do I know to what End they ſhould any more require them to conceal their Errors, ſince what is only reputed Indiſcretion in us, they know very well the People brand with the Names of Tyranny, and Contempt of the Laws in them; and beſides their Proclivity to Vice, are apt to cenſure that as a heightning Pleaſure to themſelves to inſult over the Laws, and to trample upon public Ordinances. *Plato*, indeed, in his *Gorgeas* defines a Tyrant to be one, who in a City has Licence to do whatever his own Will leads him to. And by reaſon of his Impunity, the over-acting and Publication of their Vices, does oft-times more Miſchief than the Vice itſelf. Every one fears to be pry'd into, and diſcover'd in their evil Courſes; but Princes are, even to their very Geſtures, Looks, and Thoughts, the People conceiving they have Right and Title to cenſure, and be Judges of them: Beſides, that the Blemiſhes of the Great, naturally appear greater, by reaſon of the Eminency and Luſtre of the Place where they are ſeated; and that a Mole or a Wart appears greater in them, than the greateſt Deformity in others. And this is the Reaſon why the *Poets* feign the Amours of *Jupiter* to be perform'd in the Diſguiſes of ſo many borrow'd Shapes, that amongſt the many amorous Practices they lay to his Charge, there is only one,

one, as I remember, where he appears in his own Majeſty and Grandeur. But let us return to *Hiero*, who complains of the Inconveniencies he found in his Royalty, in that he could not look abroad, and travel the World at Liberty, being as it were a Priſoner to the Bounds and Limits of his own Dominion: And that in all his Actions he was evermore ſurrounded with an importunate Crowd. And in Truth, to ſee our Kings ſit all alone at Table, environed with ſo many People prating about them, and ſo many Strangers ſtaring upon them, as they always are, I have often been mov'd, rather to pity than to envy their Condition. King *Alphonſus* was wont to ſay, that in this, Aſſes were in a better Condition than Kings, their Maſters permitting them to feed at their own Eaſe and Pleaſure; a Favour that Kings cannot obtain of their Servants. And it would never come into my Head, that it could be of any great Benefit to the Life of a Man of Senſe, to have twenty People prating about him, when he is at Stool; or that the Services of a Man of ten thouſand *Livres* a Year, or that has taken *Caſal*, or defended *Siena*, ſhould be either more commodious or more acceptable to him, than thoſe of a good Groom of the Chamber, that underſtands his Place. The Advantages of Sovereignty are but imaginary upon the Matter: Every Degree of Fortune has in it ſome Image of Principality. *Cæſar* calls all the Lords of *France*, having Free-Franchiſe within their own Demeans *Reylets*; and in Truth, the Name of *Sire* excepted, they go pretty far towards Kingſhip; for do but look into the Provinces remote from Court, as *Brittany* for Example, take Notice of the Attendance, the Vaſſals, the Officers, the Employments, Service, Ceremony and State of a Lord that lives retir'd from Court, is conſtant to his own Houſe, and that has been bred up amongſt his own Tenants and Servants; and obſerve withal, the Flight of his Imagination, there is nothing more royal; he hears talk of his Maſter once a Year, as of a King of *Perſia*, or *Peru*, without taking any farther Notice of him, than ſome remote Kindred, his Secretary keeps in ſome muſty Record. And, to ſpeak the Truth, our Laws are eaſy enough, ſo eaſy, that a Gentleman of *France* ſcarce feels the Weight of Sovereignty pinch his Shoulders above twice in his Life. Real and effectual

Subjection only concerns ſuch amongſt us as voluntarily thruſt their Necks under the Yoke, and who deſign to get Wealth and Honours by ſuch Services: For a Man that loves his own Fire-ſide, and can govern his Houſe without falling by the Ears with his Neighbours, or engaging in Suits of Law, is as free as a Duke of *Venice*. *Paucos ſervitus, plures ſervitutem tenet. Servitude ſeizes on few, but many ſeize on her.* But that which *Hiero* is moſt concern'd at, is, that he finds himſelf ſtripp'd of all Friendſhip, and depriv'd of all natural Society, wherein the true and moſt perfect Fruition of human Life conſiſts. For what Teſtimony of Affection and good Will can I extract from him, that owes me, whether he will or no, all that he is able to do? Can I form any Aſſurance of his real Reſpect to me, from his humble Way of ſpeaking, and ſubmiſſive Behaviour, which when they are Ceremonies, it is not in his Choice to deny? The Honour we receive from thoſe that fear us, is not Honour, thoſe Reſpects are paid to my Royalty, and not to me.

Maximum hoc Regni bonum eſt,
Quod facta domini cogitur populus ſui
Quam ferre, tam laudare *.

'Tis the great Benefit of Kings, that they,
Who are by Law ſubjected to their Sway,
Are bound in all their Princes ſay or do,
Not only to ſubmit, but praiſe it too.

Do I not ſee, that the wicked and the good King, he that is hated and he that is belov'd, has the one as much Reverence paid him as the other? My Predeceſſor was, and my Succeſſor ſhall be ſerv'd with the ſame Ceremony and State. If my Subjects do me no Harm, 'tis no Evidence of any good Affection; why ſhould I look upon it as ſuch, ſeeing it is not in their Power if they would? No one follows me, or obeys my Commands upon the Account of any Friendſhip betwixt him and me; there can be no contract-

* *Seneca Theiſt. Act. 2. Scen. 1.*

ing

ing of Friendſhip, where there is ſo little Relation and Correſpondence: My own Height has put me out of the Familiarity of, and Intelligence with Men: There is too great Diſparity and Diſproportion betwixt us; they follow me either upon the Account of Decency and Cuſtom; or rather my Fortune than me, to encreaſe their own: All they ſay to me, or do for me, is forc'd and diſſembled, their Liberty being on all Parts reſtrain'd by the great Power and Authority I have over them. I ſee nothing about me but what is diſſembled and diſguiſed. The Emperor *Julian* being one Day applauded for his exact Juſtice; I ſhould be proud of theſe Praiſes, ſaid he, did they come from Perſons that durſt condemn, or diſapprove the contrary, in Caſe I ſhould do it. All the real Advantages of Princes are common to them with Men of meaner Condition. 'Tis for the Gods to mount winged Horſes, and feed upon *Ambroſia:* Earthly Kings have no other Sleep, nor other Appetite than we; the Steel they arm themſelves withal, is of no better Temper than that we alſo uſe; their Crowns do neither defend them from the Rain, nor Sun. *Dioclefian*, who wore a Crown ſo fortunate and rever'd, reſign'd it, to retire himſelf to the Felicity of a private Life: And ſome Time after, the Neceſſity of publick Affairs requiring that he ſhould re-aſſume his Charge, he made Anſwer to thoſe who came to court him to it, You would not offer, (ſaid he) to perſuade me to this, had you ſeen the fine Order of Trees I have planted in my Orchard, and the fair Melons I have ſowed in my Garden. In the Opinion of *Anacharſis*, the happieſt State of Government would be, where all other Things being equal, Precedency ſhould be meaſur'd out by the Virtues, and Repulſes by the Vices of Men. When King *Pyrrhus* prepar'd for his Expedition into *Italy*, his wiſe Counſellor *Cyneas*, to make him ſenſible of the Vanity of his Ambition: Well, Sir, (ſaid he) to what End do you make all this mighty Preparation? To make myſelf Maſter of *Italy*, (reply'd the King). And what after that is done, (ſaid *Cyneas?*) I will paſs over into *Gaul* and *Spain*, ſaid the other. And what then? I will then go to ſubdue *Africk*; and laſtly, when I have brought the whole World to my Subjection, I will ſit down, and reſt content at my own Eaſe. For God Sake, Sir, (reply'd *Cyneas*) tell me what

what hinders you, if you pleaſe, from being now in the Condition you ſpeak of? Why do you not now at this Inſtant, ſettle yourſelf in the State you ſeem to aim at, and ſpare the Labour and Hazard you interpoſe?

Nimirum quia non bene norat quæ eſſet habendi
Finis, & omnino quoad creſcat vera voluptas *.

The End of being rich he did not know;
Nor to what Pitch Felicity ſhould grow.

I will conclude with an old Verſicle, that I think very pat to the Purpoſe.

Mores cuique ſui fingunt fortunam *.

Himſelf, not Fortune, ev'ry one muſt blame,
Since Men's own Manners do their Fortunes frame.

CHAP. XLIII.

Of Sumptuary Laws.

THE Way by which our Laws attempt to regulate idle and vain Expences in Meat and Clothes, ſeem to be quite contrary to the End deſign'd. The true Way would be to beget in Men a Contempt of Silks and Gold, as vain, frivolous, and uſeleſs; whereas we augment to them the Honours and enhance the Value of ſuch Things, which ſure is a very improper Way to create a Diſguſt. For to enact, that none but Princes ſhall eat Turbes, ſhall wear Velvet, or Gold Lace, and interdict theſe Things to the People, what is it but to bring them into a greater Eſteem, and to ſet every one more agog to eat and wear them? Let Kings (in God's Name) leave off theſe Enſigns of Grandeur, they have others enough beſides; thoſe Exceſſes are more excuſable in any other, than a Prince. We may learn by

* *Lucret. l.* 5. § *Corn Nep. in vit. A. Hici.*

the

the Example of ſeveral Nations, better Ways of exterior Diſtinction of Quality (which truly I conceive to be very requiſite in a State) enough, without foſtering up this Corruption, and manifeſt Inconvenience to this Effect. 'Tis ſtrange, how ſuddenly, and with how much Eaſe, Cuſtom, in theſe different Things, eſtabliſhes itſelf, and becomes Authority. We had ſcarce worn Cloth a Year (in Compliance with the Court) for the Mourning of *Henry* the Second, but that Silks were already grown into ſuch Contempt with every one, that a Man ſo clad, was preſently concluded a Citizen. The Silks were divided betwixt the Phyſicians and Chirurgeons, and though all other People almoſt went in the ſame Habit, there was notwithſtanding in one Thing or other, ſufficient Diſtinction of the Calling, and Conditions of Men. How ſuddenly do greaſy *Chamois* Doublets become the Faſhion in our Armies, whilſt all Neatneſs and Riches of Habit fall into Contempt? Let Kings but lead the Dance, and begin to leave off this Expence, and in a Month the Buſineſs will be done throughout the Kingdom without an Edict; we ſhall all follow. It ſhould be rather proclaim'd on the contrary, that no one ſhould wear Scarlet or Goldſmith's Work, but Whores and Tumblers. *Zeleucus*, with the like Invention, reclaim'd the corrupted Manners of the *Locrians*; whoſe Laws were, That no free Women ſhould be allow'd any more than one Maid to follow her, unleſs ſhe was drunk: Nor was to ſtir out of the City by Night, wear Jewels of Gold about her, or go in an embroidered Robe, unleſs ſhe was a profeſt and publick Whore: The Bravo's, and Ruffians excepted, no Man was to wear a Gold Ring, nor be ſeen in one of thoſe effeminate Veſts woven in the City of *Miletum*. By which infamous Exceptions, he diſcreetly diverted his Citizens from Superfluities and pernicious Pleaſures, and it was a Project of great Utility to attract Men by Honour and Ambition to their Duty and Obedience. Our Kings may do what they pleaſe in ſuch external Reformations, their own Inclinations ſtand in this Caſe for a Law. *Quicquid Principes faciunt, præcipere videntur*. What Princes themſelves do, they ſeem*

* *Quinct. Decla.* 4.

to

to enjoin others. Whatever is done at Court, paſſes for a Rule through the reſt of *France*. Let the Courtiers but fall out with theſe abominable Breeches, that diſcover ſo much of thoſe Parts which ſhould be conceal'd: Theſe great-bellied Doublets, that make us look like I know not what; and are ſo unfit to admit of Arms; theſe long effeminate Locks of Hair; this fooliſh Cuſtom of kiſſing what we preſent to our Equals, and our Hands in ſaluting them; a Ceremony in former Times only due to Princes: And that a Gentleman ſhall appear in Place of Reſpect without his Sword, unbuttoned and untruſs'd, as though he came from the Houſe-of-Office; and that, contrary to the Cuſtom of our Fore-fathers, and the particular Privilege of the Nobleſs of this Kingdom, we ſhall ſtand a long Time bare to them in what Place ſoever, and the ſame to a hundred others, ſo many Tierces and Quarts of Kings we have got now-a-days, and alſo other the like Innovations and degenerate Cuſtoms; they will ſee them all preſently vaniſh'd and cry'd down. Theſe are, 'tis true, but ſuperficial Errors; but however, of ill Conſequence; and 'tis enough to inform us, that the whole Fabrick is crazy and tottering, when we ſee the rough-Caſt of our Walls to cleave and ſplit. *Plato* in his Laws, eſteems nothing of more peſtiferous Conſequence to his City, than to give Young Men the Liberty of introducing any Change in their Habits, Geſtures, Dances, Songs and Exerciſes, from one Form to another; ſhifting from this to that, hunting after Novelties, and applauding the Inventers; by which Means Manners are corrupted, and the old Inſtitutions come to be nauſeated and deſpiſed. In all Things, ſaving only in thoſe that are evil, a Change is to be fear'd; even the Change of Seaſons, Winds, Viands and Humours. And no Laws are in their true Credit, but ſuch to which God has given ſo long a Continuance, that no one knows their Beginning, or that there ever was any other.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

Of Sleep.

REaſon directs, that we ſhould always go the ſame way; but not always the ſame Pace. And conſequently though a wiſe Man ought not ſo much to give the Reins to human Paſſions, as to let them deviate him from the right Path; he may, notwithſtanding, without Prejudice to his Duty, leave it to them to haſten, or to ſlacken his Speed, and not fix himſelf like a motionleſs, and inſenſible Coloſſus. Could Virtue itſelf put on Fleſh and Blood, I believe the Pulſe would beat faſter going on to an Aſſault, than in going to Dinner: That is to ſay, there is a Neceſſity ſhe ſhould beat, and be mov'd upon this Account. I have taken Notice, as of an extraordinary Thing, of ſome great Men, who in the higheſt Enterprizes, and greateſt Dangers, have detain'd themſelves in ſo ſettled and ſerene a Calm, as not at all to hinder their uſual Gaiety, or break their Sleep. *Alexander* the Great on the Day aſſigned for that furious Battle betwixt him and *Darius*, ſlept ſo profoundly, and ſo long in the Morning, that *Parmenio* was forc'd to enter his Chamber, and coming to his Bed-ſide to call him ſeveral Times by his Name, the Time to go to fight compelling him ſo to do. The Emperor *Otho*, having put on a Reſolution to kill himſelf the ſame Night, after having ſettled his domeſtick Affairs, divided his Money amongſt his Servants, and ſet a good Edge upon a Sword he had made Choice of for the Purpoſe, and now ſtaying only to be ſatisfied whether all his Friends were retir'd in Safety, he fell into ſo ſound a Sleep, that the Gentlemen of his Chamber heard him ſnore. The Death of this Emperor has in it Circumſtances parallelling that of the great *Cato*, and particularly this before related: For *Cato* being ready to diſpatch himſelf, whilſt he only ſtaid his Hand in Expectation of the Return of a Meſſenger he had ſent, to bring him News whether the

Senators

enators he had ſent away, were put out from the Port of *Utica*, he fell into ſo ſound a Sleep, that they heard him into the next Room; and he whom he had ſent to the Port, having awak'd him to let him know, that the tempeſtuous Weather had hindred the *Senators* from putting to Sea; he diſpatch'd away another Meſſenger, and compoſing himſelf again in the Bed, ſettled again to Sleep, and did ſo, till by the Return of the laſt Meſſenger, he had certain Intelligence they were gone. We may here further compare him with *Alexander* too, in that great and dangerous Storm that threatned him by the Sedition of the Tribune *Metellus*, who attempting to publiſh a Decree for the calling in of *Pompey* with his Army into the City, at the Time of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, was only, and that ſtoutly oppos'd by *Cato*, ſo that very ſharp Language and bitter Menaces paſs'd betwixt them in the Senate about that Affair; but it was the next Day in the Fore-noon, that the Controverſy was to be decided; where *Metellus*, beſides the Favour of the People, and of *Cæſar*, (at that Time of *Pompey*'s Faction) was to appear accompanied with a Rabble of Slaves and Fencers; and *Cato* only fortified with his own Courage and Conſtancy; ſo that his Relations, Domeſticks, and ſeveral virtuous People of his Friends were in great Apprehenſions for him. And to that Degree, that ſome there were, who paſs'd over the whole Night without Sleep, Eating, or Drinking, for the manifeſt Danger they ſaw him running into; of which his Wife and Siſters did nothing but weep, and torment themſelves in his Houſe; whereas he, on the contrary, comforted every one, and after having ſupp'd after his uſual Manner, went to Bed, and ſlept profoundly till Morning, that one of his Fellow-*Tribunes* rouz'd him to go to the Encounter. The Knowledge we have of the Greatneſs of this Man's Courage, by the reſt of his Life, may warrant us ſecurely to judge, that his Indifference proceeded from a Soul ſo much elevated above ſuch Accidents, that he diſdain'd to let it take any more hold of his Fancy, than any other ordinary Adventure. In the Naval Engagement, which *Auguſtus* won againſt *Sextius Pompeius* in *Sicily*, juſt as they were to begin the Fight, he was ſo faſt aſleep, that his Friends were compell'd to wake him to give the Signal of Battle: And this

was it that gave *Mark Anthony* afterwards occaſion to reproach him, that he had not the Courage ſo much as with open Eyes, to behold the Order of his own Squadrons, and not to have dar'd to preſent himſelf before the Soldiers, till firſt *Agrippa* had brought him News of the Victory obtain'd. But as to the Buſineſs of young *Marius*, who did much worſe (for the Day of the laſt Battle, againſt *Sylla*, after he had order'd his Army, given the Word and Signal of Battel, he laid him down under the Shade of a Tree to repoſe himſelf, and fell ſo faſt aſleep, that the Rout, and Flight of his Men could hardly awake him, having ſeen nothing of the Fight) he is ſaid to have been at that Time ſo extremely ſpent, and worn out with Labour and want of Sleep that Nature could hold out no longer. Now upon what has been ſaid, the Phyſicians may determine, whether Sleep be ſo neceſſary that our Lives depend upon it: For we read that King *Perſeus* of *Macedon* being Priſoner at *Rome*, was wak'd to Death: but *Pliny* inſtances ſuch as have lived long without Sleep. *Herodotus* ſpeaks of Nations, where the Men ſleep and wake by half Years: And they who write the Life of the wife *Epimenides*, affirm, that he ſlept ſeven and fifty Years together.

CHAP. XLV.

Of the Battle of Dreux.

OUR Battle of *Dreux*, is remarkable for ſeveral extraordinary Accidents: But ſuch Men as have no great Kindneſs for the Duke of *Guiſe*, nor much favour his Reputation, are willing to have him thought to blame, and that his making a Halt, and delaying Time with the Forces he commanded, whilſt the Conſtable who was General of the Army was raked through and through with the Enemies Artillery, his Battalion routed, and himſelf taken Priſoner; is not to be excus'd: And that he had much better have ran the Hazard of charging the Enemy in the Flank, than ſtaying for the Advantage of falling in upon the

the Rear, to ſuffer ſo great and ſo important a Loſs. But, beſides what the Event demonſtrated, who will conſider it without Paſſion or Prejudice, will eaſily be induced to confeſs, that the Aim and Deſign not of a Captain only, but of every private Soldier ought to look at the Victory in general; and that no particular Occurrences, how nearly ſoever they may concern his own Intereſt, ſhould divert him from that Purſuit. *Philopœmen*, in an Encounter with *Machanidas*, having ſent before a good ſtrong Party of his Archers, to begin the Skirmiſh, which were by the Enemy routed and purſued; who purſuing them, and puſhing on the Fortune of their Arms in the Heat of Victory; and in that Purſuit paſſing by the Battalion where *Philopœmen* was, though his Soldiers were impatient to fall on, yet he was better temper'd, and did not think fit to ſtir from his Poſt, nor to preſent himſelf to the Enemy to relieve his Men, but having ſuffer'd them to be chas'd about the Field, and cut in Pieces before his Face, then charged in upon their Body of Foot, when he ſaw them left naked by their Horſe; and notwithſtanding that they were *Lacedæmonians*, yet taking them in the Nick, when thinking themſelves ſecure of the Victory, they began to diſorder their Ranks, he did his Buſineſs with great Facility, and then put himſelf in Purſuit of *Machanidas:* Which Caſe is very like that of *Monſieur de Guiſe.* In that bloody Battle betwixt *Ageſilaus*, and the *Bœotians*, which *Xenophon*, who was preſent at it, reports to be the rudeſt and moſt bloody that he had ever ſeen, *Ageſilaus* wav'd the Advantage that Fortune preſented him, to let the *Bœotians* Battalion paſs by, and then to charge them in the Rear, how certain ſoever he made himſelf of the Victory, judging it would rather be an Effect of Conduct than Valour, to proceed that Way: And therefore to ſhew his Proweſs, rather choſe, with a wonderful Ardour of Courage to charge them in the Front; but he was well beaten, and wounded for his Pains, and conſtrain'd at laſt to diſingage himſelf, and to take the Courſe he had at firſt neglected, opening his Battalion to give Way to this Torrent of the *Bœotians* Fury, and being paſt by, taking Notice that they march'd in Diſorder, like Men that thought themſelves out of Danger, he then purſu'd, and charg'd them in Flank and Rear;

yet could not prevail ſo far as to bring it to ſo general a Rout, but that they leiſurely retreated, ſtill facing about upon him, till they were retired into Safety.

CHAP. XLVI.

Of Names.

WHAT Variety of Herbs ſoever are ſhuffled together in the Diſh, yet the whole Maſs is ſwallow'd up in one Name of a Sallet. In like Manner, under the Conſideration of Names, I will make a Hodge-podge of differing Articles. Every Nation has certain Names, that, I know not why, are taken in no good Senſe, as with us, *John*, *William*, and *Benedict*. In the Genealogy of Princes alſo there ſeems to be certain Names fatally affected, as the *Ptolemies* of *Ægypt*, the *Henry's* of *England*, the *Charles's* of *France*, the *Baldwins* of *Flanders*, and the *Williams* of our ancient *Aquitaine*, from whence 'tis ſaid, the Name of *Guyenne* has it's Derivation; which would ſeem far fetch'd, were there not as rude Derivations in *Plato* himſelf. 'Tis a very frivolous Thing in itſelf, but nevertheleſs worthy to be recorded for the Strangeneſs of it, which is writ by an Eye-witneſs; that *Henry* Duke of *Normandy*, Son of *Henry* the Second, King of *England*, making a great Feaſt in *France*, the Concourſe of Nobility and Gentry was ſo great, that being, for Sports Sake, divided into Troops, according to their Names, in the firſt Troop, which conſiſted of *Williams*, there were found an hundred and ten Knights ſitting at the Table of that Name, without reckoning the ordinary Gentlemen, and their Servants. It is as pleaſant to diſtinguiſh the Tables by the Names of the Gueſts, as it was in the Emperor *Geta*, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Courſes of his Meat, by the firſt Letters of the Meats themſelves, where thoſe that began with B, were ſerv'd up together, as Brawn, Beef, Bream, Buſtards and Beccaficos, and ſo of others. Now there is a Saying, that it is a good thing to have a good Name, that is to ſay, Credit, and a good Repute: But beſides this, it

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is really convenient, to have such a Name as is easy of Pronunciation, and easy to be remembred; by Reason, that Kings, and other great Persons, do by that Means the more easily know, and the more hardly forget us; and indeed, of our own Servants, we more frequently call and employ those, whose Names are most ready upon the Tongue. I myself have seen *Henry* the Second, when he could not for his Heart hit of a Gentleman's Name of our Country of *Gascony*; and moreover was fain to call one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, by the general Name of her Family, her own being so difficult to pronounce or remember. And *Socrates* thinks it worthy a Father's Care, to give fine Names to his Children. 'Tis said, that the Foundation of *Nostre Dame la Grande*, at *Poictiers*, took it's Original from hence, that a debauch'd young Fellow formerly living in that Place, having pick'd up a Whore, and at her first coming in, asking her Name, and being answer'd, that it was *Mary*, he felt himself so suddenly darted through with the Awe of Religion, and the Reverence to that sacred Name of the blessed Virgin, that he not only immediately put his lewd Mistress away from him, but became a reformed Man, and so continued the Remainder of his Life: And that in Consideration of this Miracle, there was erected upon the Place, where this young Man's House stood, first a Chapel dedicated to our Lady, and afterwards the Church that we now see standing there. This auricular Reproof wrought upon the Conscience, and that right into the Soul. This that follows, insinuated itself merely by the Sense. *Pythagoras* being in Company with some wild young Fellows, and perceiving that, heated with the Feast, they complotted to go violate an honest House, commanded the Singing-Wench to alter her wanton Airs; and by a solemn, grave, and spondaick Musick, gently enchanted and laid asleep their Ardour. Will not Posterity * say, that our modern Reformation has been wonderfully exact, in having not only scuffled with, and overcome Errors and Vice, and fill'd the World with Devotion, Humility, Obedience, Peace,

* *This Paragraph seems to be foisted in, and none of* Montaigne's, *who was himself a* Papist.

and all Sorts of Virtue; but to have proceeded ſo far, as to quarrel with the ancient Baptiſmal Names of *Charles*, *Lewis*, and *Francis*, to fill the World with *Methuſalems*, *Ezekiels*, and *Malachies*, of a more ſpiritual Sound? A Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, a great Admirer of Antiquity, and who was always preferring the Excellency of preceding Times, in Compariſon with this preſent Age of ours, did not (amongſt the reſt) forget to magnify the lofty and magnificent Sound of the Gentlemen's Names of thoſe Days, *Don Grumedan*, *Quadregan*, *Angeſilan*, &c. which but to hear nam'd, he perceiv'd to be other kind of Men, than *Pierre*, *Guillot* and *Michel*. I am mightily pleas'd with *Jaques Amiot*, for leaving throughout a whole *French* Oration, the *Latin* Names entire, without varying and diſfecting them, to give them a *French* Termination. It ſeem'd a little harſh and rough at firſt; but already Cuſtom, by the Authority of *Plutarch*, (whom he took for his Example) has overcome that Novelty. I have often wiſh'd, that ſuch as write Chronicle Hiſtories in *Latin*, would leave our Names as they find them, and as they are, and ought to be, for in making *Vaudemont*, *Vallemontance*, and Metamorphoſing Names, to make them ſuit better with the *Greek* or *Latin*, we know not where we are, and with the Perſons of the Men, loſe the Benefit of the Story. To conclude, 'tis a ſcurvy Cuſtom, and of very ill Conſequence, which we have in our Kingdom of *France*, to call every Man by the Name of his Mannor, or Seigneury, and the Thing in the World that does the moſt Prejudice, and moſt confound Families and Deſcents. A younger Brother of a good Family, having a Mannor left him by his Father, by the Name of which he has been known and honour'd, cannot handſomly leave it; ten Years after his Deceaſe, it falls into the Hand of a Stranger, who does the ſame: Do but judge whereabouts we ſhall be, concerning the Knowledge of theſe Men. We need look no farther for Examples, than our own royal Family, where every Partage creates a new Sirname, whilſt in the mean Time the Original of the Family is totally loſt. There is ſo great Liberty taken in theſe Mutations, that I have not in my Time ſeen any one advanc'd by Fortune to any extraordinary Condition, who has not preſently had genealogick Titles added to him, new, and

and unknown to his Father, and who has not been inoculated into ſome illuſtrious Stem; and by good Luck, the obſcureſt Families are the moſt proper for Falſification. How many Gentlemen have we in *France*, who, by their own Talk, are of royal Extraction? More I think than of thoſe that will confeſs they are not. Was it not a pleaſant Paſſage of a Friend of mine? There were a great many Gentlemen aſſembled together, about the Diſpute of one Lord of a Mannor, with another; which other had in Truth, ſome Pre-eminence of Titles and Alliances, above the ordinary Scheme of Gentry. Upon the Debate of this Priority of Place, every one ſtanding up for himſelf, to make himſelf equal to him, alledging One one Extraction, Another another; One the near Reſemblance of Name; Another of Arms; Another an old worm-eaten Patent; and the laſt of them, Great-Grandchild to ſome foreign King. When they came to ſit down to Dinner, my Friend, inſtead of taking his Place amongſt them, retiring with moſt profound Congees, entreated the Company to excuſe him, for having hitherto liv'd with them at the ſaucy Rate of a Companion: But being now better inform'd of their Quality, he would begin to pay them the Reſpect due to their Birth and Grandeur, alledging that it would ill become him to ſit down among ſo many Princes; and ended the Farce with a thouſand Reproaches. Let us in God's Name ſatisfy ourſelves with what our Fathers were contented with, and with what we are: We are great enough, if we righly underſtand how to maintain it: Let us not diſown the Fortune and Condition of our Anceſtors, but lay aſide theſe ridiculous Pretences, that can never be wanting to any one that has the Impudence to alledge them. Arms have no more Security, than Sirnames. I bear *Azure powdered with Trefoils, Or, with a Lion's Paw of the ſame armed Gules in Feſſe.* What Privilege to continue particularly in my Houſe and Name? A Son-in-Law will tranſport it into another Family; or ſome paultry Purchaſer will make them his firſt Arms; there is nothing wherein there is more Change and Confuſion. But this Conſideration leads me per-force into another Subject. Let us pry a little narrowly into, and, in God's Name, examine upon what Foundation we erect this Glory and Reputation, for

which the World is turn'd topſy-turvy: Wherein do we place this Renown, that we hunt after with ſo great Flagrancy, and through ſo many Impediments, and ſo much Trouble? It is, in Concluſion, *Peter* or *William* that carries it, takes it into his Poſſeſſion, and whom it only concerns. O what a valiant Faculty is Hope, that in a mortal Subject, and in a Moment, makes nothing of uſurping Infinity and Immenſity, and of ſupplying her Maſter's Indigence at her Pleaſure, with all Things he can imagine or deſire! Nature has given us this Paſſion for a pretty Toy to play withal. And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a Sound, when all is done? Or three or four Daſhes with a Pen, ſo eaſy to be vary'd, that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the Glory of ſo many Victories, to *Gueſquin*, to *Gleſquin*, or to *Guaquin*? And yet there would be ſomething of greater Moment in the Caſe, than in *Lucian*, that *Sigma* ſhould ſerve *Tau* with a Proceſs for,

——*Non levia, aut ludicra petuntur*
Præmia *.

To do brave Acts, who has the noble Spirit,
Slights mean Rewards, as Things below his Merit.

The Chace is there in very good earneſt: The Queſtion is, which of theſe Letters is to be rewarded for ſo many Sieges, Battles, Wounds, Impriſonments, and Services done to the Crown of *France*, by this famous Conſtable. *Nicholas Deniſot* never concern'd himſelf further than the Letters of his Name, of which he has altered the whole Contexture to build up by Anagram the Count of *Alſinois*, whom he has celebrated with the utmoſt Force and Glory of his *Poetry* and *Painting*. And the Hiſtorian *Suetonius* could be ſatisfied with nothing he writ, unleſs it might redound to his own particular Honour, which made him caſhier his Father's Sirname *Lewis*, to leave *Tranquillus* Succeſſor to the Reputation of his Writings. Who would believe, that Captain *Bayard* ſhould have no Honour, but what he de-

* *Æneid. lib.* 12.

rives

rives from *Peter Terrail*; and that *Antonio Eſcalin* ſhould ſuffer himſelf to his Face, to be robb'd of the Honour of ſo many Navigations and Commands at Sea and Land by Capt. *Paulin*, and the Baron *De la Garde?* Theſe are Injuries of the Pen, common to a thouſand People. How many are there in every Family of the ſame Name and Sirname? And how many more in ſeveral Families, Ages and Countries? Hiſtory tells us of three of the Name of *Socrates*, of five *Platos*, of eight *Ariſtotles*, of ſeven *Xenophons*, of twenty *Demetrius's*, and of twenty *Theodores*; and how many more ſhe was not acquainted with, we may imagine. Who hinders my Groom from calling himſelf *Pompey the Great?* But after all, by what Virtue, what Authority, or what ſecret Conveyances are there, that fixed upon my deceaſed Groom, or the other *Pompey*, who had his Head cut off in *Ægypt*, this glorious Renown, and theſe ſo much honoured Flouriſhes of the Pen, ſo as to be of any Advantage to them?

Id cinerem, & manes credis curare ſepultos *?

Can we believe the Dead regard ſuch Things?

What Senſe have the two Collegues of the greateſt Eſteem amongſt Men? *Epaminondas* of this glorious Verſe, that has been ſo many Ages current in his Praiſe;

Conſiliis noſtris laus eſt attrita Laconum:

One *Sparta* by my Counſels is o'erthrown.

Or *Africanus* of this other?

A ſole ex oriente, ſupra Mæotis Paludes
Nemo eſt, qui factis me æquiparare queat.

From early Dawn, unto the ſetting Sun,
No none can match the Deeds that I have done.

* *Æneid. lib.* 4.

Sur-

Survivors indeed tickle themſelves with theſe Praiſes, and by them incited to Jealouſy or Deſire, inconſiderately, and according to their own Fancy, attribute to the Dead thoſe Virtues themſelves pretend to moſt: God knows how vainly flattering themſelves, that they ſhall one Day in Turn be capable of the ſame Characters: However,

> ——————————— *Ad hæc ſe*
> Romanus, Grajuſque & Barbarus, *Induperator*
> *Erexit; cauſas diſcriminis, atque laboris*
> *Inde habuit, tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam*
> *Virtutis* †.

> *Greek*, *Roman*, and *Barbarian* Chiefs to theſe,
> Devote their Valour and Contrivances,
> And to the Greedineſs of Glory woe
> The Dangers and Fatigues they undergo;
> So much more potent is the Thirſt of Fame
> Than that of Virtue.

CHAP. XLVII.

Of the Incertainty of our Judgment.

IT was well ſaid of the Poet,

> Ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νόμος ἔνθα κ᾽ ἔνθα †.

There is every where Liberty of Arguing enough, and enough to be ſaid on both Sides: For Example;

> *Vince* Annibal', & *non ſeppe uſar' poi*
> *Ben la vittorioſa ſua ventura* ‡.

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* *Juvenal. Sat.* 10. † *Homer. Iliad.* 20. ‡ *Petrar. Son.* 83.

Hannibal

Hannibal conquered; but was not wiſe
To make the beſt Uſe of his Victories.

Such as would improve this Argument, and condemn the Overſight of our Leaders, in not puſhing home the Victory at *Moncontour*; or accuſe the King of *Spain* of not knowing how to make his beſt Uſe of the Advantage he had againſt us at St. *Quintin*, may conclude theſe Overſights to proceed from a Soul already drunk with Succeſs, or from a Courage, which being full, and over-gorged with this Beginning of good Fortune, had loſt the Appetite of adding to it, having already enough to do to digeſt what it had taken in: He has his Arms full, and can embrace no more: Unworthy of the Benefit conferred upon him, and the Advantage ſhe had put into his Hands: For what Utility does he reap from it, if, notwithſtanding, he gives his Enemy Reſpite to rally, recover his Aſtoniſhment, and to make head againſt him? What Hope is there, that he will dare at another Time to attack an Enemy re-united and re-compoſed, and armed a-new with Spite and Revenge, who did not dare to purſue him when routed, and unmanned by Fear?

Dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror *.

Whilſt Fortune's in the Heat, and Terror does,
More than their ſharpeſt Swords, ſubdue their Foes.

But withal, what better Opportunity can he expect, than that he has loſt: 'Tis not here, as in Fencing, where the moſt Hits gain the Prize: For ſo long as the Enemy is on Foot, the Game is new to begin, and that is not to be called a Victory, that puts an End to the War. In the Encounter where *Cæſar* had the worſe, near to the City of *Oricum*, he reproached *Pompey*'s Soldiers, that he had been loſt, had their General known how to overcome; and afterwards beat him in his Turn. But why may not a Man alſo argue on the contrary, that it is the Effect of a precipitous and

* *Lucan. l.* 7.

infatiate

inſatiate Spirit, not to know how to bind and reſtrain it's Ardour: That it is to abuſe the Favours of God, to exceed the Meaſure he has preſcribed them: And that again, to throw a Man's ſelf into Danger, after a Victory obtained, is again to expoſe himſelf to the Mercy of Fortune: And that it is one of the greateſt Diſcretions in the Rule of War, not to drive an Enemy to Deſpair. *Sylla* and *Marius*, in the Aſſociate War, having defeated the *Marſians*; ſeeing yet a Body of Reſerve, that, prompted by Deſpair, was coming on like enraged Brutes to charge in upon them, thought it not convenient to ſtand their Charge. Had not Monſieur *De Foix*'s Ardour tranſported him ſo precipitouſly to purſue the Remains of the Victory of *Ravenna*, he had not obſcur'd it by his own Death. And yet the recent Memory of his Example ſerved to preſerve Monſieur *d'Anguien* from the ſame Misfortune at the Battle of *Seriſoles*. 'Tis dangerous to attack a Man you have deprived of all Means to eſcape, but by his Arms: For Neceſſity teaches violent Reſolutions: *Graviſſimi ſunt morſus irritatæ Neceſſitatis*: Enrag'd Neceſſity bites deep.*

Vincitur haud gratis jugulo qui provocat hoſtem†.

The Foe that meets the Sword ne'er *gratis* dies.

This was that made *Pharax* with-hold the King of *Lacedæmon*, who had won a Battle of the *Mantineans*, from going to charge a thouſand *Argians*, who were eſcaped in an entire Body from the Defeat; but rather let them ſteal off at Liberty, that he might not encounter Valour whetted and enraged by Miſchance; *Clodomire*, King of *Aquitaine*, after his Victory purſuing *Gondemar*, King of *Burgundy*, beaten, and making off as faſt as he could for Safety, compelled him to face about, and make head, wherein his Obſtinacy deprived him of the Fruit of his Conqueſt; for he there loſt his Life.

In like Manner, if a Man were to chuſe, whether he would have his Soldiers *Cinquant*, and richly accouter'd with Damaſk Arms, or armed only for neceſſary Defence;

* *Port. Lat. in Decla.* † *Luc. lib.* 4. *Mayes Luc.*

this

this Argument would ſtep in, in Favour of the firſt (of which Opinion was *Sertorius*, *Philopœmen*, *Brutus*, *Cæſar*, and others) that it is to a Soldier an Enflaming of Courage, and a Spur to Glory, to ſee himſelf brave, and withal an Imitation to be more obſtinate in Fight, having his Arms, which are in a Manner his Eſtate, and whole Inheritance, to defend; which is the Reaſon, ſays *Xenophon*, why thoſe of *Aſia* carried their Wives, Concubines, with their choiceſt Jewels, and greateſt Wealth, along with them to the Wars. But then theſe Arguments would be as ready to ſtand up for the other Side; that a General ought rather to render his Men careleſs and deſperate, than to increaſe their Solicitude of preſerving themſelves: That by this Means they will be in a double Fear of hazarding their Perſons; as it will be a double Temptation to the Enemy to fight with greater Reſolution, where ſo great Booty and ſo rich Spoils are to be obtained: And this very Thing has been obſerved in former Times, notably to encourage the *Romans* againſt the *Samnites*. *Antiochus* ſhewing *Hannibal* the Army he had raiſed, wonderfully ſplendid, and rich in all Sorts of Equipage, aſked him, If the *Romans* would be ſatisfied with that Army? Satisfied! replied the other, yes, doubtleſs, were their Avarice never ſo great. *Lycurgus* not only forbad his Soldiers all Manner of Bravery in their Equipage, but moreover to ſtrip their conquer'd Enemies, becauſe he would (as he ſaid) that Poverty and Frugality ſhould ſhine with the reſt of the Battle.

At Sieges and elſewhere, where Occaſion draws us near to the Enemy, we willingly ſuffer our Men to brave, rate, and affront the Enemy with all Sorts of injurious Language; and not without ſome Colour of Reaſon: For it is of no little Conſequence to take from them all Hopes of Mercy and Compoſition, in repreſenting to them, that there is no fair Quarter to be expected from an Enemy they have incenſed to that Degree, nor other Remedy remaining, but in the Victory. And yet *Vitellius* found himſelf deceived in his Way of Proceeding; for having to do with *Otho*, weaker in the Valour of his Soldiers, long unaccuſtom'd to War, and effeminated with the Delights of the City; he ſo nettled them at laſt with injurious Language, reproaching them with Cowardice, and the Regret of the Miſtreſſes,

the End, that being unexhauſted of her Stores, it might continually ſupply Men and Money at Need, that the Neceſſity of War requires at every Turn to ſpoil, and lay waſte the Country before them, which cannot very well be done upon one's own; to which may be added, that the Country People do not ſo eaſily digeſt ſuch a Havock by thoſe of their own Party, as from an Enemy, ſo that Seditions and Commotions might by ſuch Means be kindled amongſt us; that the Licence of Pillage and Plunder (which are not to be tolerated at home) is a great Eaſe and Refreſhment againſt the Fatigues and Sufferings of War; and that he who has no other Proſpect of Gain than his bare Pay, will hardly be kept from running Home, being but two Steps from his Wife and his own Houſe; that he who lays the Cloth, is ever at the Charge of the Feaſt: That there is more Alacrity in Aſſaulting than Defending; and that the Loſs of a Battle in our own Bowels gives ſo violent a Shock, as to endanger the disjointing of the whole Body, there being no Paſſion ſo contagious as that of Fear, that is ſo eaſily believed, or that ſo ſuddenly diffuſes it's Poiſon; and that the Cities that ſhould hear the Rattle of this Tempeſt, that ſhould take in their Captains and Soldiers, yet trembling and out of Breath, would be in Danger, in this Heat and Hurry, to precipitate themſelves upon ſome untoward Reſolution: Notwithſtanding all this, ſo it was, that he choſe to recal the Forces he had beyond the Mountains, and to ſuffer the Enemy to come to him. For he might, on the other Side, imagine, that being at Home, and amongſt his Friends, he could not fail of Plenty of all Manner of Conveniencies; the Rivers and Paſſes he had at his Devotion, would bring him in both Proviſions and Money in all Security, and without the Trouble of Convoy; that he ſhould find his Subjects by ſo much the more affectionate to him, by how much their Danger was more near and preſſing; that having ſo many Cities and Stops to ſecure him, it would be in his Power to give the Law of Battle at his own Opportunity and beſt Advantage; and if it pleaſed him to delay the Time, that, under Covert, and at his own Eaſe, he might ſee his Enemy founder, and defeat himſelf with the Difficulties he was certain to encounter, being engaged in an Enemy's Country, where before,

behind, and on every Side, War would be upon him; no Means to refreſh himſelf, or to enlarge his Quarters, ſhould Diſeaſes infeſt them, or to lodge his wounded Men in Safety: No Money, no Victuals, but all at the Point of the Lance; no Leiſure to repoſe and take Breath; no Knowledge of the Ways or Country, to ſecure him from Ambuſhes and Surprizes: And in Caſe of loſing a Battle, no poſſible Means of ſaving the Remains. Neither is there Want of Example in both theſe Caſes. *Scipio* thought it much better to go and attack his Enemy's Territories in *Africk*, than to ſtay at home to defend his own, and fight him in *Italy*; and it ſucceeded well with him: But, on the contrary, *Hannibal*, in the ſame War, ruin'd himſelf, by abandoning the Conqueſt of a ſtrange Country, to go defend his own. The *Athenians* having left the Enemy in their own Dominions, to go over into *Sicily*, were not favoured by Fortune in their Deſign; but *Agathocles*, King of *Syracuſe*, found her favourable to him, when he went over into *Africk*, and left the War at home. By which Examples, and divers others, we are wont to conclude, and with ſome Reaſon, that Events, eſpecially in War, do for the moſt Part depend upon Fortune, who will not be govern'd by, nor ſubmit unto human Prudence, according to the Poet,

Et male conſultis pretium eſt, prudentia fallax,
Nec fortuna probat cauſas, ſequiturque merentes:
Sed vaga per cunctos nullo diſcrimine fertur.
Scilicet eſt aliud quod nos cogatque, regatque
Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges.*

Prudence deceitful and uncertain is,
Ill Counſels ſometimes hit, where good Ones miſs;
Nor yet does Fortune the beſt Cauſe approve,
But wildly does, without Diſtinction, rove.
So that ſome greater and more conſtant Cauſe,
Rules and ſubjects us to more powerful Laws:

But if Things hit right, it ſhould ſeem that our Counſels and Deliberations depend as much upon Fortune, as any

* *Manil. Aſtron. lib.* 4.

Thing elſe we do, and that ſhe engages our very Reaſon and Arguments in her Uncertainty and Confuſion. We argue raſhly and adventurouſly, ſays *Timæus* in *Plato*, by Reaſon that, as well as ourſelves, our Diſcourſes have great Participation with the Temerity of Chance.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Of Horſes dreſſed to the Manage, called Deſtriers.

I AM now become a *Grammarian*; I, who never learned any Language but by rote, and who do not yet know *Adjective*, *Conjunctive*, or *Ablative*, think I have read, that the *Romans* had a Sort of Horſes by them called *Funales*, or *Dextrarios*, which were either Led-Horſes, or Horſes laid in at ſeveral Stages to be taken freſh upon Occaſion; and thence it is, that we call our Horſes of Service, *Deſtriers*: And our Romances commonly uſe the Phraſe of *Deſtrer* for *Accompagner*, to accompany. They alſo called theſe Horſes *Deſultorios Equos*, which were taught to run full Speed Side by Side, without Bridle or Saddle, ſo as that the *Roman* Gentlemen armed at all Pieces, would ſhift and throw themſelves from the one to the other. The *Numidian* Men at Arms had always a Led-Horſe in one Hand, beſides that they rode upon, to change in the Heat of Battle: *Quibus, Deſultorum in modum, binos trahentibus equos, inter acerrimam ſæpe pugnam in recentem equum ex feſſo armatis, tranſultare, mos erat. Tanta velocitas ipſis, tamque docile equorum genus**. *Whoſe Cuſtom it was, leading along two Horſes, after the Manner of the* Deſultorum, *armed as they were, in the Heat of Fight, to vault from a tired Horſe to a freſh one; ſo active were the Men, and the Horſes ſo docile.* There are many Horſes trained up to help their Riders, ſo as to run upon any one that appears with a drawn Sword, to fall

* *Liv. l.* 23.

both

both with Mouth and Heels upon any that front or oppoſe them: But it oft falls out, that they do more Harm to their Friends than their Enemies, conſidering that you cannot looſe them from their Hold, to reduce them again into Order, when they are once engaged and grappled; by which Means you remain at the Mercy of their ſenſeleſs Quarrel. It happened very ill to *Artibius*, General of the *Perſian* Army, fighting Man to Man with *Oneſilus*, King of *Salamis*, to be mounted upon a Horſe taught after this Manner, it being the Occaſion of his Death; the 'Squire of *Oneſilus* cleaving him down with a Scythe betwixt the Shoulders, as the Horſe was reared up upon his Maſter. And what the *Italians* report, That in the Battle of *Fornova*, King *Charles*'s Horſe, with Kicks and Plunges, diſengag'd his Maſter from the Enemy that preſſed upon him, without which he had been ſlain, ſounds odly, and he ran a very great Hazard, and came ſtrangely off, if it be true. The *Mamalukes* made their Boaſt, that they had the moſt ready Horſes of any Cavalry in the World; that by Nature and Cuſtom they were taught to know and diſtinguiſh the Enemy they were to fall foul upon with Mouth and Heels, according to a Word or Sign given: As alſo to gather up with their Teeth, Darts and Lances ſcattered upon the Field, and preſent them to their Riders, as they ſhould have Occaſion to uſe them. 'Tis ſaid both of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, that, amongſt other excellent Qualities they were Maſters of, they were both excellent Horſe-Men, and particularly of *Cæſar*, that in his Youth, being mounted on the bare Back, without Saddle or Bridle, he could make him run, ſtop, and turn, and perform all his Airs, with his Hands behind him. As Nature deſigned to make of his Perſon, and of *Alexander*, two Miracles of Military Art, ſo we may ſay, ſhe had done her utmoſt to arm them after an extraordinary Manner: For every one knows, that *Alexander*'s Horſe, *Bucephalus*, had a Head inclining to the Shape of a Bull, that he would ſuffer himſelf to be mounted and governed by none but his Maſter, and that he was ſo honoured after his Death, as to have a City erected to his Name. *Cæſar* had alſo another, that had Fore-feet like the Hands of a Man, his Hoof being divided in the Form of Fingers, and likewiſe was not to be ridden by any but

Cæſar himſelf; who, after his Death, dedicated his Statue to the Goddeſs *Venus*. I do not willingly alight when I am once on Horſe-back; for it is the Place where, whether well or ſick, I find myſelf moſt at Eaſe. *Plato* recommends it for Health; and alſo *Pliny* ſays, it is good for the Stomach and the Joints. We read in *Xenophon*, a Law, forbidding any one, who was Maſter of a Horſe, to travel on Foot. *Trogus* and *Juſtinus* ſay, That the *Parthians* were wont to perform all Offices and Ceremonies, not only in War, but alſo all Affairs, whether publick or private, make Bargains, confer, entertain, take the Air, and all on Horſe-back; and that the greateſt Diſtinction betwixt Freemen and Slaves amongſt them, was, that the one rode on Horſe-back, and the other went on Foot: An Inſtitution of which King *Cyrus* was the Founder. There are ſeveral Examples in the *Roman* Hiſtory (and *Suetonius* more particularly obſerves it in *Cæſar*) of Captains, who, in preſſing Occaſions, commanded their Cavalry to alight, both by that Means to take from them all Hopes of Flight, as alſo for the Advantage they hoped for in this Sort of Flight. *Quo haud dubie ſuperat* Romanus: *Wherein the* Romans *did, queſtionleſs, excel:* So ſays *Livy**; however, the firſt Thing they did to prevent the Mutinies and Inſurrections of Nations of late Conqueſt, was to take from them their Arms and Horſes: And therefore it is that we ſo often meet in *Cæſar*; *Arma proferri, jumenta produci, obſides dari jubet*†: *He commanded the Arms to be produced, the Horſes brought out, and Hoſtages to be given.* The *Grand Seignior*, to this Day, ſuffers not a *Chriſtian* or a *Jew* to keep a Horſe of his own throughout his Empire. Our Anceſtors, at the Time they had War with the *Engliſh*, in all their greateſt Engagements and pitch'd Battles, fought for the moſt Part on Foot, that they might have nothing but their own Force, Courage, and Conſtancy to truſt to, in a Quarrel of ſo great Concern as Life and Honour. You ſtake (whatever *Chryſantes* in *Xenophon* ſays to the contrary) your Valour and your Fortune, upon that of your Horſe; his Wound or Death brings your Perſon into the ſame Danger;

* *Liv. l.* 3. † *Cæſar's Com.*

his

his Fear or Fury ſhall make you be reputed raſh or cowardly; if he have an ill Mouth, or will not anſwer to the Spur, your Honour muſt anſwer it: And therefore I do not think it ſtrange, that thoſe Battles I ſpoke of before were more firm and furious than thoſe that are fought on Horſe-back.

——Cedebant pariter, pariterque ruebant
Victores victique, neque his fuga nota, neque illis.*

They charg'd together, and did ſo retreat
The Victors, and the vanquiſhed; nor yet
The Knack of running was unto the one,
Or to the other of the Parties known.

Their Battles were much better diſputed: Now-a-days there are nothing but Routs; *Primus clamor, atque impetus rem decernit: The firſt Shout, or the firſt Charge, puts an End to the Buſineſs:* And the Arms we chooſe to make Uſe of in ſo great a Hazard, ſhould be as much as poſſible at our own Command: Wherefore I ſhould adviſe to chooſe them of the ſhorteſt Sort, and ſuch of which we are able to give the beſt Account. A Man may repoſe more Confidence in a Sword he holds in his Hand, than in a Bullet he diſcharges out of a Piſtol, wherein there muſt be a Concurrence of ſeveral Executions, to make it perform it's Office, the Powder, the Stone, and the Wheel, if any of which fail, it at leaſt endangers your Fortune: A Man ſtrikes much ſurer than the Air directs him.

Et quo ferre velint permittere vulnera ventis,
Enſis habet vires, & gens quæcunque virorum eſt
Bella gerit gladiis†.

——————— Far off with Bows
They ſhoot, and where it lifts the Wind boſtows
Their Wounds; but Fight of Sword does Strength require,
All manly Nations the Sword-Fight deſire‡.

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* *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 10. † *Lucan. l.* 8.
‡ Mr. *May*'s Tranſ.

But of that Weapon I ſhall ſpeak more fully, when I come to compare the Arms of the Ancients with thoſe of modern Uſe, though by the Way, the Aſtoniſhment of the Ear abated, which every one grows familiar with in a little Time. I look upon it as a Weapon of very little Execution, and hope we ſhall one Day lay it aſide. That miſſile Weapon which the *Italians* formerly made Uſe of both with Fire and without, was much more terrible: They called a certain Kind of *Javelin* armed at the Point with an Iron three Foot long, that it might pierce through and through an armed Man, *Phalarica*, which they ſometimes in Field-ſervice darted by Hand: Sometimes from ſeveral Sorts of Engines for the Defence of beleagured Places: The Shaft whereof being rolled round with Flax, Wax, Roſin, Oil, and other combuſtible Matter, took Fire in it's Flight, and lighting upon the Body of a Man, or his Target, took away all the Uſe of Arms and Limbs. And yet coming to cloſe fight, I ſhould think they ſhould alſo endamage the Aſſailant, and that the Camp being as it were planted with theſe Flaming *Truncheons*, ſhould produce a common Inconvenience to the whole Crowd.

——*Magnum ſtridens contorta Phalarica venit,*
Fulminis acta modo——*.

——The Comet like *Phalarica* does fly,
With a huge Noiſe like Lightning through the Sky.

They had moreover other Devices which Cuſtom made them perfect in (which will ſeem incredible to us who have not ſeen them) by which they ſupply'd the Effects of our Powder and Shot. They darted their Piles with ſo great Violence, as oft-times transfixed two Targets, and two armed Men at once, and pinned them together. Neither was the Effect of their Slings leſs certain of Execution, or of ſhorter Carriage: *Saxis globoſis funda, mare apertum inceſſantes; coronas modici circuli magno ex intervallo loci aſſueti trajicere; non capita modo hoſtium vulnerabant, ſed quem*

* *Virg. Æneid.* 9.

locum

locum deſtinaſſent *: *Culling round Stones from the Shore for their Slings: And with them practiſing at a great Diſtance to throw through a Circle of very ſmall Circumference, they would not only wound an Enemy in the Head, but hit any other Part at Pleaſure.* Their Pieces of Battery had not only the Execution, but the Thunder of our Cannon alſo: *Ad ictus mœnium cum terribili ſonitu editos, pavor & trepidatio cœpit* †: *At the Battery of the Walls, which is performed with a dreadful Noiſe, the Defendants began to fear and tremble within.* The *Gauls*, our Kinſmen in *Aſia*, abominated theſe treacherous miſſile Arms, it being their Uſe to fight with greater Bravery Hand to Hand. *Non tam patentibus plagis moventur, ubi latior, quam altior plaga eſt, etiam glorioſius ſe pugnare putant; iidem quum aculeus ſagittæ aut glandis abditæ introrſus tenui vulnere in ſpeciem urit; tum in rabiem & pudorem tam parva perire peſte: verſi, proſternunt corpora humi* ‡: *They are not ſo much concerned at large Wounds; when a Wound is wider than deep, they think they have fought with greater Glory: But when they find themſelves tormented within, under the Aſpect of a ſlight Wound, with the Point of a Dart, or ſome concealed glandulous Body, then tranſported with Fury and Shame, to periſh by ſo ſmall and contemptible an Officer of Death, they fall to the Ground*; an Expreſſion of ſomething very like a Muſket-Shot. The ten thouſand *Greeks* in their long and famous Retreat, met with a Nation who very much galled them with great and ſtrong Bows, carrying Arrows ſo long, that taking them up one might return them back like a Dart, and with them pierce a Buckler, and an armed Man through and through. The Engines of *Dyoniſius*'s Invention at *Syracuſe*, to ſhoot vaſt maſſy Darts, and Stones of a prodigious Greatneſs with ſo great Impetuoſity, and at ſo great a Diſtance, came very near to our modern Inventions. But in this Diſcourſe of Horſes and Horſemanſhip, we are not to forget the pleaſant Poſture of one *Maiſtre Pierre Pol*, a Doctor of Divinity, upon his Mule, whom *Menſtrelet* reports always to have rid aſide through the Streets of *Paris* like a Woman. He

* *Liv. l.* 38. † *Id. Ibid.* ‡ *Id. Ibid.*

ſays alſo elſewhere, that the *Gaſcons* had terrible Horſes, that would wheel, and make the *Pirouette* in their full Speed, which the *French*, *Piccards*, *Dutch*, and *Brabanters* looked upon as a Miracle, having never ſeen the like before; which are his very Words. *Cæſar* ſpeaking of the *Swedes*, in the Charges they make on Horſe-back, ſays he, they often throw themſelves off to fight on Foot, having taught their Horſes not to ſtir in the mean Time from the Place, to which they preſently run again upon Occaſion; and according to their Cuſtom nothing is ſo unmanly and ſo baſe as to uſe Saddles or Pads, and they deſpiſe ſuch as make Uſe of thoſe Conveniencies: Inſomuch that being but a very few in Number, they fear not to attack a great many. That which I have formerly wondered at, to ſee a Horſe made to perform all his Airs with a Switch only, and the Reins upon his Neck, was common with the *Maſſilians*, who rid their Horſes without Saddle or Bridle.

Et gens quæ nudo reſidens Maſſilia dorſo,
Ora levi flectit frænorum neſcia virga,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt *.

Maſſilians who on the bare Backs do ride,
And with a Switch, not knowing Bridle's Guide
The manag'd Steed, and fierce *Numidians* too
That uſe no Rein, begirt us round.

Equi ſine frænis deformis ipſe curſus, rigida cervice, & extento capite currentium †: *The Career of a Horſe without a Bridle muſt needs be ungrateful, his Neck being extended ſtiff, and his Noſe thruſt out.* King *Alphonſo*, he who firſt inſtituted the Order *des Chevaliers de la Bande*, or *de l'Eſcherpe* in *Spain*, amongſt other Rules of the Order gave them this, That they ſhould never ride Mule or Mulet, upon Penalty of a Mark of Silver; which I had lately out of *Guevara*'s Letters, which whoever gave them the Title of golden Epiſtles, had another Kind of Opinion of them

* *Æneid. l.* 4. † *Liv. l.* 35.

than

than I have, and perhaps ſaw more in them than I do. The Courtier ſays, that till his Time it was a Diſgrace to a Gentleman to ride one of thoſe Creatures: But the *Abyſſines* on the contrary, as they are nearer advanc'd to the Perſon of *Preſtor John*, do affect to be mounted upon large Mules, for the greater Dignity and Grandeur. *Xenophon* tells us, that the *Aſſyrians* were fain to keep their Horſes fetter'd in the Stable, they were ſo fierce and vicious: And that it required ſo much Time to looſe and harneſs them, that to avoid any Diſorder this tedious Preparation might bring upon them, in caſe of Surpriſe, they never ſat down in their Camp, till it was firſt well fortified with Ditches and Rampiers. His *Cyrus*, who was ſo great a Maſter in all manner of Horſe Service, kept his Horſes to their Ordinary, and never ſuffer'd them to have any Thing to eat till firſt they had earn'd it by the Sweat of ſome kind of Exerciſe. The *Scythians*, when in the Field, and in Scarcity of Proviſions, us'd to let their Horſes Blood, which they drank and ſuſtain'd themſelves by that Diet.

Venit & epoto Sarmata paſtus equo.*

The *Scythian* alſo comes without Remorſe,
Having before quaſt up his bleeding Horſe.

Thoſe of *Crotta* being beſieg'd by *Metellus*, were in ſo great Neceſſity for Drink, that they were fain to quench their Thirſt with their Horſes Urine: And to ſhew how much better cheap, the *Turkiſh* Armies ſupport themſelves than our *European* Forces, 'tis ſaid, that beſides that the Soldiers drink nothing but Water and eat nothing but Rice and Salt Fleſh pulveriz'd (of which every one may eaſily carry about with him a Month's Proviſion) they know how to feed upon the Blood of their Horſes, as well as the *Muſcovite* and *Tartar*, and ſalt it for their Uſe. Theſe new diſcover'd People of the *Indies*, when the *Spaniards* firſt landed amongſt them, had ſo great an Opinion both of the Men and Horſes, that they look'd upon the firſt as Gods,

* *Mart. l.* 2.

and

and the other Animals ennobled above their Nature. Inſomuch that after they were ſubdu'd, coming to ſue for Peace, and to bring them Gold and Proviſions, they fail'd not to preſent the ſame to the Horſes, with the ſame kind of Harangue to them, which they had made to the other; interpreting their Neighing for a Language of Truce and Friendſhip. In theſe nearer *Indies*, to ride upon an Elephant was the firſt Place of Honour, the ſecond to ride in a Coach with four Horſes, the third to ride upon a Camel, and the laſt to be carried, or drawn by one Horſe only. Some one of our late Writers tells us, that he has been in a Country in thoſe Parts, where they ride upon Oxen with Pads, Stirrups, and Bridles, and very much at their Eaſe. *Quintus Fabius Maximus Rutilianus*, in a Battle with the *Samnites*, ſeeing his Cavalry, after three or four Charges, had fail'd of breaking into the Enemies main Body, took this Courſe to make them unbridle all their Horſes; ſo that having nothing to check their Career, they might through Weapons and Men, open the Way for his Foot, who by that Means gave them a bloody Defeat. The ſame Command was given by *Quintus Fulvius Flaccus* againſt the *Celtiberians: Id cum majore vi equorum facietis, ſi effrænatos in hoſtes equos immittatis; quod ſæpe Romanos equites cum laude faciſſe memoriæ proditum eſt. Detractiſque frænis bis ultro citroque cum magna ſtrage hoſtium, infractis omnibus haſtis, tranſcurrerunt* *. *You will do your Buſineſs with greater Advantage of your Horſes Strength, if you ſpur them unbridled upon the Enemy, as it is recorded the* Roman *Horſe to their great Glory have often done. And their Bits being pull'd off without breaking a Launce, to have charg'd through and through, with great Slaughter of the Enemy:* The Duke of *Muſcovy* was anciently oblig'd to pay this Reverence to the *Tartars*, that when they ſent any Embaſſy to him, he went out to meet the Embaſſadors on Foot, and preſented them with a Mazer, or Goblet of Mare's Milk (a Beverage of greateſt Eſteem among them) and ſo great, that if in drinking, a Drop fell by Chance upon the Horſe's Main, they thought themſelves indiſpen-

* *Liv. l.* 40.

[ſably

ſably bound to lick it off with their Tongue: The Army that *Bajazet* had ſent into *Ruſſia*, was overwhelm'd with ſo dreadful a Tempeſt of Snow, that to ſhelter, and preſerve themſelves from ſtarving, many ript up, and embowell'd their Horſes, to creep into their Bellies, and enjoy the Benefit of that vital Heat. *Bajazet*, after that furious Battle wherein he was overthrown by *Tamerlane*, was in a hopeful Way of ſecuring his own Perſon by the Fleetneſs of an *Arabian* Mare he had under him, had he not been conſtrain'd to let her drink her Fill at the Ford of a River in his Way, which render'd her ſo heavy and indiſpos'd, that he was afterwards eaſily overtaken by thoſe that purſu'd him: They ſay indeed that to let a Horſe ſtale takes him off his Mettle, but I ſhould rather have thought that drinking would have refreſh'd her, and reviv'd her Spirits: *Cræſus* marching his Army through certain Furzs, near *Sardis*, met with an infinite Number of Serpents, which the Horſes devoured with great Appetite, and which *Herodotus* ſays was a Prodigy of ominous Portent to his Affairs. We call a Horſe *Cheval entier*, that has his Main, Ears, and other Parts entire, and no other will paſs Muſter. The *Lacedæmonians* having defeated the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, returning triumphant from the Victory into the City of *Syracuſa*, amongſt other Inſolencies, caus'd all the Horſes they had taken to be ſhorn, and led in Triumph. *Alexander* fought with a Nation call'd *Daæ*; a People whoſe Diſcipline it was to march two and two together, arm'd on Horſe-back to the War, and being in Fight one always alighted, and ſo they fought one while on Horſe-back and another on Foot, one after another by Turns. I do not think that for graceful Riding, any Nation in the World excels the *French*; though a good Horſeman, according to our Way of ſpeaking, ſeems rather to reſpect the Courage of the Man than his Horſemanſhip and Addreſs in riding. Of all that ever I ſaw the moſt knowing in that Art, that had the beſt Seat, and the beſt Method in breaking Horſes, was *Monſieur de Carnevalet*, who ſerved our King *Henry* the Second: I have ſeen a Man ride with both his Feet upon the Saddle, take off the Saddle, and at his Return take it up again, refit, and remount it, riding all the while full Speed: Having gallop'd over a Bonnet, make at it

very good Shots, backward with his Bow, take up any thing from the Ground, ſetting one Foot down, and the other in the Stirrup; with twenty other Apes-tricks, which he got his living by. There has been ſeen, in my Time, at *Conſtantinople*, two Men upon an Horſe, who in the Height of his Speed would throw themſelves off, and into the Saddle again by Turn, and one who bridled and ſaddled his Horſe with nothing but his Teeth. Another who betwixt two Horſes, one Foot upon one Saddle, and another upon the other, carrying another upon his Shoulders; would ride full Career, the other ſtanding bolt upright upon him, making very good Shots with his Bow. Several who would ride full Speed with their Heels upwards, and their Hands upon the Saddle betwixt ſeveral *Scymiters*, with the Points upward fix'd in the Harneſs. When I was a Boy, the Prince of *Salmona*, riding a rough Horſe at *Naples* to all his Airs, held Reals under his Knees and Toes; as if they had been nail'd there, to ſhew the Firmneſs of his Seat.

CHAP. XLIX.

Of Ancient Cuſtoms.

I Should willingly pardon our People for admitting no other Pattern, or Rule of Perfection, than their own peculiar Manners, and Cuſtoms. It being a common Vice, not of the Vulgar only, but almoſt of all Men, to walk in the beaten Road their Anceſtors have trod before them: I am content when they ſee *Fabricius* or *Lælius*, that they look upon their Countenance and Behaviour as barbarous, ſeeing they are neither clothed nor faſhion'd according to our Mode. But I find Fault with their Singularity, when it arrives to that Degree of Indiſcretion, as to ſuffer themſelves to be ſo impos'd upon by Authority of the preſent Cuſtom, as every Month to alter their Opinion, if Cuſtom ſo require, and that they ſhould ſo vary their Judgment in their own particular Concern: When they wore the Belly-pieces of their

their Doublets up as high as their Breaſts, they ſtiffly maintain'd that they were in their proper Place: Some Years after they were ſlipt down between their Thighs, and then they could laugh at the former Faſhion as uneaſy and intolerable. The Faſhion now in Uſe makes them abſolutely condemn the other two, with ſo great Indignation, and ſo univerſal Contempt, that a Man would think, there was a certain kind of Madneſs crept in amongſt them, that infatuates their Underſtandings, to this ſtrange Degree. Now ſeeing that our Change of Faſhions is ſo prompt and ſudden, that the Inventions of all the Taylors in the World cannot furniſh out new Whim-whams enough to feed our Vanity withal; there will often be a Neceſſity, that the deſpiſed ones muſt again come in Vogue, and even thoſe immediately after fall into the ſame Contempt; and that the ſame Judgment muſt, in the Space of fifteen or twenty Years, take up not only different, but contrary Opinions, with an incredible Lightneſs and Inconſtancy: There is not any of us ſo cautious and diſcreet, that ſuffers not himſelf to be gull'd with this Contradiction, and both in external and internal Sight to be inſenſibly blinded. I will here muſter up ſome old Cuſtoms, that I have in Memory, ſome of them the ſame with ours, the other different, to the End, that bearing in Mind this continual Variation of human Things, we may have our Judgments clearer, and more firmly ſettled: The thing in uſe amongſt us of fighting with Rapier and Cloak, was in Practice amongſt the *Romans* alſo, *Siniſtris ſagos involvant, gladioſque diſtringunt* *. *They wrapp'd their Cloaks upon the Left Arm, and handled the Sword with the Right*, ſays *Cæſar*; And I obſerve an old vicious Cuſtom of our Nation, which continues yet amongſt us, which is to ſtop Paſſengers we meet upon the Road, to compel them to give an Account who they are; and to take it for an Injury, and juſt Cauſe of Quarrel, if they refuſe to do it: At the Bath, which the Ancients made Uſe of every Day before they went to Dinner, and as frequently as we waſh our Hands, they at firſt only bath'd their Arms and Legs, but afterwards,

* *Cæſar de bello civili, lib.* 1.

and

and by a Cuſtom that has continued for many Ages in moſt Nations of the World, they bath'd ſtark naked in mix'd and perfum'd Water: The moſt delicate and affected, perfum'd themſelves all over three or four Times a Day. They often caus'd their Hair to be pincht off; as the Women of *France* have ſome Time ſince, taken up a Cuſtom to do their Foreheads.

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis *.

How doſt thou twitch thy Breaſt, thy Arms and Thighs.

Though they had Ointments proper for that Purpoſe.

Pſilotro nitet, aut arida latet abdita creta §.

This in Wild-vine ſhines, or elſe doth calk,
Her Rank pores up in a dry Cruſt of Chalk.

They delighted to lye ſoft, and pretended it for a great Teſtimony of Hardineſs, to lye upon a Matraſs. They did eat lying upon Beds, much after the Manner of the *Turks* in this Age.

Inde thoro pater Æneas ſic orſus ab alto †.

Then thus *Æneas* from his Bed of State,
Begun *Troy*'s woful Story to relate.

And 'tis ſaid of the younger *Cato*, that after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, being entered into a melancholick Diſpoſition, at the ill Poſture of the publick Affairs he took his Repoſe always ſitting, aſſuming a ſtrict and ſevere Courſe of Life. It was alſo their Cuſtom to kiſs the Hands of great Perſons; the more and better to honour and careſs them: And meeting with their Equals, they always kiſs'd in Salutation, as do the *Venetians*.

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* *Mart. lib.* 2. *Epig.* 62.
† *Æneid. l.* 2.
§ *Id. lib.* 6. *Epi.* 93.

Grate-

Gratatuſque darem cum dulcibus oſcula verbis *

And kindeſt Words I would with Kiſſes mix.

In petitioning, or ſaluting any great Man, they us'd to lay their Hands upon his Knees. *Faſicles*, the Philoſopher and Brother of *Crates*, inſtead of laying his Hand upon the Knee, laid it upon his private Parts, and being rudely repulſs'd by him to whom he made that indecent Compliment; What, ſaid he, is not that Part your own as well as the other? They us'd to eat their Fruits as we do after Dinner. They wiped their Arſes (let the Ladies, if they pleaſe, mince it ſmaller) with a Spunge; which is the Reaſon that *Spongia* is a ſmutty Word in *Latin*; which Spunge was alſo faſtened to the End of a Stick, as appears by the Story of him, who, as he was led along to be thrown to the wild Beaſts in the Sight of the People, aſking Leave to do his Buſineſs, and having no other Ways to diſpatch himſelf, forc'd the Spunge and Stick down his own Throat and choaked himſelf. They us'd to terge after Coition with perfum'd Wool.

At tibi nil faciam, ſed lota mentula lana †.

They uſed in the Streets of *Rome* to place certain Veſſels and little Tubs for Paſſengers to piſs in.

Pueri ſæpe lacum propter, ſe ac dolia curta,
Somno devincti credunt, extollere veſtem §.

Boys dream of piſſing in the Tub and Lake,
And find themſelves bepiſt when they awake.

They uſed to collation betwixt Meals, and had in Summer Cellars of Snow to cool their Wine; and ſome there were

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* *Ovid de pont. lib.* 4. *Eleg.* 9. † *Mart. lib.* 11. *Epiſt.* 50.
§ *Lucret. l.* 4.

who

who made Uſe of Snow in Winter, not thinking their Wine cool enough at that cold Seaſon of the Year. The Men of Quality had their Cup-bearers and Carvers, and their Buffoons to make them Sport: They had their Meat ſerved up in Winter upon a Sort of Chafing-Diſhes; which were ſet upon the Table, and had portable Kitchens (of which I myſelf have ſeen ſome) wherein all their Service was carried after them.

Has vobis epulas habete lauti.
Nos offendimur ambulante Cœna *.

Thoſe Feaſts, by you indeed, are highly priz'd,
At walking Suppers we are ſcandaliz'd.

In Summer they had a Contrivance to bring freſh and clear Rills through their lower Rooms, wherein were great Store of living Fiſh, which the Gueſts took out with their own Hands to be dreſs'd; every Man according to his own Liking. Fiſh has ever had this Pre-eminence, and keeps it ſtill, that the great ones all pretend to be Cooks in their Favour; and indeed, the Taſte is more delicate than that of Fleſh, at leaſt to me. But in all Sorts of Magnificence, Debauchery, and voluptuous Inventions of Effeminacy and Expence, we do, in Truth, all we can to parallel them; for our Wills are as corrupt as theirs: But we want Power to reach them; and our Force is more able to reach them in their vicious, than in their virtuous Qualities; for both the one and the other proceed from a Vigour of Soul, which was without Compariſon greater in them than in us: And Souls by how much the weaker they are, by ſo much have they leſs Power to do, very well, or very ill: The higheſt Place of Hônour amongſt them was the Middle; the Name going before, and that following after, either in Writing or Speaking, had no Signification of Grandeur, as is evident by their Writings; they will ſooner ſay *Oppius* and *Cæſar*, than *Cæſar* and *Oppius*, and me and thee, than thee and me, which is the Reaſon that made me formerly

* *Mart. l.* 7. *Epig.* 47.

take

take Notice in the Life of *Flaminius*, in our *French Plutarch*, of one Paſſage, where it ſeems as if the Author ſpeaking of the Jealouſy of Honour, betwixt the *Ætolians* and *Romans*, about the winning of a Battle they had with their joint Forces obtain'd, made it of ſome Importance, that in the *Greek* Songs they had put the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*: If there be no Amphibology, or double Dealing in the Words of the *French* Tranſlation; an Inſtance of which I preſent you out of *Plutarch*, though *Monſieur de Montaigne* did not think it worth repeating.

Here, friendly Paſſenger, we buried lye,
Without Friends, Tears, or Fun'ral Obſequy,
Full thirty thouſand Men in Battle ſlain
By the Ætolians, *on* Theſſalian *Plain;*
And Latines, *whom* Flaminius *led on,*
And brought from Italy *to* Macedon.
With his fierce Valour, when faint Philip *fled*
With greater Speed to ſave his tim'rous Head,
Than Hart or Hind, when Dogs upon the Trace,
Through Woods purſue them with a full Cry Chace *.

The Ladies in their Baths made no Scruple of admitting Men amongſt them, and moreover made Uſe of their Serving-Men to rub and anoint them:

Inguina ſuccinctus nigra tibi ſervus alutâ
Stat, quoties calidis nuda foveris aquis §.

They all powdered themſelves with a certain Powder, to moderate their Sweats. The ancient *Gauls*, ſays *Sidonius Apollinaris*, wore their Hair long before, and the hinder Part of the Head cut ſhort, a Faſhion that begins to be reviv'd in this vicious and effeminate Age. The *Romans*

* *Plut. vit. Tit. Quint. Flaminius.* § *Mart. lib. Epig.* 34.

uſed to pay the Watermen their Fare at their firſt ſtepping into the Boat, which we never do 'till after landing.

Dum as exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora *.

Whilſt the Fare's paying, and the Mule is ty'd,
A whole Hour's Time, at leaſt, away doth ſlide.

The Women uſed to lye on that Side the Bed next the Wall; And for that Reaſon they call'd *Cæſar, Spondam Regis Nicomedis,* one of the greateſt Blemiſhes in his Life, and that gave Occaſion to his Soldiers to ſing to his Face,

Gallias Cæſar ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem †.

Cæſar the *Gauls* ſubdu'd, 'tis true,
But *Nicomedes Cæſar* did ſubdue.

Ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias,
Nicomedes non triumphat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem ‡.

See *Cæſar* triumphs now for conqu'ring *Gaul*,
For conqu'ring him, King *Nicomede* at all
No Triumph has.

They took Breath in their Drinking, and daſh'd their Wine,

Quis puer ocius
Reſtinguet ardentis falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha ‖?

What pretty Boy's at Leiſure to come in,
And cool the Heat of the *Falernian* Wine,
With the clear gliding Stream?

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 5. † *Suet. in vita Cæſ.* ‡ *Id. eod.* not quoted by *Montaigne.* ‖ *Hor. lib.* 7. *Ode.* 11.

And

And the roguiſh Looks and Geſtures of our Lacqueys was alſo in Uſe amongſt them.

O Jane, *à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,*
Nec manus auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ quantum ſitiet canis Apula tantum *.

O *Janus*, who both Ways a Spy doſt wear,
So that no Scoffer, though behind thee, dare
Make a Stork's-Bill, Aſs-Ears, or far more long,
Than thirſty panting Curs ſhoot out their Tongue.

The *Argian* and *Roman* Ladies always mourn'd in White, as ours did formerly here; and ſhould do ſtill, were I to govern in this Point. But there are whole Books of this Argument.

CHAP. L.

Of Democritus *and* Heraclitus.

THE Judgment is an Utenſil proper for all Subjects, and will have an Oar in every Thing; which is the Reaſon, that in theſe Eſſays I take Hold of all Occaſions; where, though it happen to be a Subject I do not very well underſtand, I try however, ſounding it at a Diſtance, and finding it too deep for my Stature, I keep me on the firm Shore: And this Knowledge that a Man can proceed no farther, is one Effect of it's Virtue, even in the moſt inconſidering ſort of Men. One while in an idle and frivolous Subject, I try to find out Matter whereof to compoſe a Body, and then to prop and ſupport it. Another while I employ it in a noble Subject, one that has been toſt and tumbled by a thouſand Hands, wherein a Man can

* *Perſius, Sat.* 1.

hardly poſſibly introduce any Thing of his own, the Way being ſo beaten on every Side, that he muſt of Neceſſity walk in the Steps of another. In ſuch a Caſe, 'tis the Work of the Judgment to take the Way that ſeems beſt, and of a thouſand Paths, to determine that this or that was the beſt choſen. I leave the Choice of my Arguments to Fortune, and take what ſhe firſt preſents me with; they are all alike to me, I never deſign to go through any of them; for I never ſee all of any Thing: Neither do they who ſo largely promiſe to ſhew it to others. Of a hundred Members and Faces that every Thing has, I take one, one while to look it over only, another while to ripple up the Skin, and ſometimes to pinch it to the Bones: I give a Stab, not ſo wide but as deep as I can; and am for the moſt Part tempted to take it in Hand by ſome abſolute Gracefulneſs I diſcover in it. Did I know myſelf leſs, I might, perhaps, venture to handle ſomething or other to the Bottom, and to be deceiv'd by my own Inability; but ſprinkling here one Word, and there another, Patterns cut from ſeveral Pieces and ſcatter'd without Deſign, and without engaging myſelf too far, I am not reſponſible for them, or oblig'd to keep cloſe to my Subject, without varying at my own Liberty and Pleaſure, and giving up myſelf to Doubt and Incertainty, and to my own governing Method, Ignorance. All Motions diſcover us. The very ſame Soul of *Cæſar*, that made itſelf ſo conſpicuous in marſhalling and commanding the Battle of *Pharſalia*, was alſo ſeen as ſolicitous and buſy in the ſofter Affairs of Love. A Man makes a Judgment of a Horſe, not only by ſeeing his Menage in his Airs, but by his very Walk; nay, and by ſeeing him ſtand in the Stable. Amongſt the Functions of the Soul, there are ſome of a lower and meaner Form, and he that does not ſee her in thoſe inferior Offices, as well as thoſe of nobler Note, never fully diſcover her; and peradventure, ſhe is beſt diſcover'd where ſhe moves her own natural Pace. The Winds of Paſſion take moſt Hold of her in her higheſt Flights; and the rather, by reaſon that ſhe wholly applies herſelf to, and exerciſes her whole Virtue upon every particular Subject, and never handles more than one Thing at a Time, and that not according to it, but according to herſelf. Things in reſpect to themſelves, have, peradventure, their Weight,

Meaſures and Conditions; but when we once take them into us, the Soul forms them as ſhe pleaſes. Death is terrible to *Cicero*, coveted by *Cato*, and indifferent to *Socrates*. Health, Conſcience, Authority, Knowledge, Riches, Beauty, and their Contraries, do all ſtrip themſelves at their entering into us, and receive a new Robe, and of another Faſhion, from every diſtinct Soul, and of what Colour, Brown, Bright, Green, Dark; and Quality, Sharp, Sweet, Deep, or Superficial, as beſt pleaſes them; for they are not yet agreed upon any common Standard of Forms, Rules, or Proceedings; every one of them is a Queen in her own Dominions. Let us therefore no more excuſe ourſelves upon the external Qualities of Things; it belongs to us to give ourſelves an Account of them. Our Good or Ill has no other Dependance but on ourſelves. 'Tis there that our Offerings and our Vows are due, and not to Fortune: She has no Power over our Manners; on the contrary, they draw and make her follow in their Train, and caſt her in their own Mould. Why ſhould not I cenſure *Alexander*, roaring and drinking at the prodigious Rate he ſometimes uſed to do? Or, if he plaid at Cheſs, what String of his Soul was not touched by this idle and childiſh Game? I hate and avoid it, becauſe it is not Play enough, that it is too grave and ſerious a Diverſion, and I am aſham'd to lay out as much Thought and Study upon that, as would ſerve to much better Uſes. He did not more pump his Brains about his glorious Expedition into the *Indies*; and another whom I will not name, took no more Pains to unravel a Paſſage, upon which depends the Safety of all Mankind. To what a Degree then does this ridiculous Diverſion moleſt the Soul, when all her Faculties ſhall be ſummon'd together upon this trivial Account? And how fair an Opportunity ſhe herein gives every one to know, and to make a right Judgment of himſelf? I do not more thoroughly fiſt myſelf in any other Poſture than this. What Paſſion are we exempted from in this inſignificant Game? Anger, Spite, Malice, Impatience, and a vehement Deſire of getting the better in a Concern, wherein it were more excuſable, to be ambitious of being overcome: For to be eminent, and to excel above the common Rate in frivolous Things, is nothing graceful in a Man of Quality and Honour. What I ſay in this Example,

may be ſaid in all others. Every Particle, every Employment of Man, does exalt or accuſe him, equally with any other. *Democritus* and *Heraclitus* were two Philoſophers, the firſt of whom finding human Condition ridiculous and vain, never appear'd abroad but with a jeering and laughing Countenance: Whereas *Heraclitus* commiſerating that Condition of ours, appear'd always with a ſorrowful Look, and Tears in his Eyes.

Alter
Ridebat quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius alter *.

One always, when he o'er his Threſhold ſtept,
Laugh'd at the World, the other always wept.

I am clearly for the firſt Humour; not becauſe it is more pleaſant to laugh than to weep, but becauſe it is ruder, and expreſſes more Contempt than the other; becauſe I think we can never be ſufficiently deſpiſed to our Deſert. Compaſſion and Bewailing ſeem to employ ſome Eſteem of, and Value for the Thing bemoan'd: Whereas the Things we laugh at, are by that expreſſed to be of no Moment or Repute. I do not think that we are ſo unhappy as we are vain, or have in us ſo much Malice as Folly; we are not ſo full of Miſchief as Inanity; nor ſo miſerable as we are vile and mean. And therefore *Diogenes*, who paſt away his Time in rolling himſelf in his Tub, and made nothing of the great *Alexander*, eſteeming us no better than Flies, or Bladders puft up with Wind, was a ſharper and more penetrating, and conſequently, in my Opinion, a juſter Judge, than *Timon*, firnam'd the *Man-hater*; for what a Man hates, he lays to Heart: This laſt was an Enemy to all Mankind, did poſitively deſire our Ruin, and avoided our Converſation as dangerous, proceeding from wicked and depray'd Natures: The other valu'd us ſo little, that we could neither trouble nor infect him by our Contagion; and left us to herd with one another, not out of Fear, but Contempt

* *Juven. Sat.* 10.

of

of our Society: Concluding us as incapable of doing Good as Ill. Of the ſame Strain was *Statilius*'s Anſwer, when *Brutus* courted him into the Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar*: *He was ſatisfy'd that the Enterprize was juſt; but he did not think Mankind ſo conſiderable, as to deſerve a wiſe Man's Concern*: According to the Doctrine of *Hegeſias*; who ſaid, *That a wiſe Man ought to do nothing but for himſelf, foraſmuch as he only was worthy of it*: And to the Saying of *Theodorus*, *That it was not reaſonable a wiſe Man ſhould hazard himſelf for his Country, and endanger Wiſdom for a Company of Fools.* Our Condition is as ridiculous as riſible.

CHAP. LI.

Of the Vanity of Words.

A *Rhetorician* of Times paſt, ſaid, That to make little Things appear great, was his Profeſſion. This alſo a Shoemaker can do; he can make a great Shoe for a little Foot: They would in *Sparta* have ſent ſuch a Fellow to be whipp'd, for making Profeſſion of a lying and deceitful Art: And I fancy, that *Archidamus*, who was King of that Country, was a little ſurpriz'd at the Anſwer of *Thucydides*, when enquiring of him, which was the better Wreſtler, *Pericles* or he; he reply'd, That it was hard to affirm; for when I have thrown him, ſaid he, he always perſuades the Spectators that he had no Fall, and carries away the Prize. They who paint, pounce and plaiſter up the Ruins of Women, filling up their Wrinkles and Deformities, are leſs to blame; becauſe it is no great Matter, whether we ſee them in their natural Complexions or not. Whereas theſe make it their Buſineſs to deceive, not our Sight only but our Judgments, and to adulterate and corrupt the very Eſſence of Things. The Republicks that have maintain'd themſelves in a regular and well-modell'd Government ſuch as thoſe of *Lacedæmon* and *Crete*, had Orators in no very great Eſteem. *Ariſto* did wiſely define *Rhetorick* to be a

Science to persuade the People; *Socrates* and *Plato*, an Art to flatter and deceive: And those who deny it in the general Description, verify it throughout in their Precepts. The *Mahometans* will not suffer their Children to be instructed in it, as being useless; and the *Athenians* perceiving of how pernicious Consequence the Practice of it was, it being in their City of universal Esteem, order'd the principal Part, which is to move Affections, with their Exordiums and Perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an Engine invented to manage and govern a disorderly and tumultuous Rabble, and is never made Use of but, like Physick to the Sick, in the Paroxisms of a discompos'd State. In those States, where the Vulgar or the Ignorant, or both together, have been all powerful, and able to give Law, as in *Athens*, *Rhodes* and *Rome*; and where the Publick Affairs have been in a continual Tempest of Commotion, to such Places have the Orators always repair'd. And, in Truth, we find few Persons in those Republicks, who have push'd their Fortunes to any great Degree of Eminence, without the Assistance of Elocution: *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Crassus*, *Lucullus*, *Lentulus* and *Metellus*, have thence taken their chiefest Spring to mount to that Degree of Authority, to which they did at last arrive; making it of greater Use to them than Arms, contrary to the Opinion of better Times. For *L. Volumnius* speaking publickly in Favour of the Election of *Q. Fabius* and *Pub. Decius*, to the Consular Dignity: These are Men, said he, born for War, and great in Execution, in the Combat of the Tongue altogether to seek; Spirits truly consular. The Subtle, Eloquent and Learned, are only good for the City, to make Prætors of, to administer Justice. Eloquence flourish'd most at *Rome*, when the publick Affairs were in the worst Condition, and the Republick most disquieted with intestine Commotions, as a frank and untill'd Soil bears the worst Weeds. By which it should seem, that a Monarchical Government has less Need of it than any other: For the Brutality and Facility, natural to the common People, which render them subject to be turn'd and twin'd, and led by the Ears by this charming Harmony of Words, without weighing or considering the Truth and Reality of Things by the Force of Reason: This Facility, I say, is not easily found in a single Person, and

and it is alſo more eaſy, by good Education and Advice, to ſecure him from the Impreſſion of this Poiſon. There never was any famous Orator known to come out of *Perſia* or *Macedon*.

I have entered into this Diſcourſe upon the Occaſion of an *Italian* I lately received into my Service, who was Clerk of the Kitchen to the late Cardinal *Caraffa* till his Death. I put this Fellow upon an Account of his Office: Where he fell to diſcourſe of this Palate-Science, with ſuch a ſettled Countenance, and magiſterial Gravity, as if he had been handling ſome profound Point of Divinity. He made a learned Diſtinction of the ſeveral Sorts of Appetites, of that which a Man has before he begins to eat, and of thoſe after the ſecond and third Service: The Means ſimply to ſatisfy the firſt, and then to raiſe and quicken the other two: The ordering of the Sauces, firſt in general, and then proceeded to the Qualities of the Ingredients, and their Effects: The Differences of Sallets, according to their Seaſons, which of them ought to be ſerved up hot, and which cold: The Manner of their Garniſhment and Decoration, to render them yet more acceptable to the Eye: After which he entered upon the Order of the whole Service, full of weighty and important Conſiderations.

——— *Nec minimo ſane diſcrimine refert*
Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur *.

Nor with leſs Criticiſm did obſerve
How we a Hare, and how a Hen ſhould carve.

And all this ſet out with lofty and magnifick Words; the very ſame we make Uſe of, when we diſcourſe of the Government of an Empire. Which learned Lecture of my Man, brought this of *Terence* into my Memory.

Hoc falſum eſt, hoc aduſtum eſt, hoc lautum eſt parum,
Illud rectè iterum ſic memento, ſedulo
Moneo quæ poſſum pro mea ſapientia.
Poſtremo tanquam in ſpeculum, in patinas, Demea,
Inſpicere jubeo, & moneo quid facto uſus ſit †.

* *Juven. Sat.* 5. † *Ter. Adelp. Act* 3. *Sc.* 5.

This

This is too ſalt, this burnt, this is too plain,
That's well, remember to do ſo again.
Thus do I ſtill adviſe to have Things fit,
According to the Talent of my Wit.
And then (my *Demea*) I command my Cook,
That into ev'ry Diſh he pry and look,
As if it were a Mirror, and go on
To order all Things as they ſhould be done.

And yet even the *Greeks* themſelves did very much admire, and highly applaud the Order and Diſpoſition that *Paulus Æmilius* obſerved in the Feaſt he made for them at his Return from *Macedon:* But I do not here ſpeak of Effects, I ſpeak of Words only. I do not know whether it may have the ſame Operation upon other Men that it has upon me: But when I hear our Architects thunder out their bombaſt Words of *Pilaſters, Architraves,* and *Cornices,* of the *Corinthian* and *Dorick* Orders, and ſuch like Stuff, my Imagination is preſently poſſeſſed with the Palace of *Apollidonius* in *Amadis de Gaul*; when, after all, I find them but the paultry Pieces of my own Kitchen-Door. And to hear Men talk of *Metonymies, Metaphors,* and *Allegories,* and other Grammar Words, would not a Man think they ſignify'd ſome rare and exotick Form of Speaking? And this other is a Gullery of the ſame Stamp, to call the Offices of our Kingdom by the lofty Titles of the *Romans,* though they have no Similitude of Function, Authority, or Power. And this alſo, which I doubt will one Day turn to the Reproach of our preſent polite Age, unworthily and indifferently to confer upon any we think fit, the moſt glorious Sirnames with which Antiquity honoured but one or two Perſons in ſeveral Ages. *Plato* carried away the Sirname of Divine by ſo univerſal a Conſent, that never any one repined at it, or attempted to take it from him: And yet the *Italians,* who pretend, and with good Reaſon, to more ſprightly Wits and ſounder Diſcourſes than the other Nations of their Time, have lately honoured *Aretine* with the ſame Title; in whoſe Writings, except it be a tumid Phraſe, ſet out with ſome ſmart Periods, ingenious indeed, but far fetch'd and fantaſtick, and the Eloquence (be it what it will) I ſee nothing in him above the

the ordinary Writers of his Time, ſo far is he from approaching the ancient Divinity. And we make nothing of giving the Sirname of *Great* to Princes that have nothing in them above a popular Grandeur.

CHAP. LII.

Of the Parſimony of the Ancients.

Atilius Regulus, General of the *Roman* Army in *Africk*, in the Height of all his Glory and Victories over the *Carthaginians*, writ to the Republick to acquaint them, that a certain Peaſant whom he had left in Truſt with his whole Eſtate, which was in all but ſeven Acres of Land, was run away with all his Inſtruments of Huſbandry, entreating therefore, that they would pleaſe to call him Home, that he might take Order in his own Affairs, leſt his Wife and Children ſhould ſuffer by this Diſaſter: Whereupon the Senate appointed another to manage his Buſineſs, cauſed his Loſſes to be made good, and ordered his Family to be maintained at the publick Expence. The elder *Cato* returning Conſul from *Spain*, ſold his War-Horſe, to ſave the Money it would have coſt in bringing him back by Sea into *Italy*; and being Governor of *Sardinia*, made all his Viſits on Foot, without other Attendants, than one Officer of the Republick, to hold up the Train of his Gown and carry a Cenſer for Sacrifices; and, for the moſt Part, carried his Mail himſelf. He bragged, that he had never worn a Gown that coſt above ten Crowns, nor had ever ſent above Ten-pence to the Market for one Day's Proviſion; and that as to his Country Houſes, he had not one that was rough caſt on the Out-ſide. *Scipio Æmilianus*, after two Triumphs, and two Conſulſhips, went an Embaſſy with no more than ſeven Servants in his Train. 'Tis ſaid, that *Homer* had never more than one, *Plato* three, and *Zeno*, Founder of the Sect of *Stoicks*, none at all. *Tiberius Gracchus* was allowed but Five-pence Half-

Half-penny a Day, when employed as publick Miniſter about the publick Affairs, and being at that time the greateſt Man of *Rome*.

CHAP. LIII.

Of a Saying of Cæſar.

IF we would ſometimes beſtow a little Conſideration upon ourſelves, and employ that Time in examining our own Abilities which we ſpend in prying into other Men's Actions, and diſcovering Things without us, we ſhould ſoon perceive of how infirm and decaying Materials this Fabrick of ours is compoſed. Is it not a ſingular Teſtimony of Imperfection, that we cannot eſtabliſh our Satisfaction in any one Thing, and that even our own Fancy and Deſire ſhould deprive us of the Power to chooſe what is moſt proper and uſeful for us? A very good Proof of this, is the great Diſpute that has ever been amongſt the Philoſophers, of finding out a Man's principal and ſovereign Good; that Diſpute continues yet, and will eternally continue, without Solution or Agreement.

——Dum abeſt quod avemus, id exuperare videtur:
Cætera, poſt aliud, cum contigit illud, avemus;
Et ſitis æqua tenet *.

The abſent we covet, beſt doth ſeem,
The next that comes captivates our Eſteem
At the ſame rate.

Whatever that is that falls into our Knowledge and Poſſeſſion, we find it ſatisfies not, and ſtill pant after Things to come, and unknown; and theſe becauſe the preſent

* *Lucret. l.* 3.

do

do not ſatiate and glut us; not that, in my Judgment, they have not in them wherewith to do it, but becauſe we ſeize them with an unruly and immoderate Haſte.

Nam cum vidit hic ad victum quæ flagitat uſus,
Et per quæ poſſent vitam conſiſtere tutam,
Omnia jam firme mortalibus eſſe parata:
Divitiis homines, & honore & laude potentis
Affluere, atque bona natorum excellere fama,
Nec minus eſſe domi cuiquam tamen anxia corda,
Atque animum infeſtis cogi ſervire querelis:
Intellexit ibi vitium vas efficere ipſum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intus
Quæ collata foris, & commoda cunque venirent *.

For when he ſaw all Things that had regard
To Life's Subſiſtence for Mankind prepar'd,
That Men in Wealth and Honours did abound,
Had hopeful Iſſue ſet their Tables round;
And yet had Hearts as anxious as before,
Murmuring amidſt their Happineſs and Store:
He then perceiv'd the Veſſel was to blame,
And gave a Smatch to all that in it came,
That neither from without him was convey'd,
To have him happy and contented made.

Our Appetite is irreſolute and fickle, it can neither keep nor enjoy any thing graceful, and as it ſhould: And Man concluding it to be the Fault of the Things he is poſſeſſed of, fills himſelf with, and feeds himſelf upon the Idea of Things he neither knows nor underſtands, to which he devotes his Hopes and his Deſires, paying them all Reverence and Honour, according to the Saying of *Cæſar*, *Communi ſit vitio naturæ, ut inviſis latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiùſque exterreamur.* *'Tis the common Vice of Nature, that we repoſe moſt Confidence, and receive the greateſt Apprehenſions, from Things unſeen, concealed, and unknown.*

* *Lucret.*

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

Of vain Subtilties.

THere are a Sort of little Knacks, and frivolous Subtilties, from which Men ſometimes expect to derive Reputation and Applauſe: As the Poets, who compoſe whole Poems, with every Line beginning with the ſame Letter: We ſee the Shapes of Eggs, Globes, Wings and Hatchets cut out by the ancient *Greeks*, by the Meaſure of their Verſes, making them longer or ſhorter, to repreſent ſuch or ſuch a Figure. Much in this Manner did he ſpend his Time, who made it his Buſineſs to compute into how many ſeveral Orders the Letters of the Alphabet might be tranſpoſed, and found out that incredible Number mention'd in *Plutarch*. I am mightily pleas'd with the Humour of the Gentleman, who, having a Man brought before him, that had learn'd to throw a Grain of Millet with ſuch Dexterity as never to miſs the Eye of a Needle; and being afterwards deſired to give ſomething for the Reward of ſo rare a Performance, he pleaſantly, and in my Opinion ingeniouſly, ordered a certain Number of Buſhels of the ſame Grain to be delivered to him, that he might not want wherewithal to exerciſe ſo famous an Art. 'Tis a ſtrong Evidence of a weak Judgment, when Men approve of Things for their being rare and new, or yet for the Difficulty; where Virtue and Uſefulneſs are not conjoined to recommend them. I come juſt now from playing with my own Family, at who could find out the moſt Things, that had their principal Force in their two Extremities; as, *Sire*, which is a Title given to the greateſt Perſon in the Nation, the King, and alſo to the Vulgar, as Pedlars and Mechanicks, but never to any Degree of Men between. The Women of great Quality are all called *Madam*, inferior Gentlewomen, *Mademoiſelle*, and the meaneſt Sort of Women, *Madam*, as the firſt. The Canopy of State over

Tables are not permitted, but in the Palaces of Princes and Taverns. *Democritus* ſaid, that Gods and Beaſts had a more exact and perfect Senſe than Men, who are of a middle Form. The *Romans* wore the ſame Habit at Funerals and Feaſts; and it is moſt certain, that an extreme Fear, and an extreme Ardour of Courage, do equally trouble and lax the Belly. The Nickname of Trembling with which they ſirnamed *Sancho* XII, King of *Navarre*, ſufficiently informeth, that Valour will cauſe a Trembling in the Limbs, as well as Fear. The Friends of that King, or of ſome other Perſon, who upon the like Occaſion was wont to be in the ſame Diſorder, tried to compoſe him, by repreſenting the Danger leſs, he was going to engage himſelf in: You underſtand me ill, ſaid he, for could my Fleſh know the Danger my Courage will preſently carry it into, it would ſink down to the Ground. The Faintneſs that ſurprizes us from Frigidity, or diſlike in the Exerciſes of *Venus*, are alſo occaſioned by a too violent Deſire, and an immoderate Heat. Extreme Coldneſs, and extreme Heat, boil and roaſt. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that Sows of Lead will melt, and run with Cold, in the Extremity of Winter, as well as with a vehement Heat. Deſire and Satiety fill all the Gradations above and below Pleaſure with Grief. Brutality and Wiſdom meet in the ſame Center of Sentiment and Reſolution, in the ſuffering of human Accidents; the Wiſe controul and triumph over Ill; the others know it not: Theſe laſt are, as a Man may ſay, on this Side of Accidents, the other are beyond them; who after having well weighed and conſidered their Qualities, meaſured and judged them what they are, by Virtue of a vigorous Soul leap out of their Reach. They diſdain and trample them under Foot, having a ſolid and well fortified Soul, againſt which the Darts of Fortune coming to ſtrike they muſt of Neceſſity rebound and blunt themſelves, meeting with a Body upon which they can fix no Impreſſion; the ordinary and middle Conditions of Men are lodged betwixt theſe two Extremes, conſiſting of ſuch, who perceive Evils, feel them, and are not able to ſupport them. Infancy and Decrepitude meet in the Imbecillity of the Brain: Avarice and Profuſion in the ſame Thirſt and Deſire of getting. A Man may ſay, with ſome Colour of Truth, that there

is

is an *Abecedarian* Ignorance that precedes Knowledge, and a *Doctoral* Ignorance that comes after it; an Ignorance which Knowledge creates and begets, at the ſame time that ſhe diſpatches and deſtroys the firſt. Of mean Underſtandings, little inquiſitive, and little inſtructed, are made good Chriſtians, who by Reverence and Obedience implicitly believe, and are conſtant in their Belief. In the moderate Underſtandings, and the middle ſort of Capacities, the Error of Opinions is begot, and they have ſome Colour of Reaſon on their Side, to impute our walking on in the old beaten Path to Simplicity, and Brutiſhneſs, I mean in us who have not informed ourſelves by Study. The higher and nobler Souls, more ſolid and clear ſighted, make up another ſort of true Believers; who by a long and religious Inveſtigation of Truth, have obtained a clearer and more penetrating Light into the Scriptures, and have diſcovered the Myſterious and Divine Secret of our Eccleſiaſtical Polity. And yet we ſee ſome, who, by this middle Step are arrived to that ſupreme Degree with marvellous Fruit and Confirmation; as to the utmoſt Limit of Chriſtian Intelligence, and enjoying their Victory with great ſpiritual Conſolation, humble Acknowledgment of the Divine Favour, exemplary Reformation of Manners, and ſingular Modeſty. I do not intend with theſe to rank ſome others, who to clear themſelves from all Suſpicion of their former Errors, and to ſatisfy us, that they are ſound and firm to us, render themſelves extreme indiſcreet and unjuſt, in the carrying on our Cauſe, and by that Means blemiſh it with infinite Reproaches of Violence and Oppreſſion. The ſimple Peaſants are good People, and ſo are the Philoſopers: Men of ſtrong and clear Reaſon, and whoſe Souls are enrich'd with an ample Inſtruction of profitable Sciences. The *Mongrels* who have diſdained the firſt Form of the Ignorance of Letters, and have not been able to attain the other, (ſitting betwixt two Stools, as I and a great many more of us do,) are dangerous, fooliſh, and importunate; theſe are they that trouble the World. And therefore it is, that I, for my own Part, retreat as much as I can towards my firſt and natural Station, from whence I ſo vainly attempted to advance. The vulgar and purely natural Poeſy, has in it certain Proprieties and Graces,

Graces, by which ſhe may come into ſome Compariſon with the greateſt Beauty of a Poeſy perfected by Art: As is evident in our *Gaſcon* Villanels and Songs, that are brought us from Nations that have no Knowledge of any Manner of Science, nor ſo much as the Uſe of Writing. The indifferent and middle Sort of Poeſy betwixt theſe two, is deſpiſed, of no Value, Honour, or Eſteem. But ſeeing that the Ice being once broke, and a Path laid open to the Fancy, I have found, as it commonly falls out, that what we make Choice of for a rare and difficult Subject, proves to be nothing ſo, and that after the Invention is once warm, it finds out an infinite Number of parallel Examples. I ſhall only add this one; that were theſe Eſſays of mine conſiderable enough to deſerve a Cenſure, it might then I think fall out, that they would not much take with common and vulgar Capacities, nor be very acceptable to the ſingular and excellent Sort of Men; for the firſt would not underſtand them enough, and the laſt too much, and ſo they might hover in the middle Region.

CHAP. LV.

Of Smells.

IT has been reported of others, as well as of *Alexander the Great*, that their Sweat exhaled an odoriferous Smell, occaſioned by ſome very uncommon and extraordinary Conſtitution, of which *Plutarch* and others have been inquiſitive into the Cauſe. But the ordinary Conſtitution of human Bodies is quite otherwiſe, and their beſt and chiefeſt Excellency is to be exempt from Smells: Nay, the Sweetneſs even of the pureſt Breaths has nothing in it of greater Perfection, than to be without any offenſive Smell, like thoſe of healthful Children; which made *Plutarch* ſay,

Mulier tum bene olet, ubi nihil olet *;

That Woman we a ſweet one call,
Whoſe Body breathes no Scent at all.

And ſuch as make Uſe of theſe exotick Perfumes, are with good Reaſon to be ſuſpected of ſome natural Imperfection, which they endeavour by theſe Odours to conceal, according to that of Mr. *Johnſon*, which, without Offence to Monſieur *de Montaigne*, I will here preſume to inſert, it being at leaſt as well ſaid, as any of thoſe he quotes out of the ancient Poets,

Still to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt,
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Art's hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound †.

As may be judged by theſe following,

Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes:
Malo quam bene olere, nil olere ‡.

Becauſe thou, *Coracinus*, ſtill doſt go
With Muſk and Ambergreaſe perfumed ſo,
We under thy Contempt, forſooth, muſt fall;
I'd rather than ſmell ſweet, not ſmell at all:

And elſewhere,

Poſthume, non bene olet, qui bene ſemper olet ‖.

He does not naturally ſmell well,
Who always of Perfumes does ſmell.

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* *Plaut. Moleſt. Act.* 1. *Sc.* 3.
† *Ben Johnſon.*
‡ *Mart. lib.* 6. *Epig.* 55.
‖ *Id. lib.* 2. *Ep.* 12.

I am

I am, nevertheleſs, a ſtrange Lover of good Smells, and as much abominate the ill Ones, which alſo I reach at a greater Diſtance, I think, than other Men:

Namque ſagacius unus odoror,
Polypus, an gravis hirſutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quam canis acer ubi latent ſus †.

For I can ſmell a putrid Polypus,
Or the rank Arm-pits of a Red-hair'd Fuſs,
As ſoon as beſt nos'd Hound the ſtinking Sty,
Where the wild Boar does in the Foreſt lye.

Of Smells, the ſimple and natural ſeem to be moſt pleaſing. Let the Ladies look to that, for 'tis chiefly their Concern. In the wildeſt Parts of *Barbary*, the *Scythian* Women, after Bathing, were wont to powder and cruſt their Faces, and whole Bodies, with a certain odoriferous Drug, growing in their own Territories; which being cleanſed off, when they came to have Familiarity with Men, they were found perfumed and ſleek: 'Tis not to be believed, how ſtrangely all Sorts of Odours cleave to me, and how apt my Skin is to imbibe them. He that complains of Nature, that ſhe has not furniſhed Mankind with a Vehicle to convey Smells to the Noſe, had no Reaſon; for they will do it themſelves; eſpecially to me: My very Muſtachio's perform that Office; for if I ſtroke them but with my Gloves or Handkerchief, the Smell will remain a whole Day: They will reproach me where I have been; the cloſe, luſcious, devouring and melting Kiſſes of youthful Ardour, would, in my wanton Age, have left a Sweetneſs upon my Lips for ſeveral Hours after. And yet I have ever found myſelf very little ſubject to Epidemick Diſeaſes, that are caught either by converſing with the Sick, or bred by the Contagion of the Air; I have very well eſcaped from thoſe of my Time, of which there has been ſeveral virulent Sorts in our Cities and Armies. We read of *Socrates*, that though he never departed from *Athens*,

† *Hor. Ep.* 12.

during the frequent Plagues that infeſted that City, he was the only Man that was never infected. Phyſicians might (I believe) if they would, extract greater Utility from Odours than they do; for I have often obſerved, that they cauſe an Alteration in me, and work upon my Spirits according to their ſeveral Virtues; which makes me approve of what is ſaid, namely, That the Uſe of Incenſe and Perfumes in Churches, ſo ancient, and ſo univerſally received in all Nations and Religions, was intended to chear us, and to rouze and purify the Senſes, the better to fit us for Contemplation. I could have been glad, the better to judge of it, to have taſted the Culinary Art of thoſe Cooks, who had ſo rare a Way of ſeaſoning exotick Odours with the Reliſh of Meats; as it was particularly obſerved in the Service of the King of *Tunis*, who, in our Days, landed at *Naples*, to have an Interview with *Charles* the Emperor, where his Diſhes were farced with odoriferous Drugs, to that Degree of Expence, that the Cookery of one Peacock and two Pheaſants amounted to an hundred Ducats, to dreſs them after their Faſhion. And when the Carver came to break them up, not only the Dining-Room, but all the Apartments of his Palace, and the adjoining Streets were filled with an Aromatick Vapour, which did not preſently vaniſh. My chiefeſt Care in chuſing my Lodgings, is always to avoid a thick and ſtinking Air; and thoſe beautiful Cities of *Venice* and *Paris* have very much leſſened the Kindneſs I had for them, the one by the offenſive Smell of her Marſhes, and the other of her Dirt.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

Of Prayers.

I Propoſe formleſs and undetermin'd Fancies, like thoſe who publiſh ſubtle Queſtions, to be after diſputed upon in the Schools, not to eſtabliſh Truth, but to ſeek it: I ſubmit them to the better Judgments of thoſe, whoſe Office it is to regulate, not my Writings and Actions only, but moreover my very Thoughts and Opinions. Let what I here ſet down meet with Correction or Applauſe, it ſhall be of equal Welcome and Utility to me, myſelf before-hand condemning it for abſurd and impious, if any thing ſhall be found through Ignorance or Inadvertency, couched in this Rhapſody contrary to the Reſolutions and Preſcriptions of the *Roman Catholick Church*, in which I was born, and in which I will die. And yet always ſubmitting to the Authority of their Cenſure, who have an abſolute Power over me, I thus temeriouſly venture at every Thing, as upon this preſent Subject.

I don't know whether I am deceived or not; but ſince by a particular Favour of the Divine Bounty, a certain Form of Prayer has been preſcribed and dictated to us, Word by Word, from the Mouth of God himſelf, I have ever been of Opinion, that we ought to have it in more frequent Uſe, than we yet have, and if I were worthy to adviſe, at ſitting down to, and riſing from our Tables, at our riſing and going to Bed, and in every particular Action, wherein Prayer is required, I would have *Chriſtians* always make Uſe of the Lord's Prayer; if not that Prayer alone, yet at leaſt always. The Church may lengthen or alter Prayers according to the Neceſſity of our Inſtruction, for I know very well, that it is always the ſame in Subſtance, and the ſame Thing: But yet ſuch a Preference ought to be given to that Prayer, that the People ſhould have it continually in their Mouths; for it is moſt certain, that all neceſſary Petitions are com-

prehended in it, and that it is infinitely proper for all Occaſions. 'Tis the only Prayer I uſe in all Places and Conditions, and what I ſtill repeat inſtead of changing; whence it alſo happens, that I have no other by Heart but that only. It juſt now comes into my Mind, from whence we ſhould derive that Error of having Recourſe to God in all our Deſigns and Enterprizes, to call him to our Aſſiſtance in all Sorts of Affairs, and in all Places where our Weakneſs ſtands in Need of Support, without conſidering whether the Occaſion be juſt, or otherwiſe, and to invoke his Name and Power, in what Condition ſoever we are, or Action we are engaged in, how vicious ſoever: He is indeed our ſole and only Protector, and can do all Things for us: But though he is pleaſed to honour us with his paternal Care, he is, notwithſtanding, as juſt as he is good and mighty, and does oftener exerciſe his Juſtice than his Power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our Petitions. *Plato* in his Laws, makes three Sorts of Belief injurious to the Gods; that there is none; that they concern not themſelves about human Affairs; and, that they never reject or deny any thing to our Vows, Offerings, and Sacrifices. The firſt of theſe (Errors according to his Opinion) did never continue rooted in any Man, from his Infancy to his old Age; the other two, he confeſſes, Men might be obſtinate in. God's Juſtice and his Power are inſeparable, and therefore in vain we invoke his Power in an unjuſt Cauſe: We are to have our Souls pure and clean, at that Moment at leaſt, wherein we pray to him, and purified from all vicious Paſſions, otherwiſe we ourſelves preſent him the Rods wherewith to chaſtiſe us. Inſtead of repairing any thing we have done amiſs, we double the Wickedneſs and the Offence, whilſt we offer to him, to whom we are to ſue for Pardon, an Affection full of Irreverence and Hatred. Which makes me not very apt to applaud thoſe whom I obſerve to be ſo frequent on their Knees, if the Actions neareſt of Kind to Prayer, do not give me ſome Evidence of Reformation.

——————— *Si Nocturnus adulter*
*Tempora Sanctonico velas adoperta Cucullo**.

* *Juven. Sat.* 8.

With

With Night-Adulteries, if being foul,
Thou ſhad'ſt thy guilty Forehead with a Cowl.

And the Practice of a Man that mixes Devotion with an execrable Life, ſeems, in ſome Sort, more to be condemned than that of a Man conformable to his own Propenſion, and diſſolute throughout: And, for that Reaſon it is, that our Church denies Admittance to, and Communion with, Men obſtinate and incorrigible in any Kind of Impiety. We pray only by Cuſtom, and for faſhion's Sake; or rather we read and pronounce our Prayers aloud, which is no better than an hypocritical Shew of Devotion: And I am ſcandalized to ſee a Man make the Sign of the Croſs thrice at the *Benedicite*, and as often at another's ſaying Grace, (and the more, becauſe it is a Sign I have in great Veneration and conſtant Uſe upon ſolemn Occaſions) and to dedicate all the other Hours of the Day to Acts of Malice, Avarice, and Injuſtice; one Hour to God, the reſt to the Devil, as if by Commutation and Conſent. 'Tis a Wonder to me, Actions ſo various in themſelves, ſucceed one another with ſuch an Uniformity of Method, as not to interfere, nor ſuffer any Alteration, even upon the very Confines and Paſſes from the one to the other. What a prodigious Conſcience muſt that be, that can be at Quiet within itſelf, whilſt it harbours under the ſame Roof, with ſo agreeing and ſo calm a Society, both the Crime and the Judge? A Man whoſe whole Meditation is continually working upon nothing but Impurity, which he knows to be ſo odious to Almighty God, what can he ſay when he comes to ſpeak to him? He reforms, but immediately falls into a Relapſe. If the Object of the Divine Juſtice, and the Preſence of his Maker, did, as he pretends, ſtrike and chaſtiſe his Soul, how ſhort ſoever the Repentance might be, the very Fear of offending that infinite Majeſty, would ſo often preſent itſelf to his Imagination, that he would ſoon ſee himſelf Maſter of thoſe Vices that are moſt natural and habitual in him. But what ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſettle their whole Courſe of Life upon the Profit and Emolument of Sins which they know to be mortal? How many Trades and Vocations have we admitted and countenanced amongſt

us, whoſe very Eſſence is vicious? And he that opening himſelf to me voluntarily told me, That he had all his Life-time profeſſed and practiſed a Religion, in his Opinion, damnable and contrary to that which he had in his Heart, only to preſerve his Credit and the Honour of his Employments, how could his Courage ſuffer ſo infamous a Confeſſion? What can Men ſay to the Divine Juſtice upon this Subject? Their Repentance conſiſting in a viſible and manifeſt Reformation and Reſtitution, they loſe the Colour of alledging it both to God and Man. Are they ſo impudent as to ſue for Remiſſion without Satisfaction, and without Penitency or Remorſe? I look upon theſe as in the ſame Condition with the firſt: But the Obſtinacy is not there ſo eaſy to be overcome. This Contrariety and Volubility of Opinion, ſo ſudden and violent, as they pretend, is a Kind of Miracle to me. They preſent us with the State of an indigeſtible Anxiety and Doubtfulneſs of Mind. It ſeemed to me a fantaſtick and ridiculous Imagination in thoſe, who, theſe late Years paſt, uſed to reproach every Man whom they knew to be of any extraordinary Parts, and, at the ſame Time, made Profeſſion of the *Roman Catholick Religion*, that it was but outwardly; maintaining, moreover, to do him Honour forſooth, that whatever he might pretend to the contrary, he could not but in his Heart be of their reformed Opinion. An untoward Diſeaſe, that a Man ſhould be ſo rivetted to his own Belief, as to fancy, that no Man can believe otherwiſe than as he does; and yet worſe in this, that they ſhould entertain ſo vicious an Opinion of ſuch Parts as to think, that any Man ſo qualified, ſhould prefer any preſent Advantage of Fortune, before the Promiſes of eternal Life, and the Means of eternal Salvation. They may believe me: Could any thing have tempted my Youth, the Ambition of the Danger and Difficulties in the late Commotions, had not been the leaſt Motives.

It is not without very good Reaſon, in my Opinion, that the Church interdicts the promiſcuous, indiſcreet, and irreverent Uſe of the Holy and Divine *Pſalms*, with which the Holy Ghoſt inſpired King *David*. We ought not to mix God in our Actions, but with the higheſt Reverence and Caution. That Poeſy is too ſacred to be put to no other Uſe than to exerciſe the Lungs, and to delight our Ears.

Ears. It ought to come from the Soul, and not from the Tongue. It is not fit that a 'Prentice in his Shop, amongſt his vain and frivolous Thoughts, ſhould be permitted to paſs away his Time, and divert himſelf with ſuch ſacred Things. Neither is it decent to ſee the Holy Bible, the Rule of our Worſhip and Belief, tumbled up and down a Hall, or a Kitchen. They were formerly Myſteries, but are now become Sports and Recreations. 'Tis a Book too ſerious and too venerable to be curſorily or ſlightly turned over. The Reading of the Scripture ought to be a temperate and premeditated Act, and to which Men ſhould always add this devout Preface, *Surſum Corda*, preparing even the Body to ſo humble and compoſed a Geſture and Countenance as ſhall evidence their Veneration and Attention. Neither is it a Book for every one to fiſt, but the Study of ſelect Men ſet apart for that Purpoſe, and whom Almighty God has been pleaſed to call to that Office and ſacred Function: The Wicked and Ignorant blemiſh and deprave it. 'Tis not a Story to tell, but a Hiſtory to fear and adore. Are not they then pleaſant Men, who think they have render'd this fit for the People's handling, by tranſlating it into the Vulgar Tongue? Does the underſtanding of all therein contain'd only ſtick at Words? Shall I venture to ſay farther, that by coming ſo near to underſtand a little, they are much wider of the whole Scope than before. A total Ignorance, and wholly depending upon the Expoſition of other qualify'd Perſons, was more knowing and ſalutary than this vain and verbal Knowledge, which has only prov'd the Nurſe of Temerity and Preſumption. And I do farther believe, that the Liberty every one has taken to diſperſe the ſacred Writ into ſo many Idioms, carries with it a great deal more of Danger than Utility. The *Jews*, *Mahometans*, and almoſt all others, have eſpouſed and reverenced the Language wherein their Laws and Myſteries were firſt conceiv'd, and have expreſly, and not without Colour of Reaſon, forbid the Verſion or Alteration of them into any other. Are we aſſur'd, that in *Biſcay* and in *Brittany*, there are competent Judges enough of this Affair, to eſtabliſh this Tranſlation into their own Language? Why the univerſal Church has not a more difficult and ſolemn Judgment to make. One of our *Greek* Hiſtorians does juſtly accuſe the Age he liv'd in,

in, for that the Secrets of the *Chriſtian Religion* were diſperſed into the Hands of every Mechanick, to expound and argue upon according to his own Fancy; and that we ought to be much aſham'd, we, who by God's eſpecial Favour enjoy the pureſt Myſteries of Piety, to ſuffer them to be profan'd by the ignorant Rabble; conſidering, that the *Gentiles* expreſly forbad *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the other Sages, to enquire into, or ſo much as to mention the Things committed only to the Prieſts of *Delphos*; ſaying moreover, that the Factions of Princes, upon theological Accounts, are not arm'd with Zeal, but Fury; that Zeal ſprings from the divine Wiſdom and Juſtice, and governs itſelf with Prudence and Moderation; but degenerates into Hatred and Envy, producing Tares and Nettles, inſtead of Corn and Wine, when conducted by human Paſſions. And it was truly ſaid of another, who adviſing the Emperor *Theodoſius*, told him, That Diſputes did not ſo much rock the Schiſms of the Church aſleep, as it rouz'd and animated Hereſies. That therefore all Contentions and logical Diſputations were to be avoided, and Men abſolutely to acquieſce in the Preſcriptions and Formula's of Faith, eſtabliſh'd by the Ancients. And the Emperor *Andronicus*, having over-heard ſome great Men at high Words in his Palace with *Lopodius*, about a Point of ours of great Importance, gave them ſo ſevere a Check, as to threaten to cauſe them to be thrown into the River if they did not deſiſt. The very Women and Children, now-a-days, take upon them to document the oldeſt and moſt experienc'd Men about the Eccleſiaſtical Laws: Whereas the firſt of thoſe of *Plato* forbids them to enquire ſo much as into the Civil Laws; which were to ſtand inſtead of divine Ordinances: And allowing the old Men to confer amongſt themſelves, or with the Magiſtrate, about thoſe Things, he adds, provided it be not in the Preſence of young or profane Perſons. A Biſhop has left in Writing, that, at the other End of the World, there is an Iſle by the Ancients call'd *Dioſcorides*, abundantly fertile in all Sorts of Trees and Fruits, and of an exceeding healthful Air; the Inhabitants of which are *Chriſtians*, having Churches and Altars only adorn'd with Crucifixes, without any other Images; great Obſervers of Faſts and Feaſts; exact Payers of their Tythes to the Prieſt; and ſo chaſte, that

that none of them are permitted to have to do with more than one Woman in his Life: As to the reſt, ſo content with their Condition, that, environ'd with the Sea, they know nothing of Navigation; and ſo ſimple, that they underſtand not one Syllable of the Religion they profeſs, and wherein they are ſo devout. A Thing incredible to ſuch as do not know, that the *Pagans*, who are ſo zealous Idolaters, know nothing more of their Gods, than their bare Names and their Statues. The ancient Beginning of *Menalippus*, a Tragedy of *Euripides*, ran thus;

Jupiter, for that Name alone,
Of what thou art, to me is known.

I have known alſo, in my Time, ſome Men's Writings found Fault with, for being purely human and philoſophical, without any Mixture of Divinity; and yet whoever ſhould, on the contrary ſay, that divine Doctrine, as Queen and Regent of the reſt, better, and with greater Decency, keeps her State apart: That ſhe ought to be Sovereign throughout, not Subſidiary and Saffragan: And that, peradventure, Grammatical, Rhetorical, and Logical Examples, may elſewhere be more ſuitably choſen, and alſo the Arguments for the Stage and publick Entertainments, than from ſo ſacred a Matter: That divine Reaſons are conſider'd with greater Veneration and Attention, when by themſelves, and in their own proper Stile, than when mix'd with, and adapted to, human Diſcourſes: That it is a Fault much more often obſerv'd, that the Divines write too humanly, than that the Humaniſts write not theologically enough: Philoſophy, ſays St. *Chryſoſtom*, has long been baniſh'd the holy Schools, as an Hand-maid altogether uſeleſs and thought unworthy to peep, ſo much as in paſſing by the Door, into the Sacrifice of the divine Doctrine: And that the human Way of ſpeaking is of a much lower Form, and ought not to ſerve herſelf with the Dignity and Majeſty of divine Eloquence. I ſay, whoever, on the contrary, ſhould object againſt all this, would not be without Reaſon on his Side. Let who will, *Verbis Indiſciplinatis*, talk of Fortune, Deſtiny, Accident, good and evil Hap, and other ſuch like Phraſes, according to his own Humour; I, for

I, for my Part, propoſe Fancies merely human, and merely my own, and that ſimply, as human Fancies, and ſeparately conſider'd, not as determin'd by an Arreſt from Heaven, or incapable of Doubt or Diſpute. Matter of Opinion, not Matter of Faith. Things which I diſcourſe of according to my own Capacity, not what I believe according to God; which alſo I do after a Laical, not Clerical, and yet always after a very religious Manner. And it were as rational to affirm, That an Edict, enjoining all People, but ſuch as are public Profeſſors of Divinity, to be very reſerv'd in writing of Religion, would carry with it a very good Colour of Utility and Juſtice, and me, amongſt the reſt, to hold my prating. I have been told, that even thoſe who are not of our Church, do nevertheleſs, amongſt themſelves, expreſly forbid the Name of God to be us'd in common Diſcourſe; not ſo much as by way of Interjection, Exclamation, Aſſertion of a Truth, or Compariſon; and I think them in the right. And upon what Occaſion-ſoever we call upon God to accompany and aſſiſt us, it ought always to be done with the greateſt Reverence and Devotion. There is, as I remember, a Paſſage in *Xenophon*, where he tells us, that we ought ſo much the more ſeldom to call upon God, by how much it is hard to compoſe our Souls to ſuch a Degree of Calmneſs, Penitency, and Devotion, as it ought to be in at ſuch Time, otherwiſe our Prayers are not only vain and fruitleſs, but vicious in themſelves, *Forgive us* (we ſay) *our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.* What do we mean by this Petition, but that we preſent him a Soul free from all Rancour and Revenge? And yet we make nothing of invoking God's Aſſiſtance in our Vices, and inviting him into our unjuſt Deſigns.

Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere divis *.

Which only to the Gods a-part,
Thou haſt the Impudence to impart.

The covetous Man prays for the Converſation of his ſuperfluous, and, peradventure, ill-got Riches; the Ambitious,

* *Perſ. Sat.* 2.

for

for Victory, and the Conduct of his Fortune: The Thief calls God to his Assistance, to deliver him from the Dangers and Difficulties that obstruct his wicked Designs; or returns him Thanks for the Facility he has met with in robbing a poor Peasant. At the Door of the House they are going to storm, or break into by Force of a *Petarre*, they fall to Prayers for Success, having their Instruction and Hopes full of Cruelty, Avarice, and Lust.

Hoc ipsum quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio; pro Jupiter, ô bone clamet,
Jupiter; at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse *.

The Pray'rs with which thou dost assault *Jove*'s Ear,
Repeat to *Staius*, whom thou soon wilt hear.
But *Jupiter*, good *Jupiter*, exclaim:
But *Jupiter* exclaims not.

Marguarette, Queen of *Navarre*, tells of a young Prince (whom though she does not name, is easily enough, by his great Quality, to be known,) who going upon an amorous Assignation to lye with an Advocate's Wife of *Paris*, his Way thither being through a Church, he never pass'd that holy Place, going to or returning from this godly Exercise, but he always kneel'd down to pray; in what he would implore the divine Favour, his Soul being full of such virtuous Meditations, I leave others to judge; which nevertheless, she instances for a Testimony of singular Devotion. But it is by this Proof only, that a Man may conclude few Men very fit to treat of Theological Affairs. A true Prayer, and religious reconciling of ourourselves to Almighty God, cannot enter into an impure Soul, and at the very Instant subjected to the very Dominion of Satan. He who calls God to his Assistance, whilst in a Habit of Vice, does, as if a Cut-purse should call a Magistrate to help him, or like those who introduce the Name of God to the Attestation of a Lie.

———*Tacito mala vota susurro*
Concipimus †.

* *Pers. Sat.* 2.

† *Lucan. l.* 5.

In Whiſpers we guilty Prayers do make.

There are few Men who durſt publiſh to the World the Prayers they make to Almighty God.

Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humileſque ſuſurros
Tollere de Templis, & aperto vivere voto *.

'Tis not convenient for every one
To bring the Pray'r he mutters over there,
Out of the Temple to the publick Ear.

And this is the Reaſon why the *Pythagoreans* would have them always public, to be heard by every one, to the End they might not prefer indecent or unjuſt Petitions, as he did, who hearing

——————Clare cum dixit, Apollo,
Labra movet metuens audiri; pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da juſtum, ſanctumque videri,
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem ‡.

Apollo's Name pronounc'd aloud for fear
Any his Oraiſon's ſhould over-hear,
Mutter'd betwixt his Teeth, *Laverna* great,
Grant me the Talent to deceive and cheat
All I ſhall have to do with ev'ry where,
Yet all the while holy and juſt appear,
And from the Sight of Men be pleas'd to ſhroud
My Sins with Night, Frauds with a ſable Cloud.

The God did ſeverely puniſh the wicked Prayers of *Oedipus*, in granting them: He had pray'd that his Children might amongſt themſelves determine the Succeſſion to his Throne by Arms; and was ſo miſerable, as to ſee himſelf taken at his Word. We are not to pray, that all Things may go as we would have them, but as moſt conducing to the Good of the World; and we are not in our Prayers

* *Perſ. Sat.* 2. ‡ *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 10.

to obey our Wills, but Prudence. We ſeem in truth, to make uſe of our Prayers, as a kind of Gibberiſh, and as thoſe do who employ holy Words about Sorceries and magical Operations: And as if I made account, the Benefit we are to reap from them, depended upon the Contexture, Sound and Gingle of Words, or upon the compoſing of the Countenance. For having the Soul contaminated with Concupiſcence, not touch'd with Repentance, or comforted by any late Reconciliation with Almighty God, we go to preſent him ſuch Words as the Memory ſuggeſts to the Tongue, and hope from thence to retain the Remiſſion of our Sins. There is nothing ſo eaſy, ſo ſweet and ſo favourable, as the divine Law: She calls and invites us to her, guilty and abominable as we are; Extends her Arms, and receives us into her Boſom, as foul and polluted as we at preſent are, and are for the future to be. But then in Return, we are to look upon her with a reſpective, and a graceful Eye, we are to receive this Pardon with all imaginable Gratitude and Submiſſion, and, for that Inſtant at leaſt, wherein we addreſs ourſelves to her, to have the Soul ſenſible of the Evils we have committed, aad at Defiance with thoſe Paſſions, that ſeduc'd her to offend, for neither the Gods, nor good Men (ſays *Plato*) will accept the Preſent of a wicked Man.

Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumptuoſa blandior boſtia
Mollivit averſos Penates,
Farre pio, & ſaliente mica *.

The pious Off'ring of a Piece of Bread,
If by a pure Hand on the Altar laid,
Than coſtly Hecatombs, will better pleaſe
Th' offended Gods, and their juſt Wrath appeaſe.

---

* *Hor. l. 3. Ode 23.*

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

Of Age.

I Cannot approve of the Proportion we ſettle upon ourſelves, and the Space we allot to the Duration of Life. I ſee that the wiſe contract it very much, in Compariſon of the common Opinion. What (ſaid the younger *Cato* to thoſe who would ſtay his Hand from killing himſelf,) am I now of an Age to be reproach'd, that I go out of the World too ſoon? And yet he was but eight and forty Years old. He thought that to be a mature and competent Age, conſidering how few arrive to it, and ſuch as ſoothing their Thoughts with I know not what Courſe of Nature, promiſe to themſelves ſome Years beyond it, could they be privileg'd from the infinite Number of Accidents to which they are by natural Subjection expos'd, might have ſome Reaſon to do ſo. What an idle Conceit it is, to expect to die of a Decay of Strength, which is the laſt Effects of the extremeſt Age, and to propoſe to ourſelves no ſhorter Leaſe of Life than that, conſidering it is a kind of Death of all others the moſt rare, and very hardly ſeen? We call that only a natural Death, as if it were contrary to Nature, to ſee a Man break his Neck with a Fall, be drown'd in Shipwreck, or ſnatch'd away with a Pleuriſy, or the Plague, and, as if our ordinary Condition of Life did not expoſe us to theſe Inconveniencies. Let us no more flatter ourſelves with theſe fine ſounding Words: We ought rather at a Venture, to call that natural, which is common and univerſal. To die of old Age, is a Death rare, extraordinary and ſingular, and therefore ſo much leſs natural than the others: 'Tis the laſt and extremeſt ſort of dying: And the more remote, the leſs to be hop'd for. It is indeed the Boundary of Life, beyond which we are not to paſs: Which the Law of Nature has pitch'd for a Limit, not to be exceeded: But to laſt till then, is withal

withal a Privilege ſhe is rarely ſeen to give us. 'Tis a Leaſe ſhe only ſigns by particular Favour, and it may be, to one only, in the Space of two or three Ages; and then with a Paſs to boot, to carry him through all the Traverſes and Difficulties, ſhe has ſtrewed in the Way of this long Career. And therefore my Opinion is, that when once forty Years old, we ſhould conſider it as an Age to which very few arrive: For ſeeing that Men do not uſually proceed ſo far, it is a Sign that we are pretty well advanced, and ſince we have exceeded the ordinary Bounds, which make the juſt Meaſure of Life, we ought not to expect to go much farther; having eſcaped ſo many Precipices of Death, whereinto we have ſeen ſo many other Men fall, we ſhould acknowledge, that ſo extraordinary a Fortune, as that which has hitherto reſcued us from thoſe imminent Perils, and kept us alive beyond the ordinary Term of Living, is not likely to continue long. 'Tis a Fault in our very Laws, to maintain this Error, That a Man is not capable of managing his own Eſtate 'till he be five and twenty Years old, whereas he will have much ado to manage his Life ſo long. *Auguſtus* cut off five Years from the ancient *Roman* Standard, and declared that thirty Years old was ſufficient for a Judge. *Servius Tullius* ſuperſeded the Knights of above ſeven and forty Years of Age, from the Fatigues of War: *Auguſtus* diſmiſſed them at forty-five: Though methinks it ſeems a little unlikely, that Men ſhould be ſent to the Fire-ſide till five and fifty, or ſixty Years of Age. I ſhould be of Opinion, that both our Vacancy and Employment ſhould be as far as poſſible extended for the publick Good: But I find the Fault on the other Side, that they do not employ us early enough. This Emperor was Arbiter of the whole World at nineteen, and yet would have a Man to be thirty, before he could be fit to bear Office in the Commonwealth. For my Part I believe our Souls are adult at twenty, ſuch as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A Soul that has not by that time given evident Earneſt of it's Force and Virtue, will never after come to Proof. Natural Parts and Excellencies produce, what they have of vigorous and fine, within that Term or never.

Of all the great human Actions I ever heard, or read of, of what Sort ſoever, I have obſerved, both in former

Ages, and our own, more performed before the Age of thirty, than after: And oft-times in the very Lives of the ſame Men. May I not confidently inſtance in thoſe of *Hannibal*, and his great Competitor *Scipio?* The better Half of their Lives, they lived upon the Glory they had acquired in their Youth; great Men after, 'tis true, in Compariſon of others; but by no Means in Compariſon of themſelves. As to my own Particular, I do certainly believe, that ſince that Age, both my Underſtanding, and my Conſtitution, have rather decay'd, than improv'd, and retir'd, rather than advanc'd. 'Tis poſſible, that with thoſe who make the beſt Uſe of their Time, Knowledge and Experience may grow up and increaſe with their Years; but the Vivacity, Quickneſs and Steadineſs, and other Pieces of us, of much greater Importance, and much more eſſentially our own, languiſh and decay,

——Ubi jam validis quaſſatum eſt viribus ævi
Corpus, & obtuſis ceciderunt viribus artus,
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque menſque *.

When once the Body's ſhaken by Time's Rage,
The Blood and Vigour ebbing into Age,
The Judgment then halts upon either Hip,
The Mind does doat, Tongue into Nonſenſe trip.

Sometimes the Body firſt ſubmits to Age, ſometimes the Soul, and I have ſeen Men enough who had got a Weakneſs in their Brains, before either in their Hams or Stomach: And by how much the more, it is a Diſeaſe of no great Pain to the infected Party, and of obſcure Symptoms, ſo much greater the Danger is. And for this Reaſon it is, that I complain of our Laws, not that they keep us too long to our Work, but that they ſet us to work too late. For the Frailty of Life and the many natural and accidental Rubs to which it is obnoxious and daily expoſed: Birth, though noble, ought not to ſhare ſo large a Vacancy, and ſo tedious a Courſe of Education.

* *Lucret. l.* 3.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

A COMPLETE

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